Hoes on the street, hoes on the street Dope on the block, fofo in the Jeep Back through the hood with a package full of good Zones on the move, keep Pablo on a leash Chevy with the stead by, fully loaded in it Might be the limit, nigga smoking in it Sound bitch got the rug tucked in her bra Living my dream, middle finger to the law Shake down life, killer be killed Never gon' stop, give a fuck how you feel Chick better suck if she get in my car Champane life, baby girl, say Aaaaah Win it, play your cards right when I deal 'em A secretary, got a secretary Find me the money, the rest secondary Whole team shooting, this is military Shakedown, nominated next February Never been a nigga for the pillow talk Always get money, get work, get it off Call Queen La, then we set it off Gucci bag full of money, we gon' get it all Louie bag full of money, we gon' get it all

Bx niggas, Queens niggas, dope boy, loaded magazine niggas Psycho, they don't like us When it come to cheap coke, we the lifers When it come to cheap coke, we the lifers When it come to cheap coke, we the lifers

Word on the street I'm my zone Niggas call beacons like tofu I hate a nigga thinking that he's so cool Knock the wind out them, how they gonna lose? Get it, lose, win Lil' homie with me, got the tools in Pull strings, I'mma crumble shoe in(?) I'm out here, tying all my loose ends Initiation, like a nigga getting ghosted OG Bobby Johnson

Affiliation with my homies more than music Dirty red, got the party Johnson to Johnson A nigga stay fly in this crime lane Growing up in Brooklyn as a pop fan Mob style, breaking bread with the fire fence Could play star spangled banner with my Benz Down kick, square pound kick, you ain't round kick Mine imprisoned by the shit that sound safe All my niggas hit the block hard, 'till the crown break Buka buka buka how the chopper sound Back on my niggas, don't come around Tryna get over, get you underground When you gamble with your life, you better double down Rain up!