

See this a movement with this music you just tunin' in (yeah)
Units we maneuvering, and you niggas ain't due to win (no)
I'm with some all stars, God we superb
Fly with the words and good for stayin' high off the herb
Minus the herbs, my city's filled with live mother fuckers (Yes)
Where- niggas stack they paper, and you'll die if you touch it
I'm with guys that'll pump shit, and leave you dead
The Feds love how I paint a picture, seem so clear
Shit I'll make your face see through queer, I'm on top of my game
And treat these rappers like prey, I'm on top of the chain (Woah)
I got the heat cause, heavy in these streets cause
I had a street buzz before I had peach fuzz (Yeah)
You niggas oughta know, I'm chillin' but my squad'll blow
A youngin' with a harder flow will probably get him larger dough (Yeah)
Zonin' blowin' tropical, ownin' me's impossible
I'm movin' on to larger scale, you workin' with a garbage flow

Niggas know, but they hate, so they act, like they don't
If you think, you gonn' try, I'm right here, what you want?
We can go, hood for hood, block for block, town for town
Niggas know, and that's it, and that's how, it goes down

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And Y'all know

I maneuver the game, grape coupe swoop for the lane
You dudes losin' the game, state troops move for the cane
You get knocked for this shit
You start talkin' and shit (Woah)
Y'all dudes faking the part, cowards I'm breaking apart (Chyeah)
It be your right hand man that's a snake in the heart (Damn)
He see you holdin' them chips, see you rollin' them whips
And be the type to beef over a bitch- me I'll get another one just roll my d
ro in a spliff
These clown niggas got me holdin my dick, I'm so cocky
And you can send whoever you want, he won't stop me
I'm a double back, thoroughbred nigga from the PGH (Yes)
Hungry so we need a plate, takin' yours to feed the face
Makin' noise, Wiz Khalifa slayin' the streets
You niggas like Shaq, just started playin' with heat

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