

What you not gon' do is talk while real niggas is talkin', like  
shut the fuck  
No, like literally, be quiet  
I don't need to hear anything from you, hush, nigga  
Silence, of the Lambs  
Like Anthony Hopkins is here  
You see that the wolf is talkin', bitch  
Don't wanna hear a peep out of you  
Not another word, nigga  
Not another word  
Or Mexico gon' get real fuckin' ignorant in this motherfucker  
And what niggas really don't want is for me to get ignorant  
'Cause when Mexico get ignorant, it get out of hand  
I'm talking 'bout the point where my niggas can't control me  
That little, that little voice of reason in your brain  
Connected to the frontal cortex  
Yeah, nah, let that nigga click for me  
You understand, like  
Ignorant to where a nigga just drawing down in public  
And not givin' a fuck about much of nothing  
Y'all don't want me to do that  
White people, you for sure don't want me to do that  
  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)  
No, no, no  
Yeah-yeah (Ayy, yeah)