Rest in peace Blood Money
Rest in peace Lil Rob
Rest in peace Ody?
Rest in peace to all the fallen soldiers

Blowin' up, taking selfies, I'm so selfish
This Mac-10 leave you wet up, just like a selfie
Hold up, say you got work for what you sellin'
Niggas say they out here but really they be tellin'
Violence, violence, I'ma start some violence
Violence, violence, all my nigga violent
Violence, violence, don't make me start a riot
Violence, violence, all my niggas violent

Violence, violence, my money keep on pilin'
These bitches be so childish, these niggas be some actors
Blessin' to you bitches, I'm the motherf\*ckin' pastor
30 on my waist, don't make me turn your ass to Casper
Make me do a drill, do a hit, after my last blunt
These bitches ain't shit, that's why I f\*ck then I pass on
Baby you don't know me, acting like my homie
Coolin' in the trap somewhere smokin' OG
Watchin' out for ops and I'm watchin' out for police
My trap doin' numbers, got me ballin' like I'm Kobe, like I'm Kobe
Don't make me blank out and turn to the old me

(Oh man!) Blowin' up, taking selfies, I'm so selfish This Mac-10 leave you wet up, just like a selfie Hold up, say you got work for what you sellin'? Niggas say they out here but really they be tellin' Violence, violence, I'ma start some violence Violence, violence, all my niggas violent Violence, violence, don't make me start a riot

Violence, violence, all my niggas violent

I'm like hold up, hold up, hold up, that's why I tell promoters I don't drink Champagne, shit I'd much rather be sober It be chronic on Gin and Tonic, I'm so predominantly winning On all this rap shit, the king of comedy And writing, and all this acting This ain't an act though, it's facts yo I'm f\*cking hot bro, this shit Tobasco Violence, violence, watch these niggas wildin' Talkin' shit internet to my face, silence These critics is f\*ckin' haters, they love to hate yo But wouldn't say that shit to Fredo 'cause they afraid yo They don't feel him, no they don't feel him, they in they feelin's He could rap but he shouldn't, tried to kill him, they couldn't No one else understood him, he's a joke Then why your favorite rapper asking me for help? Oh I swear to God, oh I swear to God We the realest niggas, ask my f\*ckin' squad My money talk, you silent My weed loud, you silent My Tesla engine is silent And you're soft, more than college, oh

Slidin' in your top five, let 'em hate on that line

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