

What are you doing? Uh
Run up on me, what you doing? Uh
Uh, I just be shooting, uh
I know some niggas that's shooting, uh (Grtrt)
Slam in the bitch, Patrick Ewing, uh (Slam)
She open her mouth like communion, yeah
Yeah, I'm with my gang, with my union, yeah
We sendin' them rockets like Houston, yeah (Grtrt)

Yeah (Blatt), yeah (Glatt), I got these racks on me (Me)
Your bitch wan' fuck on me
Run up on me, you get hit, homie
Your pockets skinny, yeah, they bony
Niggas be capping, yeah, they bologna
'Member was trapping at the Shoney's
Hit from the back, now that bitch is moaning

I walk in the trap with a nine (A nine)
A nigga run up, then his ass finna die (A die)
I keep me that nine, boy, you know I don't lie (Don't lie)
These hoes, they be stalking, yeah, they be some spies (Some spies)
I can't fuck with niggas, you niggas despise (I'm hated)
I'm high, if I jump and I run, I could glide (I glide)
I walk in this bitch with the glick by my side (My side)
I hit from the back, and I'm grabbin' her thigh
I'm gettin' that money, I'm gettin' that bag
These niggas be hatin', I know that they mad
I just hit your girl, you crying, you sad
I just sold a Perc' to a nigga named Chad
I feel like I'm Duwap, you know that I'm glad
I'm shooting out the Glock like DJ Vlad
Feel like Comethazine, I bought a new Jag
I'm whippin' a Mustang, you whippin' a Stag

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