

I want the life of a legend
Black heart and matching weapons
Got a thing for aesthetics
Straight shooter like Redick
We get to dukin' and that Gloc-32
Pull a Laettner at the buzzer
You a dead motherfucker
Hunt heads motherfucker
My momma told me I'm living crazy
I'm just being what she made me
Dealing with the luck she gave me
Money comes and money goes
The money's low, We run in homes
Only leave the garden gnomes
Take the racks from out the stove
Stunting ain't no habit
If I want, I grab it
Selling tablet's like Toshiba, Nigga
In my city, We the killa's
If you pull that trigger, Better squeeze it nigga
If you don't
Then we 'gon have to find your house, And fucking Christmas tree it nigga
Light it up
Cops roll up
Hide the drugs
I never been to prison, And I never plan on showing up
Never could be rich enough
Cause I grew up broke as fuck
So I'll never stop my stroll
X by the O
All for the love of dough

Until I get my 97
Benz, I'm selling dope
So get a quote
The trap is open, Nigga
Everything's a go
I'd be lying if I told you that we got it on the low
But we got it out the 'do
If you need it let me know

What you nigga's know about
40's out?
Run up in somebody house
If they home, Then swing that chrome
Knock his baby momma out
Fuck what you be talking 'bout
We really bring these chopper's out
Like Fox 11
Harmful weapons
Tell your girlfriend
Call the Reverend
Tell that pussy nigga talking
Only leave his momma grieving
Never been to prom, So he can slow dance with this Desert Eagle
Understand my grind is crooked
TK with an SK

Load off one mag
In your car dash
Like an Armean with a sextape
Nigga, I'm Heem
I'm Heem
My wave green, Like Tulane
See more drugs than 2 Chainz
Talk more shit, Than two Ye's
Hall of fame shooter
Wig scuffing, Six buffing
And my threat is a promise
I ain't one bit bluffing
I'm in one big room filled with abused substance
Sell, Recieved, Paid, Then Pon De Replay
Never seen D-Day
Watch that 16 Spray
Leave 16 dead, Buried on the east