

I be too ill nigga  
In the field give a fuck how you feel nigga  
Young honey that's a real spitter  
Bitch run know she done when the wheels get her, uh  
Steel triggers, my bill's bigger  
If you see me with a bitch then I kill with her  
And I cut off all them fake hoes they still bitter  
So I'm takin' all their money, I'm a bill quitter  
Hell, speed up  
Nigga re-up then we reload  
You wouldn't understand cause you ain't grow up on the east coast  
Can't shake no hand I'm tryna keep close, I keep close  
You with the little banked broke hoes on sleep mode  
I ain't waitin' on the sun to get up  
I ain't watin' like a fool for the sun to get up  
With some bitches who won't hesitate to gun up the truck  
And get to bangin' on the necks then put one in the gut  
Now throw it up

[Hook:]

Gon' give it to the sky tuck ya hella millis  
Neck froze wrist rose nigga hella chilly  
I can tell that you fake cause I'm hella really  
If I'm ridin' with a bitch know she hella illy [x5]  
Hella illy, Hella hella illy uh  
Hella illy, Hella hella illy uh  
If I'm ridin' with a bitch know she hella illy  
If I'm ridin' with a bitch then she hella illy

I drank all night and I'm still buzzin'  
Now my ex tryna call me like we still fuckin'  
People tellin' me my old shit's still bumpin'  
So at a show what he done and he still jumpin'  
Illy, I'm really ill  
If I say a bitch realy, I really will  
I ain't never murdered no one but I really kill  
Test me and Imma show I'm made of really steel  
Don't get too smart  
Rich bitch I was raised with a true heart  
Bitches talkin' but the story always two parts  
They can't tell whats on my mind cause it's too dark  
You ain't even got time my shooters too sharp  
You ain't ballin' you a club in the cubicle  
I'm 'bout money I ain't tryna be beautiful  
I fuckin' smell like money on my cuticles  
I told my bitches play this shit at my funeral, ho

[Hook]