

(Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)

Uh-uh

Mmh, mmh, mmh (Yeah, okay)

Nothin' but them silent shooters, I got deadly assassins
Catch him a body, come pick up this paper
Sometimes I keep it, they say it's a favor
Put 'em on a fee for poppin' a hater (Yes, sir)
I remember I was poppin' for flavors, you talkin' 'bout gas, right? (Yeah)
Yeah, kickdoor, Slimeball, I'm with that
Hit a door, hit the stick, bitch got a kickback (Ooh)
Gettin' this money, my nigga, I get that (Yeah)
Glad that I'm rappin', they know that I'm with that (Yeah)
Rollin' up rapper, you know this that bitch pack (Yeah, bitch pack), bitch a
ss nigga (Hahaha)
Talkin' 'bout some smoke but they can't get they get back (Nah)
See me in person, you niggas ain't with that (Nah)
Break in this bitch with a muhfuckin' Kit Kat, hahahaha, yeah (Yes, sir)

Why you flexin' five thousand dollars? (Flexin' five thousand), You ain't go
t no racks

Nigga can't even post a fuckin' ten

(Can't even post a fuckin' ten), talkin' 'bout some fuckin' stacks

And you talkin' 'bout killin'

(Man, you talkin' 'bout killin'?), boy, you kiddin', you ain't 'bout all tha
t

Boy, it take like twenty just to spend (It take like twenty)

You ain't fuckin' with that (Swear)

You don't wanna beef with none of my twins

Should've been the same blood like kin

Shit, girl, you gon' do what I would've did (Phew, what you doin'?)

Bust a nigga head, leave him where he should've been

Hangin' out the window, nigga spin a bend

Rich Shooter shit, yeah, kickin' in, y'all nigga ridin' 'round in the pen'

Yeah, nigga broke, nigga can't win

Yeah, your folk dead, playin' once again

Can't even buy bullets, nigga pussy

Duckin' from me, runnin' from me, big pussy

Should've told you Slimeball not pussy

Everybody rockin' with him ain't pussy (Yeah), fuck you talkin' 'bout? Nigga

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Karate chop with the stick and I'm choppin' up shit, man

These niggas ain't ready for this (Ready for that)
I mob in the street and we cleanin' the streets
Ain't no evidence, nigga, we doin' this shit (Doin' this shit)
That mafia shit, niggas sendin' them hits, no stopping this shit, get ready
to quit (Yeah)
We do resumé, we don't do the snitch (Yeah)
You niggas was made, you made like a bitch (Made like a bitch)
The shit here is grown, it's not for no kid
You still in the house, don't come on the porch (Come on the porch)
The folks outside, they knockin' out foes (Knockin' out foes)
Your blood hit the ground before you hit the floor (Damn)
You don't need to put no more stress on your folks
Playin' with big Slime like hittin' the Pope (Hittin' the Pope)
Shot at the council, shot at the smoke (Yeah)
Ayy, just let it go

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