

Born to kill, eyes on the hills
Pain is filled, burn down in hell
Who wants the work, pussy boy you boutta learn
Came out the wound to give what's deserved
Eyes on the money get my bitch to count it for me
Body bags up in the lobby, and a backpack with a tommy uh
Couple homies, and yo bitch is actin naughty
Mobbin' is my hobby, I ain't talking no Bugatti's bitch
Steady killin' shit and we don't need no reason bitch
Always dropping bangers and we do this for the fuck of it
Y'all trash, need to lay off the xans
Thumbin' through the bands and I don't even need a trap

Goddamn

All these bitches never learn they lesson
All they talk about is they drug addictions and fake depression
Just so you can hear they voice
But it'll never be enough shit to fill they void
Don't you feel annoyed?
Bet they lackin' on the Inside, all alone
Always stoned 'cause they afraid of life
It's all wrong if you here, just to wait to die
Disowned in my eyes if you ain't finna try
Yeah
UAV runnin' through the mothafuckin' scene
Bring the fire thru the valley, see smoke off the trees
You feel the heat now
Don't change your mood when we bring this bitch down
Leave who ain't widdit, need to thin the herd now

And nigga if you ain't with it, you can't hit the curb now
Insomniac for real, but had to put the syrup down
I left her on her heels, say she like how I turned out
Would say the feeling mutual, but emotions burned out
Why would I flex for you, don't need to Internet boost
It's Hustle God the only, ain't no Internet clone
I know you getting money, but did you get it on your own
See he only talking shit to try to get you out ya zone
See bitch I'm from the mud, that's why I'm greedy as a pig
They judge you, if you don't make it
Then be the fakest if you did
That's why I only rock with who I been with since a kid
These niggas just like these bitches, I can't fuck with 'em for
shit