

This that sick rap, kick back  
Come to where I pitch at  
Where bitches love The Game like Tyson Beckford six pack  
Presidential Rollie, nigga, where your wrist at?  
I can kill you in four bars that's a Kit Kat  
Did the Lambo my way, with a sick wrap  
Smooth as Frank Sinatra with a motherfucking slick back  
No rats in my pack, ain't no wrinkles in my slacks  
Counting singles in my Shaqs  
Stacking Pringles from the crack  
Nigga I was on the bus with it  
Had 12 stuck to my chest in the field with the colt, Andrew Luck with it  
We had the rock, hit the block like what's up with it  
Jay was in the Z, my young gunnas in the truck with it  
Sigel would've loved it, Philly would've fucked with it  
California state property you niggas stuck with it  
Brrrrring, sold Peddi Crack  
Game was on the block in his beanie with a mac  
I'm what you rap niggas 'fraid of  
A Compton nigga that could go bar for bar with Jada  
Let me tell you who suck, like banana Now or Later  
Blac Chyna head the bomb, Al-Qaeda  
Listen, you want beef I'll cater  
Game snap on everything he like a fucking wild gator  
Silver and black Ghost, nigga that's Al Davis  
Give me Left Eye back, take Fetty Wap and the Raiders  
The Rams is back, them bullets getting tossed  
16 on your back like you fucking Jeff Goff  
Your man acting girly too put 30 on his chest  
Kanye shrug bitch, welcome to the west  
YG, Nipsey, and Kendrick yea check  
Shout 'em out I just do it like a fucking Nike rep  
Bently truck Chuck, with the Henny cupped up  
Don't get me fucked up, you see the semi tucked, duck  
Pass the Goose, where them duck ducks?  
These hoes foaming at the mouth, they got Penny fucked up  
I'm 'bout to poke 'em like a cactus  
Told that bitch to roll the Philly for the game, and she talking about pract  
ice  
The Maybach is A.I  
Artificial intelligence motherfucker that's Junior Seau  
All my doors suicide, I'm in Vegas shoot the five  
Tell the dealer pay me don't be shy he ain't from do or die  
Now do you wanna ride, back seat of my Caddy?  
Used to flip them pies ain't no relation to Patty  
And I move Ps, ain't no relation to Swaggy  
Before that it was missing teeth and nickle sack baggies  
That's caine, no daddy cause I ain't really have one  
And you can't call yourself dope if you ain't never bag none  
I'm the old DMX you niggas Drag-On  
Game raw as fuck like poking holes in the Magnum  
Used to ether the niggas in all of my 16s  
Now I scare 'em once a year like I'm fucking Halloween  
This ain't a dream, nigga hurricane a nightmare  
Stab you in your sleep and smack your baby out his highchair  
Your daddy was a bitch, I had to do it  
I ain't need no ski mask to do it

Murder is Rihanna and I'm attracted to it  
Name a state, I'll send a package through it  
If the fed hack into it, they get bossed on like I'm Massachusetts  
Sitting in this Maybach with music  
Your head is like Mustard beat and I'll put the ratchet to it  
Party sent my jackas to it  
Drama bring the mac into it  
And this scope will get your mouth washed when I attach it to it  
Gold on my neck, I make your bitch put her back into it  
Usain Bolt if you bring a real track into it  
Another classic moving the way to Aftermath to do it  
Dre had the Chronic and I did was put the matches to it  
Traffic moving backwards through it  
Ever since I had the Buick  
Known for putting cheese on niggas heads the way the Packers do it  
And I had the yay, yea I brought crack to music  
Every situation in rap, I've been a savage through it  
And all these hoes getting mad cause I'm smashing through 'em  
They can get a ring one day, if the Cavs can do it  
Be LeBron bitch, I'm Jayceon bitch  
Who else you seen parked at the swap meet in James Bond shit?  
Another foreign car driven by a convict  
Aventador matte black Akon lips  
Nas ether niggas, Game napalm shit  
Niggas say my name I pop up like the State Farm bitch  
No nigga can see me, on or off TV  
Gun by them Yeezys, I'm the 6' 5" Eazy  
Lightskin bitches be mad and talking greasy  
I'ma start fucking them Dej Loafs and Dreezy's  
I'ma start beefing with Cole, Drizzy and corn row Kenny  
Or you could pick your favorite rapper, and he gon' be pouring out Henny  
I got a bitch from Minne-Apolis pack a semi  
Bang the ratchet at Denny's and fly herself back to Philly  
She got a couple mill and she don't even know Meek  
And ever since that nigga snitched on me we just don't speak  
See that shit you got with Drake is like a slow leak  
Blood'll be dripping like Niagara if I poke Meek  
Nicki won't get no sleep, I'm coming through at 4 a.m  
Four deep, to leave his dead body on the soaked sheets  
It could happen lowkey  
You better have Ross call me or you gon' be eye level with a roach feet

This ain't a diss, nigga  
This is all lives matter except this nigga's

This 1992 shit ain't no new shit  
We in that all black you won't know who Blood and who Crip  
With guns big enough to sink a fucking cruise ship  
Fuck around and be a news clip with them loose lips  
My nigga Drizzy packed you out and you ain't do shit  
This the Golden State and my shooters ain't on no hoop shit  
Nigga you know that I'll snap you like a toothpick  
And snitching on niggas ain't never been no cool shit  
And I've been wanting to give Nicki this pool stick  
So tell your lil' vibrant thing come fuck with Q-Tip  
We know where you live, nigga, you better move quick  
And start thinking twice about who you hop in the coupe with