

Phew  
Gotta dig it

Even if my nigga ain't right, I'm goin' left (Nick on the track)  
Feel like Boat, hit it one night and then I left (And then I left)  
Pulled up in that purple thing, it was super player (Dig?)  
Feel like Halo, get your bitch, kingslayer (Gotta dig it)  
We just get them choppers and we use it as a mop (Phew)  
We just get a good girl and use her as a thot (Use her like a thot)  
Blue 42, he goin' long, that nigga shot (Gone)  
Nigga talkin' loose, that's what got his ass shot (Phew)  
I just feel like Dre, get the play, put it in motion  
Made 10K by twelve, why your ass loafin'? (Yeah)  
Poured a six today, that's what got a nigga slumpin'  
Six hoes versus me, that's a Royal Rumble (Dig?)

Ayy, beat him out his Audemars Piguet 'cause he don't need it  
I got niggas really feastin'  
I don't need your lil' paper, I ain't doin' no more features  
Pull up in a 'Cat with a spoiler, this bitch a creature  
Spoiler alert, you gon' see us at that finish line  
I done popped a Xan', caught a flight, and now I'm switchin' times  
Mask on, talk MF DOOM, rhymes and dimes  
Foennem, he the jwett king, he gon' load up all the Chimes  
Shawty, she a wet ting, I'ma hit it from behind  
Then I hit her from the front  
We gon' swing for the home run, we don't do the bunts  
Cashin' out, buyin' all the bags, I ain't takin' fronts  
All my niggas one of none

Ayy, nigga try to slime 4, we turn him to some Runtz  
Ayy, ayy, call me Mr. Backdoor, I only kick it once  
Ayy, I only beat your bitch that one time, she called me for months  
Ayy, her baby daddy play, I up that 30, he gon' bite the dust  
You know Backdoor gon' up that, ain't no fightin' us  
Ayy, now all my cars straight muscle, I don't ride the bus  
Ayy, ayy, I just poured a six and I don't really want this bitch  
Ayy, only if she gettin' to some money, she can make me rich

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Watch me pass the ho, forget about her, that's the last of hoes  
Pussy was good, ain't have no Percs, I wasn't lastin', though  
Flunky-ass ho, street nigga, yeah, you pass for those  
Foreigns in your hood late night, ain't get a pass for those  
Break a pint down for the gang, we ain't passin' that

Sold this fuck nigga some- I'm wrong for that  
Got his pussy ass knocked out, it wasn't long for that  
Ran up on a nigga undercover, had him a turtleneck

Good job, pat him on his back like I'm burpin' babies  
Called the plug, picked up some pills, it was an old lady  
Big dog, bark and the bite, bitch, I got rabies  
Mama told me say no to drugs, now she can't save me  
Wake up in the morning, bad ho up in my bed  
I roll up and I get high and put on Hulu  
Pourin' Tris, but I want some red like I'm yellin' SuWoo  
All my niggas play with paper and choppers like they Q Da Fool

Ayy, that mean, nigga, we some rich shooters  
Oh, have a kid, do you? Nigga, I was a kid shooter  
Bitch, you ain't never seen a nigga flip money like this, do you?  
That mean I wake up and get that pack and ship to you  
It was not Amiri or was no Gucci, it was a Nike Tech  
You ain't gettin' no money like me, nigga, I'm not likin' it  
Three hundred a line for the Trish, what kind of price is that?  
Ayy, nigga, we up that pipe, know it's on sight with that  
It's 4

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