

I'm just tryna clear my mind and think better thoughts
I probably already said that, Lito, Lito

Act like I lost it or somethin'
I should've saw this shit comin'
Tell me what y'all would've done
Off wanted, was costin' me none
Still sell ounces off my phone, stack fifty thousand then I'm gone
And I been trappin' out it since my house is not a home
I might fuck your ho to sleep and stay up counting all alone
I give her 'bout a month, she gon' be talkin' 'bout I did her wrong
Can't say I led you on when there wasn't no feelings shown
I wanna fuck your friend (again), haha, fuck this shit we grown
It seem like most these niggas more concerned with looking like it
I send so many shots you think I had a liquor license
Expect to get indicted when you really livin' like this
And I know they feeling my shit, 'cause they be stealing my shit
Shit done got so silly man, I really might quit
But before I do let me get this million right quick
Riding 'round the Ville with a stick, feel like I'm still in '06
Rentals with the peel off tints
Listen, you really don't know shit
Feel like I got a tat on this bitch, how my trigger finger itch
I done spent a rack on this bitch
I done seen how she act on that dick
Girl you nasty, imagine this, I'm back with the shit
Just break 'em down to four zips, and vacuum the shit
Black trash bags, we really having that shit
And we don't give no passes to no passengers bitch
So far past 'em I don't even remember passing a bitch
Got to pay me to pay attention, I ain't patching up shit
Yeah I'm back with this shit, don't give a fuck who you go get
I'm out here every day, I'm by my lonely, hood as it gets
Homie 'dem steppin' on shit, just put his foot on a brick
I had to get me some money too, I couldn't resist
Grind Hard

I wonder how you watchin' me eat gon' fill up your stomach?
I ain't even finish countin' it and I want some more money
Sorry, don't know how to chill, but I got ice in my veins
Spend my days at the bank, and spend my nights at the range
How you figure fuckin' with me will be a good idea?
I got that toy on me and I'm flyer than Buzz Lightyear, yeah
There we go, drivin' hoes hysterical
My lil shawty's body like the mama off Incredibles
Lookin' like a snack with a bag full of edibles
I'm not from this planet, I'm an extraterrestrial
And I still ball like the game ain't fixed
I brought extra ammunition case my aim ain't shit
Mama never got the hint
High school I was baggin', I was cooler than the fucking York Peppermint Pat
ty
Now I'm black on black on black inside the devil's favorite chalice
With a chick from out a pageant, 'bout to be her baby daddy
I'm the pappy, I'm the pappy, don't he look just like his daddy?
I'm so good at making babies, I think that's my hidden talent
Okay, okay, back to raking up the money just to stash it

Trapped a hundred pounds and it never left the plastic
My lil partner left for Cali and he came back with a package
That was 2012, he got seven years for trafficking
Just in case you thought this shit was cute, you're insane
Out here tryna get some change 'til they have your ass in chains
Godspeed