Pack came in, dope showed up
Word gettin' out, phone blowin' up
Loose lips will get your mouth sewn up
Count fucked up, house blown up
Count fucked up, house blown up
Fuckin with me and my niggas we fed up, yeah
Nigga fuckin' with me it's a man down

Lord I promise I been tryin' to change my ways
Seems like the money and the bitches in my way
I lost my mind so for my enemies I pray
I look the police in their face, say crime pays (crime pays)
Get that yay, whip that yay

Fuckin' with me and my niggas, we fed up
Fuckin' with me and my niggas it's man down
So much dope in the trunk but when I hit the city I ran out
So much dope in the trunk but when I hit the city I ran out

Got a cocaine wrist

Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch

Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these hoes ain't shit

Say good Lord

Got a cocaine wrist

Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch

Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these hoes ain't shit

Say good Lord

Lord I promise I been tryin' to change my ways Seems like the money and the bitches in my way I lost my mind so for my enemies I pray I look the police in their face, say crime pays

Say why you wanna go to war with me, to war with me I got choppers in the car with me, the squad with me You don't want to go to war with me, to war with me I got choppers in the car with me, the squad with me

Bitch I'm smokin' on that Schwarzenegger, that terminator I put meat and potatoes on tables, from flippin' yayo My amigo got 53 acres, a regulator Got big nuts, I say fuck the world I might, impregnate her I'm a shark with the fork and the pot, the calculator Don't get popped with the flex and finesse Don't try my paper I spray niggas, straight till they can bless up Black activator My amigo got 53 acres, a regulator Drivin' up lets get this paper, get this paper

Fuckin' with me and my niggas, we fed up
Fuckin' with me and my niggas it's man down
Bitch I'm back on that dope, boy I'm Codeine and Molly and Xan'd out
I relapse on that dope, boy I'm Codeine and Molly and Xan'd out

With a cocaine wrist

Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch

Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these hoes ain't shit

Say good Lord

Got a cocaine wrist

Never spend a dollar on a broke, lame bitch

Pocket full of bands, they my motherfuckin' friends till the end cause these niggas and these hoes ain't shit

Say good Lord

Lord I promise I been tryin' to change my ways Seems like the money and the bitches in my way I lost my mind so for my enemies I pray I look the police in their face, say crime pays

Say why you wanna go to war with me, to war with me I got choppers in the car with me, the squad with me You don't want to go to war with me I got choppers in the car with me, the squad with me