

It's clear to see that this is fucking manslaughter, bodies in the water

Beats in the casket, and preachers at your altar  
Tweetin' from the sky like I'm finna land on ya  
And bitches get pumped like Fishburne's daughter  
16's'll cost ya, 20 years I'm boss(ta?)  
You just in the closet, nigga I'm a monsta  
Full blown stick, you niggas a little nausea  
Snappin' on shit, like what's served at Red Lobster

Rasta; but no dread-head, I'm too proper  
I'm breaking down the game for you niggas like Bob Costas  
Impostors; mighty Wolf Gang, you can't stop us  
And I'm getting neck from your bitch, like dog collars

Ya'll be bullshittin' but I dodge it like a boxer  
Weavin' like a ghetto black bitch gettin' primed up  
Can't knock me, and besides I'm too high up  
I ain't seen you niggas in a minute like Fine Dutch

It kinda feels like I'm living with my eyes shut  
Walking on a dream, all the real niggas gon' rise up  
Punks stay away my dro heads are like nine sluts  
My old heads tell me go ahead, you doing fine son  
I know that you faggots don't like us  
But you'd be winnin' if you did it just like us  
It's a celebration, so I might just-  
Fly to New York, sour diesel light the night up