

(It's a Wayne beat)
(His name's Pablo)

I got a gun on me right now
Twelve hundred dollars for a pipe, nigga, pipe down
Gotta drink a four straight to get started, let's get high now
Big Bird got the Glock off an E, finna bite down
I'm on 7 Mile, Spudd showed me how to press
This eleven thousand, finna buy a pint of Tech
I own seven houses, nigga, fuck a rap check
Plus my credit climbin', finna have an M quick
I'm a second-timer, can't get caught with another stick
But I'm never dyin', known for shootin' niggas in they shit
Can't believe a hatin' broke-ass nigga said I snitched
Remove the "S" and the "N" and the "T," bitch, I'm rich
Eyeballin', I don't know what I just poured, I think a six
Every time a nigga say somethin' about a bird, I'm thinkin' bricks
But I ain't talkin' 'bout a white hood
Don't let the liquor hype you up and get popped, I don't fight in clubs
I just smoked so many Blacks, I need to buy a lung
Mike my real brother, so I'm ridin' with him, right or wrong
Catch me at the Boost store right on Welch tryna buy a phone
Like, what you need a crew of niggas for? You gon' die alone

Ah, yeah
I'll still pour fours of- yeah
I'll still- damn
Alright
I still pour fours of drank in the styrofoam (Drank)
How you still tryna find a crib? You can't find a home (Ain't got no house?)
Niggas signed a bullshit record deal, he can't drop a song (Aha)
I'll firebomb a nigga crib, stop, drop, and roll
This nigga can't afford steak and lobster, he eatin' sloppy joes (Ain't got no money?)
Do you really know the Coochie Man? He got a lot of hoes (Coochie Man?)
I don't sit in one spot too long, I just stop and go (I'm gone)
I'm in and out, I found another way, I got a different route (Yeah)
He jumped in the game missin' shots, I had to sit him out
Don't mind me, sometimes I'm fightin' demons, get to trippin' out (Trippin')
I don't never go to sleep with hoes, I put bitches out (Never)
Performed at Rolling Loud, I seen bitches pullin' titties out (They did?)

I'm a Backwood smoker, I hate Al Capones
Bought a pint, drunk an eight, sold a four, but I stashed a four
Would you believe me if I said I ain't tax no more?
I had to sit down and think like it's rap or dope
Should I rap or sell dope? I had to pick one
Group full of hoes came in, ain't had to pick one
I bought twenty-eight- alright
I bought twenty-eight flavors from A1, I couldn't pick one
They steady blowin' up my phone, I ain't pickin' up
Drop a big-ass nigga with a punt, ambulance, come pick him up
I just poured a muddy- alright
I just poured a muddy-ass pop with a six in one
That's a six in a one-liter
I just hit the pint raw, got my tongue fiendin'
We just got in an argument about our cups, they was uneven

This a Jubilee, this ain't nothin' like a presi'
This a Gucci tee, it was real close to seven
Oh, you want smoke, you gon' get blew down if I inhale it
Want beef, I'ma pop you, now you real close to heaven
Plugged in, twenty-seven for a brick in Houston, Texas
So many chains on, I might lose a necklace
Bitch bad, but she can't suck dick, I'm losin' interest
The Glock 9 mine, the Ruger a rental
Hundred niggas in the crowd, I'ma shoot in the middle
In the middle of the hood takin' a photoshoot in a Bentley
It might not sound right, but I'm pourin' juice in a Simply
At this point, I'd cut my stomach open, pourin' juice out my kidney
Had good pussy, left your boo with a hickey
Made a million by myself, I'ma poop on the industry
You don't gotta rap for real, living proof, it's just chemistry
My granny sold her son all the drank, she a new enemy
They like, "Rio signed to Peezy and to Louie independently"
Me, Mike, and Lou dropped a chain, it's new-pendant me
Nodded off the drank cookin' dope, mama found me in the kitchen sleep
Three thousand for an FN, I buy expensive heats
Fuck the price, I'm tryna live life, I depend on these (Hold on, Ri, let me
get it)

I spent twenty thousand on guns, this expensive beef (Okay)
This chair I'm sittin' on right now is an expensive seat
Bitch went and got a BBL, she got expensive cheeks (Ooh)
Bitch went and got her smile fixed, she got a— oh my (Damn)
Bitch went and got her smile done, she got expensive teeth (Ayy, she did?)
I'm ridin' in a Hellcat listenin' to Chicken P
You wouldn't believe how much I spent on my kitchen sink (No cap)
I pulled up in a Redeye, you'd think the whip can blink
Ooh, I got a bitch shakin' ass, too
Damn, she can shake that ass slow and do it fast too
My new bitch got ass and she bad too (She pretty)
These hoes can't fuck with my bitch, that's why they mad too (They mad)

Grind hard, my whole family depend on me
Taxin' for the pills, I ain't never been to Tennessee
Twenty-five a gram, I remember it was ten a G
Fifteen for the 7.50 five-hundreds, I want ten apiece
Woke up with a thousand, end up— ah
Woke up with a thousand, went to sleep with ten on me
Times ten, that's a hundred thousand
This shit gettin' out of hand, I need a money counter
My white boy got some wax, but I wanted flower
I tried to trade his ass some pills, but he wanted powder
Told my next sale twenty minutes, but I took an hour
He wanted uppers, but I sold him downers
Pistol in the bed, AR on the counter
Let a nigga touch one of mine, it's gon' be a problem
Baow, hit him in the head, he gon' need some trauma
Tryna buy a whole brick, must be an out-of-towner