We ain't afraid to getting dirty round here
Man in the sand with a finger in the air
Anticipate when the rain gonna come
Dancing on your grave, you're covered in the mud
Covered in the mud, covered in the mud, covered in the mud
Dancing on your grave, covered in the mud.

Put a deuce up, when crooked cruise up I pull a coop up, bullet proofed up You bullies too lup Fully full what? I've been on Californian corners Longer than the bottom of a hooker shoe I fuck a dude up I'm so proper with the chrome chopper And if my hand gun is horny, don't thin I won't cock her Cockroaches that will phone coppers If I get shot I call my own doctors A strong cold copster You niggas playing with this G shit It's different levels of this street shit Automatic king spit, maggots picked the wrong one to beef with And Perez Hilton won't be the only faggot in deep shit The rack will hit you like a pack of... Peep this, got chronic cloud for your weed spliff My street team pushing more loud than Steve Riff Biggie died when they laced under... like the industry blamed us Labels running from the west I decided to invest street money and it brought success I was sending fucking texts till them fuckers cut the checks So, what does the shit mean? It means I risk doing 16 to bring you these 16's I grew up with niggas who threw up shit Gang bangers, hustlers, all I used to fuck with Chacko, Murcielago, parked oh at the... Hoes gas me up, way faster than the cargo Bitches yell, mister... Fargo, he is rich as hell Let the cigar blow I don't tip them well, crooked, he tipped the Richter scale I'm an earthquake, I'm the best ever in the first place Unless june 16 is your birthplace

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