

Man, Mike, boy I had to call you. I'm sittin' hear eatin' a bowl of Cinnamon Toast Crunch, boy, this Ransom tape, boy, this shit bussin', boy! What the fuck!? Why you ain't been called me told me you had this shit 'bout to blow up bruh? Why am I over here listenin' to this shit day in and day out, boy I'm talkin' about even when I take a shit, boy. I'm talkin' about when I walk the dog, nigga. I'm talkin' about everything, nigga, even before I go to church. Boy this shit is bussin', boy! You need to call my phone back when this message, boy, fuck you mean, I'm a put your ass on Instagram, nigga