Yo, fried turkey, I'm outcha.
I'm really outcha.
Turkey back game, turkey back game.

Stretch a four to a nine, short a million times. Fuck em when they check up then go flex on. I'm killin, I'm killin. Lead off.

Crayola my cars, free Lil Boose.

Keep the line around the building got me riding around no ceiling. Riding around with no feelings.

If you play with me, I'm killing.

Make me jump out and get silly, dump out nine millies.

Fuck I'm talkin bout, we got big tools and the trash bags for the cho pper shells.

Yeah, we ain't missing, but we'll leave you missing.

You niggas suspect, you fit the description.

I'm looking for a gutter bitch that can get the prescription.

I got them hundred dollar quarters, fuck with me.

At 20 after 12, You better have your scale.

You a pussy.

Vagasil, massengill.

Your baby mama pussy too, had that slut bitch stashing pills.

If I wasn't rapping id be trappin with them vacuum seal.

Pass it to the passenger for your ass get you some daffodils.

Riding two K fourteen, five for bout a half a mil.

I throw my shows like money off album sales and I don't have a deal.

Bitch I, bitch I grind hard, ain't much more to the story. This nigga say I owe him but he couldn't be looking for me. Said fuck riding foreign cause they're soldiers over there warring. Mr. president, do you at least have some healthcare for me?

I pay more taxes than my next door neighbor. He don't get profiled.

So I wake up in a Bugatti, fell asleep in a dope house. Just coked up and going on for eight years straight. Oh thrills charging twelve to my album brick blade, ey. Then I, then I dropped my first mixtape. Outer limits, prison passin, we was clubbing every day. In the projects all day, shootin twenty, bet whatever.

I came a long way, glad I got my shit together.

Bitch I grind hard, ain't much more to the story (niggas ain't no kil

lers, man).

Y'all niggas ain't no killers, man, y'all niggas some hoes. You niggas ain't no killers, you niggas some hoes.