I be turnt up the worst way with these hoes Can't wait til that touch down on the ground Ball five, part mix and ten stones I don't want no part bitches, hard wood flows Cook jug, cook jug, nigga Ball, ball, ball, ball, I be turnt up the worst way catch me in the trap Riding one deep solo with that pistol in my lap On I-75 that's the bottom of the map I'm from Clayton County Riverdale where niggas love to trap Man them youngins off the molly shootin' at the police I'mma pour this fucking liquor for the dead homies Man I blow, how you know this shit is bugging that's a fact I got money habits automatics all around me You know you really gettin' money If you cook your own keys I don't fuck with lames pussy, snitches or the police Squad! I be turnt up the worst way with these hoes Can't wait til that touch down on the ground Ball five, part mix and ten stones I don't want no part bitches, hard wood flows Cook jug, cook jug, nigga Clayton County on lock like it should, nigga Cookin' while I'm countin' got a jug on expressway Two hundred thousand dollar play been on the way since yesterday He like his dope cooked dog cause he can't even cook me in And I whip it three different ways Million dollar risk game. My risk bought this gold chain Drive with water, we'll shake the pie cook game Lot of old heads still cooking out the microwaves We got our own dope Black legal stretchin' everythang Click going flocka flame, ain't juging with the dirt game Cook jug in everything, prices an' whole thang Stay calm, free band I be turnt up the worst way with these hoes Can't wait til that touch down on the ground Ball five, part mix and ten stones I don't want no part bitches, hard wood flows

Cook jug, cook jug, cook jug, nigga

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