Now it's just me, my nigga Mikey D, getting throwed We was bangin' out some Masta P, on the road I prefer my word with platinum teeth, maybe gold They don't like it when you come direct, well fuck, but Spottie bold

Tell them hoes they better come correct, cause I fuck
My momma told me we no 'ceptin' any memberships, no adding loss
es

I won't step up in your dealership until I'm flossin'
We no flexy with the funk, add a blessing to that punk
Damn, I got a son he on the way, but that's my baby
I've been spittin' like it's crack or some, like since the 80's
I was born I think in '91, that mean I'm chosen
When I slide back through your hood, bitch, just have a frozen,
bitch

Yeah, Goddamn, feel like I'm Brad Jordan
Goddamn, I'm in, feel like I'm Brad Jordan
Scarface somethin', like I'm Brad Jordan
Feel like I'm the fuckin', feel like I'm Brad Jordan
Two dopeboys in a busted-ass rental
In Houston, OPM on them pussy ass niggas
Feel like I'm Brad Jordan

Now you would think I work from South Park, grindin', always ma kin' trouble
Grippin', on another level, mothafucka
I feel like droppin' classics, like the rucker
And rappers be too passive

It's just me, my brother Spottie, bitch, sit low
I've been drinkin' since my momma called, around 4
Niggas asking me too many questions, fuckin' throwed
Ride Da Vinci, Mike, December we was losing, now we winnin'
Can I sport a couple in this, play for bucks that Brandon Jennings

Wear your crown and your pocket, or that shit'll come up missin

You that nigga but the misses, eat a dick and mind ya business This for all my Eastside niggas who be eating, do no sleeping For their seedlin', never go to parties even if it is the weeke nd

Shout-out to the women who be faithful to their pimpin' And shout-out to them haters who be all up in their feelins And shout-out to my daddy, I'mma buy your ass a Bentley

A bunch of bustas I'm on everybody's asses, and this the notice And I ain't even tryin', ho, did you notice? And this the standard, fuckin' bogus You fuckin' rappers