

Yeah, let's go... yo  
Aiiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor  
That's what you get for disagreein with God  
The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long  
that I can tag along with SOCOM  
I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat  
At sunrise, I spit to the East  
Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get release  
d  
They ain't got no lip for the beast  
Make you strip like police, I point the heat  
From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep  
Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep  
I check to make sure it's no leaks  
Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari  
Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me  
Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshir  
t  
That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt  
Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture  
For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work