

What y'all know about real cashin' and topless Jags
Doing 80 on the Ave. goin' on the cop some hash
Stash box, no more air bags, just pop the dash
Got them things with the sling hammer to cop them bath
Slouch down in the bucket seats, real discreet
Ice grillin', like fuck it I'm too real to speak, so suck it in
Denim down with the Chuck and Timbs
Fitted cap, so y'all can get it that I'm hustlin'
I'm a Mr. Queen Mohanin', Kurt Cobain
So if you thinkin' too hard, you gon' hurt your brain
From snortin', my feelings is as cold as my chain
AZ, it's the angels that chose my name
For the return, it's the second coming, left my woman
Had to recoup from all the stress and reckless runnin'
See the beats don't stop, when the heat don't pop
All it means is that I'm low 'til I see and drop
It's on...