

Thrillboy
Ayy, yeah

Light up the wood in a Range Rove'
Came in this bitch with a raincoat
Tell that boy stay out my lane, coach
That nigga know he a lame, coach
That nigga don't got no aim, coach
Pistol blow out my brains, coach
I'm the same nigga, ain't shit changed, coach
These niggas suck, put me in the game, coach
That bitch actin' like my main, coach

I'm blowin' this bitch like a whistle
The G2, it's a pistol
With the gang, with my kinfolk
Said you want smoke, tell your pin, folk
I'm readin' this bitch like a Kindle
These niggas really think that I ain't 'bout it
She wanna fuck just 'cause I'm clouted
I'm in Ohio, I got this bitch salty
Banana clip, it hang out the .40
I'm with lil' Ben, he ready to blow it
Ripped him apart, granny gotta sew him
This nigga really actin' like I know 'em
These niggas really actin' like I owe 'em
They singin' my songs just like a poem
They didn't believe in me, I had to show 'em
I'm at the top and I been told 'em
I'm off the drugs like Lamar Odom
Might do him dirty, might just Saint Row him
I know this lil' bitch wanna marry
I might just take you, ain't no guarantee
Summrino might put up for charity (Yeah, go)

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