

Keep It G (Freestyle)

Honey Cocaine

This is music for the youngins.
All I see is fuck-bitches, all I hear is fuck-bitches.
These fuck-bitches (word word word)
Foreal doe (c'mon, they don't really do shit)
Why the fuck are you speakin' then? (real shit)
I'm tired of this shit.

This is music for the youngins
That's the kids who's thuggin'
Never catch me lovin'
Always keep it fuckin'
My ninjas stay murkin'
416 lurkin'
Young goddess ain't hurtin' with my team money conversin'
Hold it, I'm frozen with the burner
Color, golden
Check the cocaine, it's so potent
No Jokin'
G shit
I got a dream and Ima reach it
You fuck-bitches broke, why you speakin'?
Fuck it
Who needs love if a bitch fuckin' bossin'?
So think again, you don't want no fuckin' problems
Bitch I'm winnin', still I got like hella shit to prove
With my goonies and these niggas ain't got shit to lose
So pick and choose
Decide your fate
Or if I catch you at my show, homie fix your face
Or get a taste
She get replaced
I got the 'tooly in my jays and she outta place
Bitch, Last Kings, First Queen