

Murder you (Check your 30)
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Bring the head, leave the body

So much bread in a nigga's shoebox
I might dead you and sleep in new lots
I drop a bag on one of you crab-ass nigga's so fast
I send two boxes out
Yeah, bring the head, leave the body
Leave his trainers in a nigga lobby
Take the fake chains off, send it to his colleagues
Laugh in his shit, pissin up crystal molly's
I rep drug dealers, hug killers
I ran with most of them
Half is in the ocean, nigga
So much gear, go get Oprah, nigga
So what my bitch a Oprah nigga, yo
Yeah, what color ice is all green, karma
Magazines stacked, black bomber
Been all through the world gettin' homage
Diss mines'? We gon' have a big problem

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If you wanna hit me, you couldn't
Bullet range, door wooden
Hop out, y'all nigga's is pudding
Why try to leave, the federation
This is all legislation
Will kill you right in front of your seed
Catch me in the trips
Over the stove, giving you tips
I'm fresh outta court, nigga, you hit
Four's on my wrist, it's business
Keeping em close
Like folding ya arms
Don't go against this
The worldwide brawlers, the legends of sevens
Yo, them the real shot callers
Who stay in the home always
Ballin' at 4 in the mornin'
Yo we all in, teach you how to score kin
My killers, all of us we all winning
Fresh designer shit, snatchin' papes
We on different scales, different weights
You just monkey nigga's, meet the apes
Strictly business, gorillas in 50 states

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