

4 Kobe

Veeze

Ayy, keep shit on the low, man (A Stackhouse, lil' nigga)

You know

(A Jerry Stackhouse, man, you dig?)

The one and only

This just for the, you know (Yeah)

Niggas that's different

Calm down, too loud, somebody might just hear us talkin' (What?)

Lil' bitch thought we was goin' steady, I had to pause it (I cut her off)

He hit the bitch on the boot, Miley Cyrus (Ooh)

You know that's Veeze, he the worst, can't say sorry (Yeah)

Hatin' 'cause a young nigga ballin', Donald Sterling (Huh?)

We ain't waiting 'til late, unload the trucks bright and early (Yeah)

Count up all the bumps that's on your face, I got a Jerry (A Stackhouse, nigga)

Put like thirty thousand on your face, you ever irk me (Yeah)

Might be gettin' germs from sippin' cups that's hellah dirty (Ugh)

Caught me stickin' my tongue inside the pint, it's a lil' pervasive (You nasty)

Boy, you know I'm busy, text me twice, you think it's urgent (For real)

I ain't even hear the total, I just swiped before I heard it (Beep)

I'm the type of nigga cup so red, look like a surgery (Huh?)

You the type of nigga tell my bitch, "He don't deserve you" (Lame-ass nigga)

I'm the type every bitch that like my pic', they really flirtin' (I'm him)

But me, I'm such a P, I gotta act like I don't even notice (You dig?)

I know it be hurtin' they feelings, I really be doin' this shit on purpose (Yeah)

I seen you inside my message requests, I'm playin' you like a birdie (Lame-ass nigga)

My money so damn old, my stash got kids, it's damn near thirty (What, man?)

I don't fuck with a nigga, he told, I don't want no pigs inside my circle (Yeah)

I done signed so many damn checks, nigga, I'm gettin' better and better at cursive (Better and better at cursive)

I'm rich right now, you old as hell, you gon' die tryin' like Curtis (Hahah)

Tryna flag me down, say, "You left your change," I obviously don't want it (I obviously don't want it)

Got real old-heads, got so much girl, no wifey, ain't got no woman (No wifey, ain't got no woman)

I'll give you some time to go home, come back, nigga, I know you ain't got it on you (Broke-ass nigga)

Your lame ass probably get a pass, you go in the trenches, act like you know me (For real)

I'm all in Staples Center pourin' purple pops in it (Wock')

I'm all in Staples Center pourin' purple, this for Kobe (Rest in peace my favorite player)

Listen, son, I'm still your dad for life, you gettin' older (Yeah)
Too many of y'all niggas want my swag, it's gettin' annoyin' (Yeah)
All these bad bitches drive me out my mind, it's like poison (It's like poison)
Movin' slow, Amiri bandana, Ninja Turtle (Yeah)
I'm the type of nigga pay all cash for my purchase (Fff, fff, beep)
You the type of nigga ask, "Is Cash App workin'?" (Man, what?)
I'm the type to pay five hundred a zip 'cause it's worth it (Yeah)
You the type, I'm with you smokin', "Pass that Gerski" (Headass nigga, man)

You know what the fuck goin' on, man
Ganger 4E, 4L
Still goin' in, feel me?
Man, Wavy Gang, Brothers Only, nigga