

Me and my niggas was in the cut like rubbin' alcohol
Shaded up with a girl or two, not a worry at all
I'm with them niggas in LA, that you know about, know
about, from your girl
From the word of her mouth, I'm the only name that come
out her mouth
To the South, Texas state, yeah that's where my family
at
Deep up in the country homie where people be burnin'
trash
Rollin' by, feelin' hella good, I been up in Inglewood
Since Paul Peirce went to Inglewood went from hood to
hood
Love it there, taught me how to be a man
Hear them dudes rappin' 'bout it, but really they don't
understand
I come from a little somethin' called the streets,
taught me how to be a man
Hear them dudes rappin' 'bout it, but really they don't
understand
Understand?

Girls come around, man they been tryna get it out me
Niggas in my face, they don't know nothin' about me
Most these niggas fake, I say loud I say it proudly
We got money to make, and we don't trust anybody,
anybody
Said we don't trust anybody, anybody

I said high school, 11th grade, CDs in my back pack
However need it that, they got it, next time they come
back, they on it
Most these chickens actin' on it, lovin' how I'm
tappin' on it
Niggas hit me up, yeah they lovin' how I'm rappin' on
it
Said I will attack a track, and this gone need a
rappin' lawyer
Charged before assault, look at all this shit I bought
I'm always tryna floss, and when I get I'm a do it
right
Straight shinin' on them lames, from the mornin' to the
night
From the mornin' to the night, I take the air, takin'
flight
Yeah that's that LA shit, Young Gies on they playlist
Jordans and the gold chain, Illmatic pumpin'
Nas did it first and now I'm 'bout to tell 'em
somethin'
They all up in my face when I walk up in the function
Them girls wasn't dancin', but now they all jumpin'
I said Jordans and the gold chain, Illmatic pumpin'
Nas did it first and now I'm 'bout to tell 'em
somethin', Veggies

Hey girl, what's your name? Do you wanna suck a dick?
Who am I? Wolf Haley, yeah I'm known for punchin'

bitches

In the f**kin' brain, do wanna give me some?

No you don't? Why you won't? Oh, you're a f**kin' nun

Didn't mean to offend, oh, you're a lesbian

So I'm guessin' you don't really like to put your trust
in men?

Who do I trust? Um, heroine addicts and

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, yeah I can count on them

Who is him? Signed proof in a suit

Cream six panel cap with the green brim

It's box logo this, box logo that

Usually a caucasian, big swallow on the cat, oh snap

I am, spittin' like I got chipped tooth, I suppose that

Golf Wang nigga, know that or that can

Turn into some neck, gettin' snapped up properly

Tyler Creator and Casey Veggies, f**k broccoli

Yeah, DTA in this bitch

I don't trust nobody nigga

I mean, you can trust these niggas but

At the end, they f**kin' you, no homo

Swag (Casey Veggies nigga

Tyler the Creator, from '07 and to beyond)