

Oh, you rocking with that?
Yeah
Might just hop on the beat like, "Yeah"
I don't even remember how I hop in
Travis, you killed it

Pull up with the .40, hit 'em, yeah
Ice gon' get 'em, gon' chill 'em, yeah
Niggas mad that I won't get 'em
Niggas need to be happy I don't kill 'em
Ooh, and the car, full throttle
Baby, rub me like I'm a genie in bottle
Yeah, hop out back, .40 follow
Huh, hop out back and then the .40 follow me

Huh, me? I'm gon' pop my collar, then
Told that bitch, "I won't see you until tomorrow then"
I'm gon' nut on her, and she gon' swallow kid
Baby, give me head, yeah, please acknowledge me
Chopper tighten off, it go out back, yeah
Make you wanna bang, you don't even bang, yeah
Snub-nose, close range
Uh, told that boy to get like parachutes and hang there
Huh, boy, you better hang there
Hang tight
Hm, chopper hit, aim right
Said, the copper hit 'em, ain't light (Ooh, nope)
Everything I do, they bite
Like a Mike and Ike
Knock 'em out, Mike Tyson
Knock 'em

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New Rollie with the big rocks
Got a new seat with the big shots
Know I keep the top down on the drop-top
Know I gotta keep a Glock with a red dot
Young hot nigga, always on that bullshit
Two chains on, got some buffs and a new fit
Bitch, every time you see me, it's a new whip
Try to play, he get left on the news clip
Bitch, you better snap back to reality
I'm balling like a athlete
That's why these niggas mad at me
His mom seen his dead body, that's a tragedy
With all this money, I provide for all my family
New bitch, switch cars on a new day
Don't beef, little bitch, 'cause I'm too paid
Swerving in the big body, it take two lanes

Got a bad ass bitch with some mood swings
I ain't worried 'bout nothing, I'ma boss up
I'm really out here fucking niggas mamas
If you play with the squad, we gon' pop ya
I'm a savage, grew my dreads like a Rasta
Like I said, play with me, bitch, it's cutthroat
He get smoked, he tried to up, his homie got toast
Your bitch a flirt, she gon' do the most
Ay, you can catch me sliding in that black Ghost

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