I want the life of a legend Black heart and matching weapons Got a thing for aesthetics Straight shooter like Redick We get to dukin' and that Gloc-32 Pull a Laettner at the buzzer You a dead motherfucker Hunt heads motherfucker My momma told me I'm living crazy I'm just being what she made me Dealing with the luck she gave me Money comes and money goes The money's low, We run in homes Only leave the garden gnomes Take the racks from out the stove Stunting ain't no habit If I want, I grab it Selling tablet's like Toshiba, Nigga In my city, We the killa's If you pull that trigger, Better squeeze it nigga If you don't Then we 'gon have to find your house, And fucking Christmas tree it nigga Light it up Cops roll up Hide the drugs I never been to prison, And I never plan on showing up Never could be rich enough Cause I grew up broke as fuck So I'll never stop my stroll X by the O All for the love of dough Until I get my 97 Benz, I'm selling dope So get a quote The trap is open, Nigga Everything's a go I'd be lying if I told you that we got it on the low But we got it out the 'do If you need it let me know What you nigga's know about 40's out? Run up in somebody house If they home, Then swing that chrome Knock his baby momma out Fuck what you be talking 'bout We really bring these chopper's out Like Fox 11 Harmful weapons Tell your girlfriend Call the Reverend Tell that pussy nigga talking Only leave his momma grieving Never been to prom, So he can slow dance with this Desert Eagle Understand my grind is crooked TK with an SK

Load off one mag In your car dash Like an Armean with a sextape Nigga, I'm Heem I'm Heem My wave green, Like Tulane See more drugs than 2 Chainz Talk more shit, Than two Ye's Hall of fame shooter Wig scuffing, Six buffing And my threat is a promise I ain't one bit bluffing I'm in one big room filled with abused substance Sell, Recieved, Paid, Then Pon De Replay Never seen D-Day Watch that 16 Spray Leave 16 dead, Buried on the east