

Promise Heron I'll put my fist up  
After I get my dick sucked  
Quick buck, maybe a gold chain

With that fucking flow the system so belittles  
Man, they tentatively tend to turn and go when I am finished  
Stone cold, hardly fucking with these niggas, nigga listen  
The description doesn't fit, if not a synonym of menace  
Then forget it, in turn these critics and interns  
Admitting the shit spitted, just burn like six furnaces  
Rent, it'll fix learning them digits and simultaneously  
Dispelling "one-trick-pony" myths, isn't he?  
One adolescent, fucking six nigga energy  
Crawling down 'Fax like a rich nigga centipede  
Crack ceramic and slap a hand out of cash account  
Stamp and shouting, thrashing, these niggas done let the Kraken out  
Crack-a-lackin, like snap, crackle, poppin' your ammo or  
Hide your face, and throw your flannels off, Sweatshirt, nigga

'87 roof top rising  
Whipping hoopties, tryna boost raw chronic  
Brutus in that booth, double scoop, hock vomit up  
Sub rocking thud knocking niggas teeth loose  
Bruh, I don't fuck with no cops Rolling with that flow swamp  
Catch me over stove top (Rapping to that coke rock)  
Passionless in old Jive clothing with them doors wide open  
Dim the floor lights focused  
Like it's nothing, cause it's nothing, bitch

From that city that's recession-hit, where stressed  
Niggas could flex metal with pedal to rake pennies in  
Desolate testaments trying to stay Jekyll-ish  
But most niggas Hyde and Brenda just stay pregnant  
Breaking news that's less important when the Lakers lose  
It's lead in that baby food, hands try to make it through  
Fish-netted legs for them eyes that she cater to  
Ride dirty as the fucking sky that you praying to  
So here I sit, eye in the pyramid  
God spit it like it's truth serum in that beer and then  
(Poof) Disappear again, reappear bearded on  
Top of a lear steering it into the kid's ear again  
Provider of the backdrop music  
For the crack rock user and the mascot, Earl  
Rawer than the skin, knee cap on that black top  
Salivary glands lighter fluid for the matchbox  
Striking, wait, who the fuck you badder than?  
Boy oh boy, I'm bad as burnt pollo off the grill and shit  
Spitter of the little nick, nimble rick rolling bitch  
Niggas pick litter, piff-blower, plus I pillage shit

Quit with all that tough talk, bruh, we know you niggas ain't about shit  
Come around, we gun 'em down, bodies piled, Auschwitz  
Bulletproof outfits, weapons concealed  
I'm ready to kill, so test it, all my weapons is real  
Selling thizz, couldn't tell him what the recipe is  
Got 'em wishing that they never gave these weapons to kids, cheers  
Send chills up spines of fat bitches after

Shows throwing out sandwiches, niggas get it how they  
Live and I live for money, other words, I'm getting money  
Little boy taught me when it's time to ride, they'll send him for me  
Ain't nobody scaring me, niggas ain't prepared for heat  
Tools hit like pool sticks, the way I cue shit  
If this was '88, I would have signed to Ruthless  
'94 would have had them walking down Death Row  
First is when the best go, hate is what the rest do  
Voice inside my head told me wet 'em if they test you  
So it's raging water season  
That yomper big as Larry Johnson, leave your momma seedless  
Everybody hard until it's only God they seeing  
Kittens soft but in they songs be trapping hard as Jeezy, I don't believe it  
But to each his own, I ain't tripping long as I can reach the chrome  
Heat your home like Southern California Gas, police pass  
Tell 'em free Smalls, off Palm with the heat drawn  
Strapped up long as the chief for police armed  
Raised where the beasts are, north of the Beach  
A couple streets past Baby Jay, bony niggas spraying Ks  
Ruger with the pork face, Jewish for the court case  
Here to save you niggas from the sorbet, Coldchain  
  
Like it's nothing cause it's nothing, bitch