

Yeah my gas is too loud, I can't hear you niggas  
Yeah I keep them glasses on me I can't see you niggas  
I don't never ever shiver, I can't feel you niggas  
Yeah yo' bitch, she stay on me, yeah she feel it nigga  
I got money all on me yeah it callin'  
I be in the trap, trapaholic  
You be talkin' bout money, I be ballin'  
Show you how to get it, no stallin'

Yeah, smokin' on this spinach got me strong like I'm Popeye  
Shoot a mothafucka' in his eye, like he pop-eye  
I don't really play, but I move chicken like Popeyes  
And I is a mothafuckin' wise guy  
Pull up on a slime I let them bullets fly  
Niggas try, holes try  
To suck me, suck me dry

She like to give a taste, I like to paint her face  
I keep it on my waist, just - in case  
These niggas wanna play, I put it in they face  
Face!

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Yeah, you can call me a chieffer when it come to reefer  
I just love smokin' weed, I just love reefer  
In the studio on the track nigga  
Rollin' grams of the wax nigga  
Nigga try to play? Ooh-wee  
Slime get a nigga whacked nigga  
Ion' even know how to act when I get these racks nigga  
Money on yo' head, yeah, I got these racks nigga  
Hangin' a fool  
I stay with a tool  
I am not cool  
My slime, he bool  
And you was a fool  
You fuckin' buffoon  
Uh, what else?

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