

I done put 20 inside the Civic
I pull up on you and pop at your kid
I pull out your rocket and pop at your wig
I hopped out the Coupe and I'm fresh as a bitch
Since I was a youngin', I been gettin' dough
I came right back in and I turn up the show
I want 'em Xans, they get me off
I put the V neck on my team, yeah

I dig everythin that you sayin'
I dig everythin' that you doin', too
I dig the way that you look at me
You dig the way that I look at you
I just wanna grab on your butt, but
The seat in the Benz, the Chanel Clutch
The FN give him a haircut
I roll up a seven of John Dutch
That big booty bounce on the dick and it broke
I don't gotta act like a gangsta and she know
My Backwood look like a pole
My Backwood look like a pole
I see 'em clouds of the smoke
I'mma blow clouds of the smoke
Pardon me, pardon my soul
I crack a smile for them folks
Niggas they eatin' in broad day
In that hoe mouth like a Colgate
Keepin' that cold case, God, please give me that cold case
I don't want new friends, forgive me for all of my sins
I don't wanna think about losin', all I wanna do is win win
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Without the radio, it's 20 a show and that's fasho
I need that bacon, bitch, we buyin' dope, that's how it go
Like a Migos, rep that Freebandz
That 44., I could cook the dope with no stove
Pot on the floor
Pull up in that coupe shit, they like damn, where the roof went?
In the streets, they call me Jay Z, cause bitch, I got the blueprint
No nigga, I don't want no old hunnids, you know I want 'em blue strips
And I can't fuck you old hoes, I'm ballin' with my new bitch
Yeah
You dig that? 200,000 worth of chain and that's a fact
Got my name in this rap game by sellin' crack
Rest in peace to OG Double D, you did that, slime!

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Shoot out the Coupe
Shoot out the roof
Pull up and smash on her
We don't got to put a bag on her
I took your hoe, ya dig?
I told a hoe to sit
Had big bells, midgets
Now you can say I got millions
Swam with the sharks, water
You be law and order
I be gettin' money every mornin': Tom Joyner
I heard you gettin' money, but you payin' em niggas extortin' ya
You pay for your fame and fortune
You pay for your fame and fortune
I am the plug, cordless
Pull up with blazers, Portland
I pay the neighbors to pick up the dope on they porches
I came from nickel, I came from nickels
My niggas don't know you, we don't fuck with you
I've been in the system, I've been in a pickle
You dig me like shovels, I gotta fuck with ya

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Hop in the private
This is a Lambo, not a hybrid
My wrist is a faucet
Feed 'em perkies, I'm the doctor
Draco, 100 round choppa
She got her eyes on me like binoculars
Count up this money, it's marvelous
Stall the bitch, I don't call the bitch
You better dig what I'm sayin'
I'mma kill you and your mans
Beat down the block like an amp
Goin' up like a skateboard on a ramp
Go buy a rollie and bust it
Talkin' that tough shit
But you know you not gon' bust shit
Look at my fashion
This is a Gucci rug, B
I'm trappin' and rappin'
Still got 'em babies in custody
My diamonds be dancin'
Live in a mansion
My life is lovely
And I am loyalty
Knock your ass off
Pay the lawyer fee
Shit can get ugly

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