

Yeah

I-, I might just

Hey, mute me, C4

Yeah, wicked Libra in this bitch, break dancing and shit

I-, I might just push up to your turf, then tag toe you

That's what them loc's do

Kill you and don't know you

My chopper be screaming, yo' chopper be whispering

I said, "Yeah, I took his life", and I don't care who listening

Went to your funeral and told your mama you resting in peace now

Take a look at him, why you laying in this casket?

Say peace out

You take one of mine and then I take one of yours

And we be catching anybody just like we playing some sports

On gangster, buster, I might have to go buy it

Gangsta thuggin' and you know I ain't stopping

I got that rocket in my pocket

Put some powder in my nose and then my jaw start lockin'

Like hog hunting at 3 A.M, my spotlight is spotting

That's why I gotta watch my back

People scheming and plotting, but I can't go out like that

No, I got something to prove, and I can't worry about a busta

I got something to lose

And I can't trust none of these net nats, they gon' make me a fool

My mama told me I'm a gangster 'cause it run in our blood

Like Mother Nature with these tricks, I let it rain, let it flood

And I be acting like peroxide when I'm all in the guts

So if you say you want some smoke, yeah, I'ma roll you like blunts

I sell them Xannies (I sell them Xannies)

They make me do things I don't wanna do

Puffing on that poison, now I'm moving like I'm chopped and screwed

Merry Christmas, Santa brought me all these Christmas trees

First stop flipping, then invest into some coco' leaves

I got some vatos that go loco for that Coco Puff

Never fall into information, I'ma keep it hush

And these OG's acting like they tough, but I ain't seen enough

And I don't want to hear no lies, 'cause you ain't feeding us

Run through your crib and touch on fella while I'm powdered up

My mama told me I ain't got nobody but myself

But when I do these drugs, I'm feeling like I'm someone else

And when Virgil died, that's when OT come alive

Birds chirping wake and bake, first thing is get high

Get her weed, get her goin', after that I multiply

I told her grind, I'll see you later, I'm on my way to the sky

Grooving in the spaceship while I'm telling the Earth, "Bye"

'Cause I'll be cooling

Zooted and booted, we grooving out

Like a fat boy in the P.E. class, weed got me passing out

Hold up, you don't know how I roll

I'm moving too deep, it's that boy OT and his pole

I be cooling in my spaceship, groovin'

Uh-huh, uh-huh

Yeah, I'm cooling in my spaceship, groovin'

Yeah, yeah

Right on