

See I ain't popping outta your section, they like, "What you on ?"

I say, "Lil' nigga, I'm on that cheese, on that provolone"
Ain't hard to see you off your pivot, boy, you hella grown
Stay on my ten toes, we solid, ain't no fronting, homes
We heard him talking over that internet, he ain't make it home
Finna flood my timepiece, this a Audemars, he a honeycomb
So presidential like I do this for Obama kids
We see you riding for all them rats, hey, what your partner did ?

I'ma keep it G, lil' nigga, hold up, check the numbers, bag it up, send it off
Birds come in packs of hunneds, we gon' get these pigeons off
I don't even wanna fuck your bitch, I seen her, make my dick so ft
These niggas so fu, damn near made me pissed off
Pound of gas, third house, falcons in my bird house
Chickens want me cooped up, whipping on my third house
Better not think you valid cuz you rapping, check your whereabouts
Said you with that action, now you acting, what you worried 'bout?
In the booth right now, rolling up this cookie blunt
Thinking bout my next move, damn, I'm finna fuck 'em up
Boy, that ain't no real bread, you ain't seen a hunned plus
Think it's sweet, come around, we gon get him hemmed up
Bands tucked, quick to up
Boy I got that .40 too, we gon bust
Blowing on a pound of gas, sixteen different onions
And we ain't giving out hall passes, better go and get to running

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