

Foot and hand on the gates  
We was jumping 'em, fuck, I'm like quicksand in my ways  
Was always stuck in 'em, stuck it in and I ambulance came  
The first time which ain't fast if you Los Angeles raised  
And my bitch say the spliff take the soul from me  
And the clique tight-knit, it's like the 'lo rugby  
Beat the fucking beat up like it stole from me  
You can talk to Clancy, you need a feature or quote from me (Bitch)  
I'm off Delancy, I reek of reefer and show money  
It's Early running with niggas who cold running shit  
The wins like lotion, he get 'em, he gone rub 'em in  
Critics pretend to get it and bitches just don't fuck with him  
I spent the day drinking and missing my grandmother  
Just grab a glass and pour some cold white wine in it  
A Colt 4-5 in it, you know how I get it  
I'm toasting myself and a toast to all my niggas  
And ain't no time limit, I'm toasted as hell  
And I gotta jot it quick cause I can't focus so well

And now, a formal introduction