Ay, what the fuck is wrong with these niggas? Uh
Tell the truth, I ain't tryna do no song with these niggas, uh
Bitch, the street for real, I keep that chrome on me, nigga
Yeah, this industry ain't none but full of phony lil' niggas

No lie, every nigga 'round me, yeah, they gon' fire Don't try, FN five-seven rippin' your spine Homicide, ain't nobody see shit but them bullets fly Bullets fly, I'ma drop a body before I drop a dime No time for these maggot bitches that play both sides No diamonds in my plain Jane, my wrist a gold mine Bitch I drip-drip, I need a wet floor sign Bitch I cash out every time, don't need a co-sign Motherfuck that, I got hella racks Bitch, back-back, watch these niggas savin' hoes They need to save up some racks I might work a ho, 'cause, yeah, you know I'm a mack Pull up, Eldorado 'Lac Turnt to the max Never been a punk nigga, always kept a strap I'm fastest for his gun, young nigga runnin' up that check Yeah, I'll take him out, bitch, I'll strike you out, who next at bat? Huh? He say he fuckin' with me

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My wrist a gold mine, ohh A gold mine

Yeah, it's a fire in the booth
This young nigga the truth
I'm smoking on forbidden fruit
And it smell, just like a poot
I'm a lion in the coupe
Have you seen a lion shoot?
Get out of line than I do
(Fire, fire, fire) who are you, nigga??

The fuck is wrong with these niggas? Uh
Tell the truth, I ain't tryna do no song with these niggas, uh
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Yeah, this industry ain't none but full of phony lil' niggas

The fuck is wrong with these niggas? Uh
Is wrong with these niggas
Is wrong with these niggas
The fuck is wrong with these niggas? Uh
Is wrong with these niggas
Tell the truth, I ain't tryna do no song with these niggas, nah