

Come on
Gudda Tay on every beat, nigga, Gudda
Cook that shit up, Quay
D. Hill

Feel like I'm walking through hell
My brother got hit up with shells
We runnin' through bags, the narcs on our ass
But fuck it, nobody gon' tell
Some niggas switched up, oh well
All my niggas bossed up, we player
We going up, need to get this on film
Got my weight up, I didn't go to no gym
The chopper stay tucked, it's gon' knock off some limbs
I want all the smoke, yeah the shit you inhale
Yeah I could've failed but a nigga prevailed
Got some racks on me now and this shit it got layers
I smoke out the pound, you gon' weigh on the scale
My packs airborne, they come through the mail
My son is four, he rich as the mayor
My brother locked up and he trap out his cell

Your girl is a whore, the gang gon' slay her
Beat down, drill, we'll shoot a hundred shots
Pop this chopper, got 'em ducking like a fire drill
I'm on lean, weed, pills, neck got the fucking chills
Yeah this beat come from Gudda Tay, Quay, and D. Hill
Before I was rapping, yeah a young nigga was trapping
Post in the cut and I get out the package
Her ass and titties is clapping but the shit plastic
Boy I'm so sick of the capping
Godzilla, got hitters, been platinum
I want some lamb but fuck it I can't go to platinum
They heard that I signed me a deal, they said I'm worth millions
Why the fuck I be on Candler?

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My brother caught life so he couldn't pay the bail
My son ain't but four, he rich and he player
He watch me record, he watch all my film
He told me take the 1'5 to the gym

So I keep dropping hits, I keep giving hell
The fans goin' up, they jumping the rail
Stay with a shrimp, might pull up and kill
When I need me a temp I pull up with shells
They say I'm dabbing, I'm fresh as hell
I'm rocking Givenchy, my bitch do it well
Balenci, Christian, Gucci, Chanel
Wraith, Bentley camera, riding down Mill
Sliding four fifty-eight like a bat out of hell
Go high speed chase, got 12 on my tail
We got packs and they sell
We got bricks and they frail

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