As the blunt slowly burns, I pass through Cleveland the point of no return

And if you make it out alive, don't return

Let me fly free, man fuck the urn

Smoke my ashes, taste me dust

This shit was really easy like fuckin' two sluts

And this money on my mind so I ain't fucked in two months

And when it come down to a bitch, I don't be carin' too much

Where ever ya'll at, we above that

Lord knows I hope the Feds bring my plug back

ROC Crew, TJ said, what's poppin' 5ive?

Ohh and I'll just beat you like an instrumental We go harder than ya'll And we go farther than ya'll

And they say money talks, well then my tongue is tied

I swear I hate ya'll, ya'll nigga act like felines
Talkin' bout your flow sick, well that means my shit dyin'
Treat you like my old woman, beat you like you stole somethin'
Niggas actin' like they take when they ain't never stole nothin

And we sittin' at the top and ain't comin' down Ain't comin' down
No sounds when I come around
When I come around

Ohh and I'll just beat you like an instrumental We go harder than ya'll
And we go farther than ya'll

Your bitch, I gotta collar like a leash and she's a tit Now my ROC Crew buddy my weed is, my drank is muddy My bitch is slutty

I fuck them hoes and hand 'em to ROC Crew buddy I leave out the side and come back in them bitches fuckin' on 'em $\,$

And we sittin' at the top of ya'll niggas
Fuck ya'll niggas
So I to go hard and I ain't stoppin' yo
Even them bitches that we fuckin', they on top of you

Ohh and I'll just beat you like an instrumental We go harder than ya'll And we go farther than ya'll