

I already decided bitch that I don't need no side kick
Pull up profiling
Pull out pro-style bitch
Every time I see her she look like she ain't gon' ever forget
Pull up with a torch lit
These rappers can't afford shit
Boy pull off you rented it
We laugh until we finish bitch
Hoes getting hip to it
They noticing your flaws and shit
Pull up to my crib whole pad fully furnished bitch
And I got some extra shit
Art pieces so articulate
Shawty came through asking how you make the lights like this?
Her niggas roll skimpy spliffs
I roll what all will fit in it
Ice castle magic leave your bitch in here you won't re-get
All these rappers wack
Don't care about features only my own shit
I only own my own shit and all my shit owned bitch
Pull up to my section
Watch the smoke replace the air in there
Why he let his girl in here? It's cool escort her to the rear
Dumped his ass
30 minutes later then we duck and dip
Better tuck your bitch before I make her duck and lick
They so sick of me, who?
She so sick of me, who?
She said how dare you fire that L
You ain't pass that blunt to me
Psych I better not bitch I pass that to my [?]
I'm smoking on some big blunts of some just for me
Nah I ain't ever gave no fuck about the other team
You see Hollow Squad The Coffin Fleet guillotine
I pull up doing 100 to whoever like they needed me