That did it, that did it

You's a cocky motherfucker cause you love to run your mouth They put me on the track cause they know I run this out of town So if your head's big then I aim at it, better chill with all of that talk

Cause I go for miles, like a nine to five, and I still ain't ta ke a day off

I be on fire like I am in hell, bitches want out but I can't gi ve 'em bail

Swear that I'm tired they humming, they here when I'm coming li ke