Chopping like a lumberjack, up in the gate One plate, a rock on the table, moving that flake, yeah Fiends start hitting my shit, paranoid He got the convoy all up in his crib, one nigga sick, fuck it Let's get this money, got the razor, clack it in my jean jacket A little scale, some baggies and a mean ratchet Now I start bagging away, fiends is coming, yo Took off my shirt, murked that-a-way How many you want, like seventeen, shit's is golden, daddy Play your part little soldier, better beaming Now we start blazing the place, coke all on my skin Eyes is burning, now I"m wiping my face This shit's good, right? Best in the town My little Dominican man and them, blessed me Big prices, let me wrestle them down Keys is like twenty a joint, for you, give me fourteen Flood 'em with dimes, and give your niggas joints Suge Knight the building, take the town over, then I woke up It's blood on my left thumb, I bagged over Now I start start casing the crib, bassing (Yo, yo) Eighty a gram, kicked off the PlayStation Now the whole lab is mine, first niggas was lying Mad hundreds start rolling in line Yo, the shit's love, shakes in a dimensional caps You want sick love, buy like one invincible pack You get this stuff, you gon' see residuals back You just a dig-dug, you can't even hit me with facts I just bugged on 'em, played the rug on 'em Two for nine, you my nigga, got love for 'em We hit it in the process, ahh yes, and this is destined Flashback to his culture, he Mexican You all that, slick politician with your raw rap You can sell from anywhere to jail, nigga, fall back You be stashing shit all in the mailboxes, all that You just as real as the niggas on the call back

Yo, son, relax, man, we got a lot of G to choose, son For real, man, here go four more, man, word up, man Go wash your hands, man, word up, man Go pour me some juice or something Word up, man, come see me though, for real, for real Yellowback in rap in here, muthafucking...