

Description of my existence, real ghostly
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I'm forever spittin, you is never spittin
If my man gonna ride I'm gonna set it with him
If ya man gonna die, you gettin deaded with him
When you hear my verses, it was never written
And If you don't like my shit, don't never listen
But if you tuned in, make room then
Guns in every closet, even the one the brooms in
Just like them cameras, see that money and zoom in
Get it, then I zoom out
And they think I'm blowin' smoke out
I'm really blowin' fumes out, howl when the moons out
It's the alpha male, is my brain locked up or is it out on bail
Am I free yet? Can I see yet??
You don't understand you really ain't a G yet
I'm a gentleman, I'll leave you tremblin'
Rememberin the gremlins, the guns need assemblin'

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Sort of like the ancient Egyptians
I could move objects without liftin', so gifted
Still keep the spliff and the smithon
Never cross me like a Christian
There's no distance far enough to stop my persistence
Like for instance, I use my motherfuckin' instincts
Me, my gun, my knife, always stay in sync
I know shit stinks, but keep ya nose up
Me, I hold the block like the belt hold ya clothes up
I see his head down, and his toes up
They'll plant him, but he never grows up
You don't wanna stumble now, it's a jungle now
Large ain't big enough, headed for humongous now
And If you head up, they'll gun you down
They don't give a fuck if ya daughter or ya son around

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Mind stay zoned out, on the plane like I flown out
Gun game, who got blown out
Drug game, get ya car and ya home out
Cause the streets take the motherfuckin' toll out
And Let a little bit of soul out, I'm tryna roll out
With a lot of cash to hold out
Cause I know bout what I know bout, nigga no doubt
My whole life I went the dough route

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