

Innanet, Innanet

I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')  
I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')  
I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')  
I don't need to worry 'bout nothing I'm good (How you doin')

I got yap yap  
Slam  
I got yap yap  
Slam  
I got yap yap  
Slam  
I got yap yap  
Slam

How to make it in American  
Where they die by the power of the gun and they live by the fair one  
And the fair one is rarely an option, if you ain't got one I advise to carry one  
Shots in reverse of the barrel of the pistol is kind of like shooting in the mirror  
Niggas be killing themselves cause they feeling themselves  
No Scared Straight, throw children in jail  
General consensus is we off the hinges  
Slam  
Can't say a word to the judge, but he caught the sentence  
No lacking homie, don't be caught defenseless

This that slam, hide it under the mattress  
Ditch that van to the undisclosed address  
Dish that gram to grammar school graduates  
They gradually will develop those habits  
Can't buy weed, you ain't got no dough  
Can't ask me how you finna get paid  
Ain't no thieves when the whole city broke  
Breaking into cars in the middle of the day  
Danger, danger, plus you got your banger  
Police pull you over  
Better hope that baby inside that manger make 'em miss they quota  
Good Jesus  
God almighty, why this shit so dope?  
I got slam, put me on the track with one of these squares and they get smoked