

Yea, niggaz actin' like the rap game is over
Like we in New York, it's East coast baby

I get doe, head, whole lot of hate to cop my LP
It's like them hoes can't wait
Stimulate the minds of them killers upstate
And these snakes among deceive I diss was dead weight
Use to hit niggaz with work and the crate
Guerrilla rap will still smack the smirk of your face
Was jail baited bounced from strip bitches got raped
Now the dick game is so insane I can't fake
The stakes when you fuckin' with chicks chasin' them brakes
So if they ain't holdin' bank then they can't get the H.N.I.C.
and shit

A hustler's rap artist, pardon, AZ stats regardless
Heartless, haunt niggaz like the anti Christ
My advice 'fore you lose your life, is think twice
Before you creep on it, put beef on it, sleep on it
The weak get left in the streets with no garments
Ice grillin' niggaz, to me it's the most harmless
Don't embarrass yourself, you way out of foreign grounds
When niggaz bullshit with them pounds
I don't fuck around dunny, I lay it down, keep it thoro..

Yea, certified now, Quiet Money mafia
Brooklyn, Final Call, ya heard