

On god! (On god!)

She might need a [?]  
Tell a bitch, "Oh, no", something like Dikembe  
Nine like Romo but I'm on my tough play  
All I wear is Como, cut like a switchblade  
Wonder why the folks so rough, then it hit me  
Niggas want positions, be switchin up in they feelings  
Bitches getting ass big, thick as fuck and they still lame  
[?] generous but I feel played  
Wait, hol' up, 5% the window  
They can't see the clouds or the smoke or extendo  
I done made my whip [?] folk in the rental  
Think about my dawg, he got yolked at my girl folks

Ayy, like, I'm damned at my lil bro  
Why the fuck I gotta show him songs on the jail phone  
I done told her I can't hit her raw but I still do  
I ain't tryna get the beef involved but I still blow  
Ayy, like, I'm damned at my lil bro  
Why the fuck I gotta show him songs on the jail phone  
I done told her I can't hit her raw but I still fold  
I ain't tryna get the beef involved but I still blow

Ah, they like damn, he got no cheese  
I know that they talk down kinda like they know me  
I'ma let the top down, let her feel the cold breeze  
Rocky, you so sick, you need socks, you got cold feet  
I'ma leave the crib with the Glock 'fore my soul leave  
He was in the pic, he got cropped 'cause lil' bro leech  
I was in mud with the ones who done broke me  
I done spent my funds on the ones who done told me  
I could never do what I does, now I'm floating  
I got everything that I want, it was slowly  
Baby, you so sweet, makeme rock, I got no teeth  
Tell 'em boys, wait 'til [?], got a whole P

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