

(Yeah)

Yeah, yeah  
These niggas not on my timin', uh  
I get the racks just from rhymin', uh  
Holdin' the pass, I decide it  
Pushin' out the Challenger with no license  
Go a hundred in that bitch and I'm glidin'  
Vivienne Westwood ring got dumb diamonds  
I'm in the cut, posted up, hoe come find me  
I'm slow motion, I smoke  
You run up and get fucked and end up in back of a truck prolly  
Bitch I'm in TSA with some drugs on me  
This is a PSA for you fuck niggas  
She wanna be my bae, wanna love on me  
But she can't be my bitch, I don't trust niggas

I called the Glock a slut, it'll fuck niggas  
I think I had enough of you fuck niggas  
That nigga get percussed with the drum, nigga  
If that nigga get concussed we kick his motherfuckin' butt nigga  
Duh, nigga  
He got it, uh, fucked up nigga  
Smoke [?] niggas  
He not a killer, he's a hug giver  
Nah he's not a killer, he's a fuck nigga  
Bitch you sold a fifth, you not a drug dealer  
Break bread with my niggas, I ain't greedy  
Big blunt and a bad bitch, I need it  
Yvngxchris Kobe Bryant, I don't ever pass, bitch I three it (Oh shit)  
She like "Chris don't concede it"  
Show me ass, show me cleavage  
Make a bag, yeah, I need it  
Make a bag, I'm a demon  
Beat his ass, hoe I'm speeding

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