

(Shoutout my nigga Synco)

Ayy, ayy, ayy

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, ayy, yeah

She be on the same drugs as me, I guess we soulmates

Right now, off the Addy, I'm about to speed race

Left hand on my chest, right hand up and I can't lie today

If a nigga try me, on my fam', I'll make him melt away

Yeah, the streets hot in the field, yeah, it's like Novocaine

I ain't scared of shit, I catch a homi', then she give me brain

Keep them racks on me, rack head, but I can't die today

Niggas claim they tough until they get hit with this magma ray

Why I'm on this drank and pills? 'Cause it make me normal

More 'bows than Robin Hood, more chickens than the cardinal

Molly rock brown-tan like I scraped it from urinals

Gotta duck these goofy bitches 'cause they really just some bird hoes

Jack Nicholson, gotta get some, gotta go

Harlem Globe balling on the mic, so use your scope

We BeBe's kids for real, don't never do what we told

Your lil' homie had heart, he got got 'cause he was bold

Ray, ray, ray, ray, ray

Boy, don't get hit with this ray

BeBe's kids, but we ain't come to play

All these hundreds, boy, I'ma throw it in your face

TTB, shorty hear the name and she do anything

She drown way too much tryna keep up with my energy

Lived a past life, no advice, that shit was born in me

I do what I want, most these bitches be annoying me

Ronald McDonald, no lil' Uzi, yeah, Thouxan came with a big MAC

My old girl tryna hit my phone, but she need to watch out with the get back

My chauffer drove a fishbowl, hop out of that black big-body

He ain't know we had guns, he was peeping the ho's body

I fill the Suburban with these thotties, also shotties

Filled the Suburban with some thotties, that's including shotties

Filled the Suburban with some thotties, that's including shotties

We got sticks in the trunk, he don't know about it