

Take you out your crib  
Get that how much of mamma love ya money  
Tom MacDonald, my heart ain't broken no more  
Take you out your crib  
Get that how much of mamma love ya money  
Tom MacDonald in this bad motherfucker

I'm too high to be fucked with, my gun smoking, no blunt lit  
Two bad bitches, no bunk beds  
I don't break bread because that's crummy  
I ain't drug dealing, no drugs with me  
I'm the motherfucker like a MILF with me  
Money talks but it's a bad liar, park the whip on your head, you mad tired  
I heard you run the dark side but I also know that darkness falls  
One shot from this magazine makes you a front page article  
My temper show up and my hair long  
Pussy on deck like a sailors arms  
I call your whole team tie dye 'cause we killing all of you hippies at once  
I just been friendly with everyone  
They think I fall in love with every bride  
None of them know me but they heard my songs and when they fuck their girlfr  
iends them hoes turn it on, like ugh  
You living on the edge and your rent's late  
I'm living in the moment and my rent's paid  
I got a guest house, you and your friends can stay  
Take a dirt nap, all your beds are made  
Don't fuck around with my team hoe, you get rolled on, that's steam rolled  
If you acting out you get breathe rolled  
If you acting up you get B-rolled, you pussy

You pussy  
You pussy  
You pussy  
I don't fuck around with you pussies  
You pussy  
You pussy  
You pussy  
I ain't wasting time on you pussies, uh

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My main bitch holds the chopper 'cause she loves me  
My main bitch holds the chopper 'cause she loves me  
Gun in your mouth taste bad, call it Buckley's

Don't fuck with me 'cause I'm way high  
Put your brain on the wall, watch the paint dry  
I hit you in the arm, head, leg, neck all at the same time  
Guess it was a sudden death, I didn't know the game tied  
Take you hikers to the forest, you get left there  
Fuck your whole camp up, worse than ten bears  
Small town with no crossroads, just whiskey bottles and crossbows

And country kids in camouflage getting drunk and going off-roading  
Where everybody knows everybody and city kids are just bad news  
Where my neighbor will kill you for me because he is my neighbor and I asked  
him to  
That's love homie, that's ten to twenty-five years homie  
That's dogs homie, you did us and we hunt homie  
Fortune teller, hitman, they'll have your life flash before your eyes  
They waiting in your crib with all the lights off, they won't let surprise  
My dick bigger than a motherfucker  
I got bars bitch, I'm barbarian  
My bitch hotter than your big brother  
You softer than the ferry's skin  
Face super pretty, but the mind's scary  
Silence on the gun, you get done up in the library

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