

Yeah! Gunna! Get 'em!

Well it's the C from the R-O, the Polo a cargo  
The Murcielago, garage a car show  
The 'matic is auto, suit 'em up, hard-toe  
Hard-toe, get that to the wire like Marlo

And so the wrist stay on glisten, the beats keep on ripping  
Touch me? Dream on, or y'all keep on schiz'ing  
It's the king of the flow-switching, I do it best  
Smif-N-Wes, right under the rest where the arm go

It's Mr. Need-an-Encore, J11 Concord  
You niggas is John Q., you don't have the heart for it  
Catch me out in Largo, showing off my hard work  
Count so much bread, swear to God that my arm hurt

Give 'em the LV, fresh pair of lens and a nice belt  
I be in the women, swimming like Mike Phelps  
Young black distributor, did it with the white help  
Little bit of green, too, satisfy the fiends too

Me too! I'm saying, bringing the banger right here  
I been hip-hop gaming, dropping bangers all year  
Freezer, bang that thang and end your singing career  
Hoes like it, fly private, do my thing in the air

Well, am I making it clear, or did I st-st-stutter?  
Globe-trotting is nothing, I'm living out of my luggage  
A neighborhood superstar, don't even hit the public  
Discovery Channel tape us and swear the hood is a jungle

Motherfuck 'em, they feed the R&B and let the rest starve  
Had to leave my old team like Brett Favre  
Condensate, you fucking hater, let the mag off  
Then watch 'em turn to commentators like Bradshaw

Rock stages, snatch wages, you can hate me or love me  
MTV-Unplug me and put me up with the greatest  
Lil' sweats, Louie specs, I put you up on the latest  
'Cause I made it, graduated to the Benz from the buggy

And we the freshest, they love, it, we the subject of discussion  
We can get it popping, brother, out in public, we ain't running  
I ain't playing, I ain't caring at all, Philly, we ready for war  
We bring it to 'em, they Usain Bolt, gone

If I don't come up, the sun won't  
Def might Jam but my gun don't, I keep the 40 Glock with me  
I'll give the jockey on your 'Lo shirt a wiggy  
You can keep the coke, papi, but the dough coming with me  
I'm all about the Benjamins, baby, pockets Puffy  
Big Poppa of the Property, you got to love me  
Popped off if it's problems, we can do this publicly or in private  
However do you want it, B  
No problems do you want with me  
I put your body in that box so comfortably, church

Lay a nigga six feet beneath earth  
While the preacher search the Bible for a verse, rest in peace!  
State Prop, get your wig popped  
I'm on my job in the hood like Young Bob giving headshots  
King of Philly, there's none before me and none to come  
I got it locked like the wig on Stunna's son