

I'm coming through the front, I ain't worried 'bout shit  
Trying to harm me I leave his ass like a tip  
I'mma tell you now, I'mma twist him like a hip  
Then smoke a blunt by my motherfucking self  
I don't give a fuck 'bout none of you here  
Bitch, I only rap just to let you niggas hear  
And when we do a show your fan base disappear  
Bitch, I ain't lying I'mma keep it sincere  
Bitch, since when could you chill up over here?  
Bitch, hit the road like a motherfucking deer  
Get hit too, shit bitch might as well  
I don't even talk all a ho do is tell  
I'm standing on a boat finna set the damn sail  
I burn incense because my brain likes the smell  
She get a whiff and thought that it was a spell  
I ain't say come but she at the hotel  
Fuck a nigga mean, me and my niggas don't be fucking with nigga  
s  
We give no fuck 'bout none of you niggas  
Or whoever with you  
I pull up to my nigga then'll spark  
Blunts already rolled what the fuck a nigga thought?  
East Memphis streets still burning damn hot  
Police might as well live up on the damn clock  
That's why I stay in the goddamn house  
On the damn couch while I eat take-out  
Text T.A. when the weed run out  
Call T-Bo when we finna swerve out  
I be on the beach feeling like a bird now  
Smoking on a ounce on the roof of the house  
Master Roshi tried to kick a nigga out  
'Cause I had a sack I ain't tell his ass about  
Bitch you fucking know what the fuck do we about  
Hollow Squad Blunts don't never fade out  
(Bitch!)