

(Zetra)

Medula

I walked in this bitch with my Ruger
My niggas, they really some shooters
They pull on your block and they do ya
I really don't wanna do no talking, if you run up on me, we finna get ya
I'm smoking on gas, the swishers
I'm fucking your bitcha, yeah, yeah

Champagne, you know I'm sipping the drank
Pour Wocky up every day
I just be living in space
You know I love my baby
She wanna have my baby
Sipping on Wock, go crazy
Sipping on Wock what made me
You know I walk with a 9, heat
I know these niggas hate me
It's okay 'cause I'm getting that cheddar
Run up on me then you gon' see Berettas
Su casa, mi casa, I'm with them demons
Look at my cup, swear to God it was bleeding
Bitch, I know you was a thot, you was treeshing
How the fuck I'm finna sit here and lie?
Smoking some gas and I put on Margielas
I wanna fuck, tell me why she won't let up (Woo)
Pulling the Trackhawk fast, you know I'm fucking the curb
I do not talk to these hoes, I do not give 'em a word
I stacked up my money so tall, I damn near could get me a crib
They used to be bully me back then now they wanna eat on my kids
I walked around with a MAC-10, I walk around with a lick
They say you are what you eat, know I been
I been eating Happy Meals, nigga

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You a pussy-ass nigga, pussy-ass nigga
Pussy-ass, don't give a fuck 'bout pussy ass nigga
You a down bad dirty, slimy ass nigga
Back then, we was down bad, we had fishbowls in the rental
Did she leave yet? Did she leave? No
She right here by my side, I don't need her (No)
I don't got no time for no lean (No)
Bitch, I'm on the top, I'm on the leader

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