

I was rollin' through the ghetto
In my Lincoln Continental
Blowin' kush smoke out the window
What you think my windows tint for?

It go drastic
Measures in a tale so tragic
Follow formula 64 as you trail my tracks
Bitch, there's nothin' more pleasant than gettin' paid on point
Pretty bitches with gold grills just to roll my joints
I make 'em plead
As the director says scene
New ones, don't say my name
I just make 'em say king
Four rings on that motherfuckin' wood grain wheel
Raw, I'm Johnny Law, the tricks should check my appeal
Once upon a time not too far back
There was a young wolf pack
That grew up in a lack
Syd, Left, King
And Ace make Black Jack
Bitches be talkin' shit
That's how you end up smacked
I'm after chips
And if we eating then I'm after your bitch
Ain't cautious pimpin' player
You should be after the risk
We winnin' like there ain't no other way to play the game
All I hang around is zeros
Figure my checks should look the same

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