

Yeah, I'd like to welcome everybody that came  
I know that I woke y'all up early this mornin', but shit is real  
I need all y'all to come down  
so we can talk about these things that's going on man  
It's gettin' real

Escobar, repertoire, that's my man  
Blowin' up how we expand  
Stack grands up, pack vans up, with wild cats  
Bustin' live gats  
Claimin' that you illa than me, now how's that  
In the Bridge hangin' wit the thug menaces  
Images of mad loot, and beatin' sentences  
Now we livin' large, reminiscin' flippin' on prison guards  
Jumpin' in and out of different cars  
On a weekly, Benz or Mitsubishi  
Got the flip phone in the strip zone  
Satellite dish, 50 inch with the Knicks on  
Everday it's real in my life, you live in sitcoms  
Real Dons, bustin' out this hustlin' game with the name  
See it lights, bitch get it right  
Scorsese, capo, black Mercedes  
Miami in back, with the crack, the late 80's  
Brown Timbs, and thousands  
Now we on to some real doe  
How does it feel to count a mil?  
What you bug?  
Throw a party and show love  
to the same cats after your stacks who throw slug