

Fuck 'em up
You don't like me nigga, then fight (Fuck 'em up) (6x)

Y'all niggas can't do shit (bitch)
I said now, y'all niggas can't do shit (8x)

I'm in DC with them Clipse
Cali, call up Nipsey
In Philly, I know Meek
I know Meek and Omelly
I call up Bigga Rankin
Nigga down in that [?]
Shout out to them bad bitches
KOD Miami
Salute to them Haitian niggas
Hot down in Little Haiti
Salute to Jimmy nigga
Harlem going crazy
I'm good nigga, even in Texas
Better watch what you rap about
I call up the Prince boys
I know you heard about Rap-a-lot

Guwop or doo-wop
I'm a trap nigga, I'm not hip-hop
Jumping out a Phantom with the Louis flip-flops
My clip long like tube socks
If you say something, I'm a spray something
Wanna fuck some and I'm a pay something
Had a threesome with your BM
And my young niggas'll take some
Take money to make money
I'm a great ape with this AK
Banana clip for these monkey niggas
I'm a millionaire, but a country nigga
Half a mil on a dice game
Three mil on my ice game
Was all good 'til your wife came
It's Gucci Mane, you in my lane

Quarter million dollar worth of jewelry
You haters sittin' plottin'
Y'all niggas ain't gonna do shit
My name ringing bells cause I done took a lot of bricks
Independent major label deal, I'm filthy rich
Little Mexico lingo
We got a home where we make kilos
You say you move kilos
But nigga, you still stuck on zeroes
Fake rappers, I don't like
All I rap is white
VVS my ice
Nigga, fuck your highest price

Alley Boy don't play
Little Trouble don't play
Bitch ain't gonna play, Little Ricky don't play

Get you take, new face in the A
These young shooters gonna do what I say
New king of the south, they can't do shit
Atta boy, 2Pac in '96
But I ain't get shot, I'm a chill me a bitch
Get Zone 6, I'm a wrap these bricks
[?] eye for an eye
War cry nigga, these bullets gonna fly
From 1 to 6 dare nigga to try
Pussy went black from all that fire
With my gold grill and my gold Bentley
[?] father [?]
Y'all niggas can't do shit
Fuck 'em up, you better stay red

Pull up in an Audi, they don't know shit about me
These rappers are so inventive
Your Maserati is rented, my second house is in Venice
3rd in Kaua'I, I got a bird cause I'm fly, I don't wanna brag
These niggas wanna break my neck
They could, I'm a buck fifty when soaking wet
My hood got a clear port and an ocean deck
I made a hater eat words, watch him choke to death
Back for more, fuck it, I'm a rap some more
I got some white girls with me like I'm Macklemore
My back is sore, from whippin' in the Jaguar
I'm the goat like a motherfucking Capricorn
Yeah, I hate whack niggas, that's my fucking problem (Tru!)
I'm too turned up like like the fucking volume
These niggas get dropped like my fucking albums
Eastside, Stone Mountain