

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 youll 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  
Yall 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 anotherchain  
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 OkShoot 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 sweepand 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...