

Yeah!

Eastside in this bitch

Chophouze on the track

I'm a product of my environment like Boosie (Like Boosie)
Nigga, all my dope raw, nigga sushi (Raw dope)
They keep askin' why I ain't did no song with Gucci (Yeah)
I keep countin' money wrappin' bales in Gucci (Count up)
I had they key to the streets, way before Lucci (Streets)
Me and your bitch just made a movie, she a groupie
I just pulled up in a 'vert, I ain't talkin' Uzi
I got cocaina, softer than a smoothie (Yeah)

I'll probably never do another song with Gucci Mane
Real talk I did your folks show for a hundred bands
Young Scooter I took the hardaway, came up like Derez
All these pussy ass niggas be snitchin', they got Ralo in the feds
I'm the king of jugg [?] you pussy niggas love that
All that juggin' in your raps, you niggas should thank me for that
Sell a million, I work for Saks, you wanna walk in my shoes
Shit, I made myself a boss and I play by my own rules
Yeah, I'm one of the realest rappers who ever did this shit
You know, half you rap niggas ain't sold a nick
I'm a product of my environment, they named me after the pavement
Street street, Zone 6, I'm a real 80's baby

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I got sushi, cocaina, shit be soft as ice cream
Throw a brick and a half a remix in the re-rock machine
The dope'll move across the pot like that boy Billie Jean
My trap look like a parking lot, these cost twenty racks a piece
There ain't no limit on this money, call me Master P
Half you niggas dick riders call it Master D
Ask your CEO, you probably bought some bags from me
I done seen it all before so you can't handle me
I got the key to the streets, I got the master key, makin' eighty like every week
A million dollars worth of ice, the police, they harrassin' me
They thought it was over, I recharge like a battery
I done took the whole mil in the hood with Alley D

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