

517 until the grave
.223 at your brain
Two million blunts to the face
Bones 'bout to make a stain

Pulling up, rolling deep
Prototypes on my feet
Touch the paint, you get beat
Touch the ice, feel the heat
Try to rob me? That's a no, no
AUG and that bitch blow, blow
With the team, never ever solo
Push it, shit, push it back in slow-mo
Ayy, switchblade on my body (Body)
Profit all in my pocket (Pocket)
Hit the switch and get to droppin'
Got a '64 with hydraulics (What?)
Boom, now you're doomed
24 karat cover my tomb
Don't make me go back to the shit I used to do (SESH)
Ice cold mason, pressed juice vagrant
Hundred fifty dollar candles flash with the fragrance
Need to leave the city soon, makers
Raise my son right 'til my bones turn ancient
Back on the motherfuckin' prowl (Woo)
I'm the past and the future and the fuckin' right now
Blunt guts by the pile, only purchasin' in pounds
Habits that I got demand a lot of my account

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