

Y'all know how I go off, legend like Robert Nesta
You know I'm out get you, take over large towns
And politic with Billys, couple cigar rounds
See how I make it pop, knockin 'em all down
Watchin 'em all drown, this how the LORD sound!
Your swag lost so now you really need to look around
And try to find it nigga, searchin the lost-found
While I welcome the hate, my mother prayin for me
Got too much money to count, my niggaz weigh it for me
Let me appraise you closely
They can't believe the way we bust it up like it's nothin, problem is we jus
t playin homie
And when we in the spot there won't be no delayin, only
to collect another trophy, now go 'head and say it for me!

"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

"C'mon!"

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

"HOLLA!!"

"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"

"C'mon!"