

Aah

Let's go

Aah

The butcher coming, nigga!

These niggas swear it's just rap

And then swear we all playing

'Til I'm paranoid and spraying

Like a aerosol can

Got a hammer on

That I could stuff a cannonball in

I'll really pull fifty racks

Out of

Think I panic? Small chance... (never)

Be careful who you call friends

Money two-thirty, need the crib and the car cleansed

I paid a thousand dollars for the vanguard vans, shooters outside my crib

Look like where Farrakhan stand

Where I'm from, the money good, yeah, the bricks is selling

And most niggas gon send a hitta before they send a message

But it's like every corner hot

Even the bitches tellin'

You got hoes with fed cases gettin' cities pregnant

With these hoes, I've always been selective

With the flow, I been respected

Count the bodies that my pent collected

Road to riches, pick the Lexus, never miss the exit

You know what happens when you meet with

You get connected