

Bing monstas
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The lil homies don't got nothin to look forward to
The big homies don't got nothin to look forward to
1 go in, 1 go out
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And that's life on that same old chain gang
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I keep a concrete open mind
I leave your brains on concrete you plot on mine
I got the chop cause my baby weigh 8 pounds
Fif hold 8 rounds
Police on the wylin shit that rascist bill o'reilly shit
My middle finger up sayin fuck the law
With a classy ass bitch that booth the raw
When I jump in the booth you can't ignore me
Clear up my throat kick off them mauris
Lean back hit a blunt
I lean back catch a stunt
My life is like monopoly I'm tryna get the park place
New lex no hands roll up in the park space
Fuck a fed case, fuck a narc case
I'm in the aspen that's why you marks hate
I rather be carried by 6 than be hung by 12
The jurors can see me in hell