

I keep a lot of heat, like Pat Riley  
Got them tools for your body parts, like O'Reilly  
I ain't joking nigga, my name ain't Rickey Smiley  
Fall up in the club, and we start wilding  
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These niggas out here snitching, they with the Rat Pack  
Hit 'em with the chopper that's the rat trap  
Find 'em in a trash bag off the interstate  
House full of gangster niggas never renovate  
You snitching you deserve to die, bloody murder  
Hating on another nigga cause his trap twerking  
Oh you mad cause he fucked your bitch, boy you a ho  
What the fuck do you expect, a ho gone be a ho  
And your ho is a pro, fuck every nigga she know  
You love her dirty drawers so you can't let her go  
You out here chasing pussy, you should be chasing  
commas  
I'll cut your fingers off, and mail them to your momma

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Banana clip is guaranteed to knock you down  
Niggas talking loud, 'till I come around  
(Pussies, what they talking 'bout)... not a sound  
Thought he was living life, 'till he met the ground  
AK-47, that's my gun walk  
I don't run my mouth, I let the gun talk  
I'm in love with this Nina can't you see it ho  
She got a body on her so I had to let her go  
I'm bout to start a riot  
I'm on a money diet  
I'm from the Mafia ho, so I wouldn't try it  
He was screaming, crying  
So I didn't buy it  
Let the pistol sing to the nigga, like Mariah

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