

Some are cold and numb as a bitch  
Off a perc and I can't feel shit  
And I got a couple enemies on my hit list  
If I get 'em, I quit 'em, that's it  
Hold up, fuck a [?]  
You know drugs love me, they're my friends  
I might geek all night til the end  
This shit for real nigga, no trend  
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Crushing on a perc, know better  
We outside frontline for the cheddar  
All these drugs got me feeling under weather  
Can't be in my feelings, I'm around killers, get up  
And she sucking dick to the tip with her chin up  
Bangin' on my line, lil' thot why you fiending?  
I'm a demon  
Niggas say they outside, we don't really see them  
Hopped out a hundred bands, now I'm really geeking  
Running to the check, no flex, that's defense  
Broke ass nigga ain't from my region  
That's an Audemars Piguet, I know you peep this  
Ayy, broke ass nigga still shop at Neiman  
No angel dust on the beat young nigga tweakin'  
Big bank, lil bank, John C, can't see him  
Tried to take all my energy, now she a heathen  
[?] so we creeping  
And my face be too gated whenever I'm greeting  
She sucked the cream out the dick, I'm a Twinkie  
Rub on her, fuck from the back, call her pinky  
Ball on a op 'cause that nigga a pip squeak  
They don't hear shots from that Glock till they dead, play  
Please don't test Tank, 'cause he totin' a blicky  
Maple syrup on pussy, I eat it, too sticky

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This shit for real nigga, no trend, yeah