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Fuck
Ayo (Doot, doot)
Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot
Ayo, Pyer Moss over the Mossberg (Ah)
For dark, we shoot 'em all first (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom), hand in han
d crack commerce
Check out my arm work, my wrist work, Arm & Hammer the mixture
Lord (Lord, boom, boom, boom, boom)
Ayo, peace seven, I had a fetish for the MAC-11s (Brr)
Since an adolescent (Brr), learnin' lessons, got my shot perfected
Eyes beheaded, cocaine pot fanatic
Fiends light up the static, fully loaded ratchets for action (Boom, boom, bo
om, boom, boom)
Allah would never make another me (Ah)
Dropped the ki and whipped up another ki (Whip, ah)
Walk through fire blindfolded out the sea (Ah, out the sea)
The sun out, I might take the doors out the tester Jeep (Skrrt)
Word on the streets FLYGOD got the mean dope (Ah)
Fire out the nines or we can drag the speedboat (Brr, brr, brr)
Inshallah, it's more clips in the peacoat
Bodyslam, two thousand grams, Steve Regal
Ayo, y'all don't get it (Y'all don't get it, fuck)
Y'all don't get it (Y'all don't get it, God is my bodyguard)
Ayo, Allah got me winnin' (Winnin', ah)
Allah got me winnin' (Allah got me winnin', keep all that tough shit)
I said y'all don't get it (Y'all don't get it, ah)
Y'all niggas don't get it (Y'all niggas don't get it)
Ayo, Allah got us winnin' (Allah got us winnin', fuck 'em, ah)
Allah got us winnin' (Allah got us winnin', look, look, ah)
I heard they gave him ten years, he did a stretch, nigga cut his face
Put a zipper on him like a pair of new Giuseppe's
Terrible, they say, "Machine, them niggas scared of you", I bet
Bitches think I'm vegetarian, these carats on my neck (Hahaha)
I'm wearin' 'em with respect, I want your chain, I'll tear it from your neck
I'm from the eastside, them niggas over there be movin' Fent' (We outside)
Air at you, bitch, this God right here, I'm in the flesh
I put the bitch in a pair of Loubs, she fresh, I'm wearin' Louis sweats (Ha)
Look, how can I not win?
At least three of the albums that I dropped in your top ten (Talk to 'em)
Your wrist "tick-tick", boy, the hand on my watch spin
Not in Cali' to shop, I came to send a box in
I stacked two hundred during quarantine, I did not spend
I do not got friends, V12 on the side of that drop Benz (Woo)
Shooters on go, let a slug blam you (Uh huh)
And all morning, lil' homie passin' out drug samples
My bitch don't rock no Fashion Nova shit or no Ugg sandals
Like to fuck me to Pandora, 42 Dugg channels (Hahahaha)
Spaghetti on my wrist, nigga (You see my wrist)
Baguettes on my bitch, nigga (Talk your shit, nigga, yeah)
And bitches say, "There go that nigga with the bag", they know I'm really a
rich nigga (Talk your shit, king)
Suck my dick, nigga
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You know it's gangster how I rock, when you greet me, respect me (Salute me)

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Yeah, I'm made in my hood, niggas treat me like Lefty (That's right)
I swear this brick spoke, and said "Take it easy, don't stretch me" (I won't
Your favourite rapper call around, sayin' "Please, come protect me" (Pussy)
Yeah, we can see you up, but them niggas around you starvin' (Damn)
Put my team in position, now I'm surrounded with bosses
Niggas gettin' clipped, homicide questionin' my involvement (I don't know sh
it)
Hashin' out at the jeweller, y'all buyin' shit in instalments
Patience, know it or not, now glaciers froze in the watch (Uh)
Bought my bitch a whip and she tried to race me home from the lot
Christian and Smith and Wesson, 380 go with the top
Hit her with the ice cubes and the dope gon' go in the shop (Huh)
I'm relaxin' on six figures, trap been doin' numbers
Couple hundred from rap I'm payin' taxes on
Twenty Ps of Butcher's Breath, habits that I shouldn't have kept (Uh uh)
Dumpin' while I'm in my head countin' how many bullets left (Bullets left)
Cannon my ride, we never been in shit and do not slide
The opps get it in two days or less like Amazon Prime
You gon' hear the Butcher comin' (Butcher comin'), 'cause it's never gon' ch
ange
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