

Intro

DJ Mustard

It's Lil Snupe nigga
I'm the motherfuckin freestyle king
Mustard on the beat, hoe
Finna go and rip this bitch up
Free my nigga C4
Yea, look look look look

Check it, I said I only got a few homies hatin
'Cause it seems like all of you other niggas is changing
I'm steady smoking blunts - that's how I be maintaining
Stay the same, bitch, I'm going out the same way I came in
Ever since I got money people say I'm makin funny
But nobody was ill when I ain't had none in my stomach
I only break bread with the ones who keep it 100
I fuck with you, I'm stuck with you nigga, that's how I'm comin
I'm from a small city where niggas never achieve
But now when they see me I make everybody believe
I talk to the joss and I'm thanking God that I'm free
Livin crazy, know my granny steady lookin over me
But I gotta get it, I'm going hard in these streets
Every night, studio session, killin all of these beats
Body tired, so nice, I don't even go to sleep
But I can't go to sleep, my whole squad gotta eat
Wake up, I'm blessed, straight kush no stress
Thanking God for my success, my bitches say I'm the best
I'm Charlie Brown in the flesh, can give a fuck bout the rest
Been chasin after my dream, I'm runnin into a check
I'm killin all of my features
Music gets through the speakers
I do this shit for the nichia, swear to God that I'm ether
I'm in it and I'm legal
Niggas they better watch it
Bitch I'm the hottest topic, I put that shit on my mama
I ain't just coming up, sick, I need a doctor
Nigga we get it poppin, we shootin shit like a rocket
Fuck around, grab the chopper, 223 horse stopper
Sales they steady droppin, fuck everybody who watchin
The Boogey Man in yo closet, turn this into satchy
Cased up like a socket, nigga it ain't stopping
For real nigga, you'd better chill nigga
Fuck the deal nigga, we'll run up in yo crib nigga
That's what it is nigga, we roamin
Run up in yo crib, we in that bitch til the morning
Put the guns in yo face, we want yo belongings
I got them dogs with me and all them niggas for me
Got yo bitch with you, man you won't die lonely
Shoot you in yo rear, while I'm invading yo crib
Sayin give me this, give me that
Need this, need that
Seen it on the news the next morning with no feedback
Jump on to my features, I be where the cheese at
Getting high as the fuck, I'm askin where the weed at
Drink chasers over here, nigga we steady getting paper over here
Going major over here
Shout to nigga Mustard for the fuckin beat
I'm finna getting it, these niggas know that it's for the streets
A young nigga, I kid it boy, I be droppin heat

I do this shit for my niggas locked up in the seat nigga

Free my nigga C4

These niggas already know that

I used to be broke but I be damned if I go back

I said I'm on right now

I'm fuckin bitches who be grown right now

I said I'm smoking on that fuckin strong right now

And my kush smellin straight like cologne right now, nigga

You niggas can't fuck with me nigga

Wussup?

Ketchup!

Bye