

We're gonna get it in right now. Y'all niggas know. Uh huh. What it is

I'm not a duffle bag boy but a suitcase man
With documents inside to make you some grands
Have sex with hot ladies who got big cans
Big Shug baby, don of Murderpan
Whip 40 cars, got 40 scars
Got it in smash, spit 40 bars
For all of those that like to talk shit a lot
Come around the block [?]

No scene, the whole Bean
Eyesight of an eagle, so keen by no means
Get money like Goldstein
Grown men no teams, slow death like old fiends
Bitch rappers on my ass like old jeans
With no seam, knock 'em out like codeine
So when I'm touring, the first in space
Like Yuri Gagarin, Edo will surely determine

If you dudes think I'm pussy pay a gynecologist and check me
Right handed niggas get slapped lefty
Cash is the reason I mash but I'm poetic too
I'm bad to the skeletal my beef is inedible
Singer and Special Teamz, bound to wreck your jeans
Big Shug brings pain you can't heal with morphine
From Boston to Berlin the cash disperse
Count all my euros or get laid out like astroturf

You can catch me driving a 'Lac with tires that's flat
Open bottle in the lap and I'm wired on 'ngac
I owe bookies out the ass ask Calvin and Pat
They blowing up my phone but I never dial them back
I hit the liquor store dwelling like a loaded whirlwind
Split for tour now they tell me we gon' go to Berlin
I got the rum up in the cup and the soda swirling
I'm a fat fuck rubbing the promoter's girlfriend

They call me Red Light Jizzle when the semen hits you
Laser guided one puddle launch a penis missile
You pussy, put the shoes on, I've seen 'em fit you
I'm in Munich serving German hoes wienerschnitzel
Turkish broads blowing cock like a Tootsie Pop
Outside of the kabob spot
It takes like chicken, smells like beef but truly it's red
Half white, half black, what type of moolie is that?
Jaysaun, head of my home wherever I roam
Fifty euros for the fuck and suck, but thirty for dome

That's what it is baby. 40 bars. Special Teamz, Big Shug mayne. We on the other side of the world smashing shit the fuck up. Y'all know what time it is.
And don't jump up on the motherfucking stage cause you will get a headcrack.
. Ya feel me? Boston bitches, hahaha