

I almost died in Mississippi, niggas look at me like I'm God
Bitch, I'm young, Black, and gifted, tell my mama she did her job
I-20 straight to Yazoo at seventeen
David Banner posters on the wall over the triple beam
Couldn't break a brick down without playin' Prince in the background
Drive that shit to New Orleans and catch a flight to Naptown
Vale stayed, I told him put that trappin' to the side
Jackson niggas ran up on him, I landed the day he died
Bitch, I'm out here in my truth, watched Texaco turn to Arco
Taco Bell shells, my orders come straight from the narcos
Yayo by the carload, fifty-round drums
Run up in them banks and buck, that little bitch Game on the run
Rocket launcher in the projects, got me feelin' like I'm Zeus
Rainclouds inside the Pyrex, birds clappin' on the roof
If you can't fly the plane in front of me, bitch, get drug up out this coupe
If you scared to be blindfolded, you ain't gettin' introduced
My balls is my word

I got them shits for seventeen, I got a plug in Medellín
And my plug don't speak no English, yeah, he still know what I mean
Sellin' crumbles out on stumble, my balance is triple beam
In the kitchen with my Carbon 15
Still on point when I swerve, nigga, my balls is my word
I went on tour with Snoop Dogg, my dog got caught with them birds
I don't give no fuck what you heard, I don't give a fuck, get you murked
I'll put your ass in dirt and say your name in my next verse

Rest in peace to Killer Stone, bricks goin' for thirteen
Trappin' out the section with that texture, served my first fiend
Shakin' clumps out my soda box, straight drop and cocaine
Shout out Creighton Stewart, he introduced me to the dope game
Standin' over stovetops, the smokers say it's propane
Jumpin' out the coke pot, I'm workin' with a whole thing
Murder deep in the paint, high-percentage shots
Homicide division, apply pressure inside the box
Lot of body language, stay solid, that say a lot
Roadside assistance, my drivers get paid a lot
All I wanted was a trap, some money, car, and a girlfriend
Prayed to the Lord for a plug and I got them birds in
Partner need a foreigner face and I told him slide
Five ton re-compressed, I could bless you for thirty-five
Spread it through my girl, he got shipped and he tryna call home
Shot the text to my trap girl, grab me somethin' to talk on

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