

Nigga, what time you on?
Why you wanna know which route I'm on?
You wanna get killed or robbed, nigga?
What type of clout you want?
I was off the Perc, so I fucked too long
Free Santez, he been gone too long
My lil' niggas say they been broke too long
They breakin' in shit like Home Alone
I woke up today and the label called
I ain't even tryin' hard
It's a lil' cheaper, you buy it hard
Brick of it soft thirty-five large
Fuck gettin' fronted, I'ma buy it all
Took off hundred, say he'd buy it all
The bag on the bus, I ain't hot at all
Dave Money said he 'bout to slide a car
My lean is darker than soy sauce
It's sixty for one if the boy involved
She rock Fendi and Prada, she spoiled, dog
Since she been with the gang, she ignorin' calls
I don't give a fuck about none of y'all
Call me a prince 'cause my mama balled
You wanna oink up, turn your loyal off
Dave punched me in, paid lawyers off
I grew up with birds and pounds
Nigga, you grew up with nerds around
I grew up with Sker around
Told him shit wavy, fuck thirty round
Like Rondo, not NumbaNine
Before I could shoot, I was servin' dimes
I wish all the real niggas'd pop out the ground
I wish every pussy a hundred round