

I'm up in Notre Dame, smokin' on this green guam
Bullets came same size as a nigga thumb
I provoke 'em just to try to kill 'em when they come
I'm sittin' in a swamp, finna poke him when he jump
Every time I pull into the street, I got my thump
And I don't trust nobody like a old grump
I'm in my rocking chair poppin' niggas off the porch
And I ain't tryna pass the torch, I'ma get you scorched

Gang members everywhere is what they go report
And we ain't even in no colors, they just come support
I got sticks at the resort, I took a Glock with me to court
And I ain't even in no beef, I'm just out of sorts
The world got me fucked up, I try to be a sport
I was down bad, askin' satan for a short
I'm smokin' up my own blunts, this one be the fourth
I think I'm Gang Orca, I'm immortal with the aux
You Hobbit-ass niggas runnin' from this pitchfork
You coward-ass bitches hid the truth from the reports
But bitch, it's all good, I'm still sellin' out the Ford
I'm goin' back on tour, I ain't goin' back and forth, bitch

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(Quintin)