

(Check, aight, go)  
Crack table, black table where we shootin craps at (craps)  
Ass crack, boof pack, Act gon' pass that, we past that  
30 thousand dollars in the hatchback  
Flashback, abstract like who da told pet pack  
Knapsack, 30 pints of syrup no flapjack (flapjack)  
She take a nigga down, no talkin, no flap back  
Young nigga sound like me no sand sack  
Sand sack for a billion dollars to get wet wet  
What the Hell Gleesh talk about bein back back?  
40 gram up and get down they toe check that  
Flauntin all down and off and dal and off a private jet  
I'm a get it, who ya kiddin? I ain't get challenged yet  
Head shot... drink (drink)... stand up... drink (sip)  
Sit down... drink (drink), and I ain't lose my balance yet

I need to roll a blunt  
Ya, what ah ya what hah huh  
Coolin on the block smokin dope to the face  
Niggas gettin smoked on the block erryday  
Partna he a crook of the partner Nine Trey  
Sending out the shots, it get hot erryday  
Movin out the block with the stalk, set up shop  
Mixin up the red with the wop with the work  
Oh yeah, free the Wop, throw the guap on the thot (bitch)  
Diamonds in my watch, all you niggas finna watch (hey)  
(What ya what ay ya what what  
What ay ya what what ay ya what what)  
They wanna fuck with my team, I keep me a chopper it came with a beam (oh)  
No janitor I got the keys these bitches they comin straight for the beast  
All of my dope please, it will turn any nigga to a fiend  
I swear to God now these bitches they come, no way these bitches won't leave  
I keep a drum, loud rutututum, the Bentleys they up in my sleeve (ya)  
Niggas they come, but I keep a bum, or leave a nigga on his knees (what)  
Bitches they come, mollies on tongue, now all my hoes get along  
I feel like I don't belong, I guess I'm on VLONE

Ay take that nigga down  
Hit him for those pounds then you leave, not a sound  
Kick a nigga door, tie him up with the zip tie  
Stomped on a nigga, yeah I don't let shit fly  
Killers on his head, do the drop for a quick toe, I ain't never been a bitch  
Squeeze on the chopper till the gun go click (doot) dogs goin bark, keep it  
low like Vick (like Vick)  
Serving out the trap with the extendo sticks, going for the six-  
four, no nintendo shit (uh huh)  
Sixty for them wops, they three a pop, we got a lot  
We pull up on your block, we set up shop, we give em out  
Mix Hi-Tech with that wop with soda pop, it's for my cough  
Got ten packs of them Xannies, they go for Peyton Manning  
Double wrap and seal the pack, hollows, hydros, dirty ratchets  
Frontin in that spinach, cabbage, gasses, masks, smashes, spazzin  
Catchin blasts, hold the casket, Hi-Tech blastin, taste for taxin  
Leave the package down at Franklin, Reptar niggas, we Jurassic