

Yeah bitch, I know you heard about me
I go where I wanna go [?] about me
Better be positive if you speaking words about me
I'm a beast, but my people can't go to church without me
I'm on that one deep shit, only me shit
Never in Mo-City, I be gone trynna see shit
Laughing at them hoes, they thought I would never be shit
Them hoes 3s, them ain't the type of hoes I be with
My niggas is the niggas I'mma eat with
We be only where the money at and not the beef shit
But niggas know not to fucc with me, it ain't a secret
This that cut off all your fingers, pull out all your teeth shit
They say this is a big, rich town
This shit gave Z-Ro no heart
I ain't trynna take no pictures, I'm just trynna chill
Non-emotional as fucc, I promise I be trynna feel

I just live it up
Why do they hate so bad?
Why do they stay on my dick?
Well, I don't give a fucc
They all can kiss my ass
I just want my cash
Gimmie my shit

Uh
Look I'm just trynna get a bag and another one
Got a bad, boss bitch, don't needa get another one
Fall out with my niggas, you won't see me with some other ones
We fall out in the spring, back cool by the time the summer comes
They talk that Joel Olsteen, but they be evil though
You know they love to see you beefing with your people though
They like you lost another album with your people Ro
If it ain't One Deep Entertrainment, I ain't got no people, hoe
I'm just trynna get some money in this bitch
You ain't got none for me? I'm acting funny in this bitch
2 o'clock in the morning, I can't sleep
It's too bright in my room cuz TV Johnny got it sunny in this bitch
Left 25 watches on the dresser, yessir
You know who you are, you better hope we never catch ya
Stop all that hating on DJ Screw
He dead and worldwide, you alive and DJ who?

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Well, I don't give a fucc
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I just want my cash
Gimmie my shit

Just gimmie mine
All y'all stank old roach ass hoes and niggas
I'm talking to all of y'all
Yeah