

Dope Boy Anthem

Stitches

Everybody put ya hands up
Everybody, everybody put ya hands up

I'm sellin', I'm sellin' narcotics
Do anybody wanna cop it?
I'm sellin', I'm sellin' narcotics
Do anybody, anybody wanna cop it?
Get yo shit straight drop
Straight drop, motherfucker
Get yo shit straight drop
Straight drop, motherfucker

Young chico, my nigga, yeah
I done seen a lotta dough
Get the bread, blow the door
Blow it while the pot smell
Cash make 'em sick
I hit them hoes with the antidote
Lotta coke, lotta green
Bitch, I'm from the land of dreams
Triple six under my eye so I can see you when I sleep
Money bags under my eyes, nigga, I am so alive
Ridin' through my city, nigga, everybody fuck with me
Niggas stand up on the table, and I'm gonna take a seat
Livin' so fast, when they [?] our glass
I used to hit a couple licks but that was in my past
Sold my soul for a kilo, yeah, nigga, so what?
On my Chief Keef Shit, I hit them with that cobra

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Bitch, I'm A1 like I came right outta the pot
Be aware about that boy Stiches, he don't carry a Glock
I can't stand these fake fools claimin' to be drug dealers
You ain't never seen a brick, and you ain't never been no real nigga
We flippin' that work, you know we do not use a scale
And if the feds catch us slippin', you know we do not get no bail
I don't like them red and blue lights
Tryna catch me slippin' through the night
All I know is sell that straight white
And I will turn a bitch straight if she is a dyke
I'm rubbin' straight cocaine all up on her pussy
And I can stash a kilo right up in her pussy
Rest in peace to that boy Pablo Escobar
Salute to all my trap niggas, if y'all is trappin' hard
You niggas already know what TMI is about
We put that work up on your block if y'all go through a trial
(We life saviors!)

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Had a dream that all my niggas stuntin' and they was livin' lavish
Walk up in the [?], grab the Glock, and say, "I gotta have it"
This is a [?] the picture of a chico chasin' riches
I kept it one-hundred, I ain't never brake no bridges
See, my daddy was a dope boy, and my uncle was a jack boy
One thing about my fam', we ain't never bein' broke, boy
And it started with a pop, and it ended with a song
Middle finger to the judge that ain't never gave 'em bail
Man, I do it for the real, the rough, and the rugged
Throw me in the pot, I bet that come back one-hundred
And I'm [?], that's a letter to the feds
And all the pussy niggas got a price up on my head

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