

3, 3, 0, 3, 3, 0, here we go, 3, 3 0

Call my city out they coming with me
And we gonna... these bitches split it up 50-50
Scout's honor, I'm a bomber unified
No fingers crossed, no hands tied
I'm bout to knock these weak niggers off the earth
Got them by a landslide
No tear share, cut them feelings off, it's ok to be
Proud how I rap for y'all, salute, pause, cut back, and let the weapons off
For a rebel...
So please step it up
Not a man on the moon, this ground I step on be witness classic nigger
... gasoline dreams, still lit a match...
He ain't know, I be the supreme, throw them up
And flagrant niggers giving away too many free throws
I'm already up...

When I rap to the death of me
And when you see me, it will always be 330
Where I came from, out that dirt
And got my game from 330
When I rap to the death of me
And when you see me, it will always be 330
Where I came from, out that dirt
And got my game from 330

Got so much pride in them 3 numbers
Cause we be on our own...
Thick tops and thickys shorts for hot summers
... if it's cold up in these corners
It is and but it ain't, cause them youngsters be upon you
So don't get too much in comfort
Cause they always gonna wonder, what you come for, they will dump you
Now let me bring it back to the peaceful side,...
Name a nigger that didn't did it like me
Took the milk and made it famous, shooting for the top aimless
Taking out whoever ain't with them
That's on my soul, I got it jumping like the... let's go
The representation you been waiting for
We here now, apologies if you waited long

When I rap to the death of me
And when you see me, it will always be 330
Where I came from, out that dirt
And got my game from 330
When I rap to the death of me
And when you see me, it will always be 330
Where I came from, out that dirt