

Heard you got the racks, let's plot, whoah  
She finna push my spot, yeah  
Amiri, Amiri, the holster on my Amiri will hold my Glock  
We ain't finna play no games, ma' goddamn cousin will come at y  
a block, yeah (yeah, pop his ass)  
In the stage with me or not, whoah  
We in a sport mode sippin' on the red, at a red light, we ain't  
gonna stop  
I ain't finna play with this nigga, if I tell my nigga "shoot"  
he gone shoot at them opps, yeah  
I ain't finna play with this bitch  
I ain't texting all day, are you gon feel me or not? Yeah  
Hunnid rounds in the K  
Lil nigga, we ain't toting no motherfucking props, yeah  
Off of that oxy, ok, yeah, I'm feeling good, my heart finna sto  
p, yeah  
Lil' Kan play with the beat, man, somebody tell that lil' boy t  
o stop, yeah  
Lil' Saint with the GD's, ain't nun to get yo' lil' dumbass pop  
ped, yeah  
Oxy' going in my vessels  
This bitch got a bitch, she thinking she special, yeah  
Glock 9, I ain't finna wrestle  
I'm rocking Chrome Hearts, lil' bustdown bezzel, yeah  
Off of dem perc' last night  
Had a dream that I made a deal with the damn devil, yeah  
Real runner, nigga, you is not real runner, you is not my godda  
mn level  
Hollow tips at his temple  
I'm off that lean walking like a cripple, yeah  
Niggas love to copy me, love to copy me, they love to resemble,  
yeah  
We in the Honda talkin', busting bands out, all my niggas civil  
, yeah  
Anarchy symbol tatted on my chest like a motherfucking emblem  
Stop trying to be me, nigga, it's simple, yeah  
Red dot on his forehead, from a distance it look like a pimple,  
yeah  
Lil' Rino, baby, I'm drawing a blueprint, where the fuck a penc  
il? Yeah  
You just sucked my nigga up, what the fuck makes you think I'ma  
kiss you?