

(Geraldo Live on the track...)

Uh

Young Jefe, Holmes

GG

Yeah

Okay, shout out to them robbers and them motherfuckin' shooters
I come from the bottom like the motherfuckin' sewer
Baby, I'm a rapper slash entrepreneur
I break a bitch down then act like I never knew here
At least you don't feel this pain, shawty, you gon' be okay
I put it on everything, I just lost a hundred K
Gotta make another hundred, flip that shit a hundred ways
Bitch, this that AR got a hundred, you don't wanna see it spray
You tryna get tossed, girl, that's your caution
Like my drawers, they Hugo Boss
Fuck a hater, bitch, we ball
Middle fingers to all of y'all
Nigga, you want some beef or nah?
That ain't my dawg but I keep the dog
When I unleash the dog I come through like Steve Seagal
Come through like Steve Seagal, stay popped like Beanie Sigel
Crack baby, scared of needles
Bitch from Philly fly like an eagle
Your bitch ain't scared to leave you
No, she never said she need you
She told me, "Go 'head, shoot your shot, nigga, I ain't scared to D you"
Roof, I'm a wolf, bitch, I'm runnin' with the pack
Run off with the pack, your hands get chopped off with an axe
Ridin' in the Maybach and you know I'm laid back
You ain't seen no shit like this since way, way back
1942, you know what we be on
But when I'm over at Diddy's house, then we drink DeLeon
Sound like a tiger roaring when I turn my engine on
You and your bitch's technique, she ain't got no panties on, oh
Ain't from the struggle, I ain't really understanding y'all
Used to hit the corner store and run out with a candy bar
Now a nigga richer than an owner and a manager
They like, "Glizzy, why you don't fuck with the cameras?"

They say I'm blowin' up, yeah, like a volcano
Oh, shout out my mama, she told me not to fuck with lame hoes
They want drama, yeah, well go get the Draco
I shoot just like Klay, woah, boy, that shit ain't no joke
Shirt on my shoulders, bitch, you know it's Off-White
I don't drink soda, not unless it's dirty Sprite
I done got older, now these bitches think I'm wise
Can't be talkin' with these guys 'cause I think these niggas wired

This for all you pussies, told you I was comin' back
I dropped that Fully Loaded but still got a lot of shots
Come to DC and you gon' get your ass taxed
You play with GG and you gon' get your ass whacked
Long live 30 30, scream that shit out 'til I'm buried
Them millions, had to hurry, for a minute, I was getting worried
I ain't goin' back to wakin' up in the trap early

I ain't goin' back to wakin' up in the trap dirty
Free my lil' brother, he over the jail fightin' a murder
Free my OG, got indicted for them birdies
Nigga, I be runnin' through the money, Todd Gurley
I wake up every morning, fuck my bitch, and do my burpees, yeah
Nigga, I be runnin' through the money, Todd Gurley, hahaha
I wake up every morning, fuck my bitch, and do my burpees, oh

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