

OG Daytons not them Eagle wires  
Can't be compared to them Fisher-Price riders  
Blowing Indo smoke in the face of outsiders  
I remember being broke, I did not like it  
Now we all on top, this shit lopsided  
In the presence of G's, baby can't hide it  
She finna cheat, it's already been decided  
Before even our eyes met she was familiar with my concepts  
We were each other's conquest, or so I guessed  
I get dressed and back on my business  
Discussing Jets on those, in my chilling clothes  
But in my grind mode, really though

Making my rounds, riding my 'Lac  
Checking my traps, counting my cheese  
Ducking these rats, watching my back  
Fuck the police, after my scratch  
Got it from rap, would you believe this legal crack?

We ain't never gon' die, holmes  
Too mothafuckin' live for 'em  
Rap task force, got eyes on 'em  
Only thing catching cases is my iPhone  
See my eyes low, it's safe to say I'm stoned  
Reefer through your speakers any song that I'm on  
Riding Caddy Biarritz, my bitch know daddy the shit  
I get it, stash it, and spin it, light up and do it again

Yeah, legal doses of cooked up coke up out my notebook  
Before that chronic tree you slung that dope or you made that c  
oke cook  
Soft or hard, white or tan, smoke the green  
Cornbread right out the pan, Jet Life stamp so you know you're  
paying  
It's 22 thou, gotta count it again?  
From the city where they yelling like (Fuck police!)  
No man's safe on no-man's-street  
Them boys been crazy they don't smoke no geeks  
It's Jones baby better get your freaks  
Five hundred horses, mind drifting on Porsche shit  
Pound your Z, five hundred-thousand, that's gorgeous  
Married to the game so why would I ever divorce it?  
Hoops and in-n-out combos, contraband to my clientfolk  
Ladies catch feelings and you know the rest of the motto  
Aqua flow so underwater, Loius Vouitton goggles  
I drop it up and drive, time to thug light my hydro