

I'm from southside of this Blatlanta  
Got shooters in Chiraq  
Got shooters that'll blast you  
I'm good in places you've never been  
They'll give you shots, no medicine  
So test Flock, don't try that  
I got little niggas with big guns  
Take limbs off like that's contact  
And ain't scared to catch no murder case  
Every summer, boost the murder rate  
Won't send em now, I'll send em them later  
When they cool off, I'll prefer to wait  
Cause a real boss got to think smart  
Cause the goal is to get cleaned off  
While winners beef, we never see y'all  
Cause the truth is your team soft  
You ain't good out in these streets, nigga  
You're a foreign, no green card  
I been out in these streets, nigga  
Since a young nigga getting green off  
Jewelry on out in any hood, won't believe what this ring cost  
Never tucking my chain in and I'm pulling up in your dream car  
Can't talk real and not mention me  
What? You niggas don't get it yet  
I'm the realest in it and I built your image  
Turn any block to Virginia Tech  
You a pussy nigga never been a threat  
I'm throwing bullets, Eli Manning  
Any time you can intercept like Brandon Lee die in your set  
Like blaow!  
Nigga I ain't playin' no games  
I ain't talking 'bout a Rover when I say I got range like blaow!  
Frontin' for the fame get your name on the news  
Cause I really got aim with the tool like blaow!  
Shoot outs ain't nothing that's new to me  
I'm only 2 or 3 he gone catch 2 or 3  
Right through his jewelry nigga you food to me  
Shouldn't have said what you said you gone do to me  
These rappers as fake as a 3 dollar bill  
And I really don't care how they feel  
Don't make you a gangster cause you touched a mill '  
Put you on the plate, I make you a meal  
Don't make me reveal the truth about you niggas  
You know that I will green light you for real  
It's nothing my nigga I put on your head all bread that you signed for your deal  
Boy we know you a façade  
Know you won't ride, everything you say a lie  
Ain't no surprise, beefing with me isn't wise  
All these crooks oversize, swallow your pride  
Or you can swallow this nine, really don't matter to me  
I let you decide maybe I might let you slide, sike, homicide  
Before this rap I was your favorite rappers favorite shooter  
It ain't a question I'm a rider like I drive a hoover  
I'm too G so without me there wouldn't be no Google  
Your street cred a 3.50 without my approval