

Living life as a thug nigga until the day I die
(Nigga quick that before yo snitch ass get a shit bag nigga
And I don't miss ass niggas)
Look where I was, Look where I am
I just want to start this off by saying..
I Don't Give A Fuck Nigga (Lito)

Down bad, down on my last
For a piece of mine you'll get every round in this mag
40 g's combined you'll get every pound in this bag
Damn near lost my mind I bet now them niggas is glad
Well now I'm gone give em hell
Y'all done made a beast out me
The beef and the street gossip
When I sleep I dream of profit
Still hollerin' "GRIND HARD"
What you thought it was? Ain't nothing changed
Just four cars more broads and a another chain
And my squad goin' so hard
Let them rap niggas slide because the sack came
We get em by the hunddres and statch chain
I'm at the stage backstage with that plastic thing
Clip on 32 call it Young Juice (aye)
So you know what to do if I front you
And you don't want them dudes to confront you
Front page news when I come thru
A lot of niggas sour that ain't how I roll
It's just me and my ciroc a young bitch and a Glock
Like fuck another nigga I'm out this bitch solo
I'm on my Lito I been on one right now I'm on three more
Race car hit the garage any many miny mo
This hit the GAS it's time to go
Hit the club to find a club
No shake the club I'm trying to slow
Down but I can't though
KNOW you know that ain't yo bitch!
Ol bitch ass nigga
Nigga quit that for you snitch
Probably
If I wasn't so fucking focused I'd be getting at niggas
I'm on some squeeze before I think about it
Sort it out tomorrow shit
I got it on my right now I ain't got to borrow it
You started it, flexing like you hard and shit
I'm deaf to all the threats and bought a weapon for an arguement
OK Shoot me if it's beef nigga
We know the truth you just a groupie fr a street nigga
Salute me and don't speak
Nigga no I ain't MMG but I want a mill and
Shall inherit the earth because I'm meek nigga
No quite, but quiet as I keep it discreet
We just keep it in the streets
We just creeping when you sleep street sweep and get even with the heat
I got a choir full of goons yelling preach, hallelujah
You don't want them choppers to holla at you cuz
Fake fucks actin tough acting like they grew nuts
I can see you niggas nervous but that ain't got notning to do with us

Because when I get to shooting you gone think its two of us...