I get money, I'ma keep getting that money

Stay the fuck from 'round them niggas that don't keep that shit one hundred

Ain't no sleep 'til we get even, even though we beefing over no thing

Some shit it just be deeper than the money

Don't believe in nothing, don't even know the reason why I done it

My people keep it coming and it's cheaper by the hundred I'm out on three bonds, I know I'm being watched dummy So I lock myself in the lab and every beat I got I punish

Take me out the ghetto, woodgrain pedal

Can't let you in but you can see this pain all in my temper Don't believe in me, I don't believe in sleep, I'm in a rental Tryna get back off a pack I got from Chile in September I remember nights I don't remember nights so Lord forgive me When I lost a lot of shit I got it right back with the quicknes s

Nineties baby, fourteen grams of cocaine in my Dickies And I want that thirty-

eight that shoot like six times when I hit it
Lost my homie to some gambling and I want everything
This bitch here can't really be your ho, this bitch on everything

And I keep switching lanes, sipping drank, hollerin' fuck a cas

I better not leave a trace, I'm dropping you, you said you seen my face

Yeah, that's why she ain't seen my face, I guess I need some sp

Gotta make sure my team is straight, yeah we gon' be okay
Tryna get Trap up out the trap because these streets ain't safe
He just keep leaving up out the lab having to meet his plays
I feel him, I'm in here rapping with a three-oh-eight
And to this day it's still COD or DOA

Roll up with them hitters, yeah, but first we switch the plates You rock that Rollie like Ric Flair, that's 'cause he Triple H Used to be throwed off them bars, still caged them

Done seen the undertaker for fuckin' with 'caine

This rap shit faker than wrestling but fuck it, it's entertainment

I'm thuggin', I'll never change, I'm just stuck in the game Tryna get out (Lito)

Get out