

Got my chain on
40 shake a nigga up, we ain't gang though
Why all these niggas rap alike with the same song?
50, 000 dollars for a show, take the stage home
Bitch, I'm a lean junky
Cutty never drunk the mud, but
I really care about this shit, I make cheese from it
Spin that around like a vent, throw some D's on it
In the H with that shit, just like Trae tha Truth
Got a hit man with me, he get paid to shoot
Finna slide and kill D, I'ma rain
I be really balling round this bitch, like A.A.U
purple with that blick, I'ma shoot for real
You ain't hit a fucking thing, why you do the drill?
Been getting money for ten years, and we moving still
Got a couple fans in moving through the mill

Drop a lotta ice just because
Pouring up, pop a lotta pints just because
Dog shit, 80, 000 on me all in dubs
Street nigga, I got all this shit up out the mud
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All these diamonds on me snowing, got me too chilled
I ain't fucking with these niggas, bitch, I'm too real
Murder season, homie looking for a new kill
Chopper get to popping, have them hopping like he Drew Hill
Way I'm stepping on these niggas, should've got a shoe deal
Money talk, I just blew a bag like a new skill
Something foreign, 2023 with a new bill
Guarantee your buggy get it popping like a new seel
We don't do it for the 'Gram, bitch, I'm off that
You ain't solid with the team, get you tossed back
Told on 12, get to talking, we don't talk back
Soon as walk them down, they ain't gon' walk back

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