

I pull out three blunts lit up  
Then roll some more because I want  
Haters can't get what they want  
They mad cus they can't chill with us  
Little boy can't come near to us  
The pressure is to furious  
She say I'm too dear to her but  
I forgot bout who she was  
All my niggas pullin up so  
Deep you can't do nuthin to us  
Switch it back to me I'm sitting  
Back cus they don't bother us  
Who can say 'who who', I give  
No fuck bout him or anyone  
Bitch come fuck with creaking  
And my emotion don't come visit her.  
WHO!  
Two blunts shawty  
Here's one for yo bitch  
Sike, give it back, I don't give a hoe shit  
Bitch front a gram so we know she ain't shit  
I don't give a fuck how a hating nigga feel  
He thinkin' we broke but  
That's a joke, you can sell  
You club hop while I switch hotels  
Your shows ain't shit nigga  
You don't even compare  
I told her come thru, she say I'm here  
Gucci ain't here but she  
Still say burr  
TundraMan smoking on  
That iced out pier  
Iced out blunt cryin  
Iced out tears  
Leave it up to me Imma  
Break this nigga's spirit  
TundraBoy, Iceman  
Literally chilling  
Boy test me? Better make  
Sure you're really serious  
Hollowsquad cutting out of  
Any niggas feelings you bitch