

I'ma let this MAC fly with this one, hold on  
I said, I'ma let it  
Aight come on, aight  
(Von, Von)

Got a drop on this flexin' nigga, he from Tennessee (what?)  
I had a thot she be with the shits, she told me where he be (where he at?)  
I said, "Fo' sho', baby, let me know if you wanna eat"  
She like, "Von you already know, just put your girl on fleek" (that's it)  
I'm like cool, I can do that boo  
What you want some shoes?  
Jimmy Choo, with a handbag too, red or baby blue?  
She gets to smilin' she ain't used to this, 'cause she ain't use to shit  
I'm just laughin', could've been a pimp the way I move my lips  
I be speedin' could've been a driver the way I push the whip (vroom-vroom)  
You a hoe, coulda been a bitch, the way you throw a fit (bitch-ass)  
But fuck that, right back to the script 'cause this a major lick  
He got bricks, plus his neck is icy and it match his wrist  
Now its like six, told her hit his phone, meet her in the Wic'  
But he ain't go, but he ain't that slow, say meet 'em at the store (that's cool)  
I'm like cool, let 'em front his move, do what he gon' do (I got 'em)  
'Cause this the plot, put 'em in the pot, let it cook like stew  
I grab my Glock, it been through a lot, but it still shoot like new (boom, boom)  
We at the top, yeah we lost a lot, but that just how it go  
But check the score, if y'all lose one more, that's six to twenty-four (yeah, yeah)  
Let me focus, can't be zonin' out, he pullin' up now  
He double park, he ain't gettin' out, he in that push to start (there he go right there)  
That new Porsche it's built like a horse, colors like the 'fo  
He got a ring, I guess he ain't divorce, wife probably a whore  
Now she walk up, she struttin' her stuff, this bitch thick as fuck  
Got in the truck, kissed him on his lip, he cuffin' her butt  
Now I sneak up crouchin' like a tiger, like Snoop off The Wire  
The block on fire, so I take precaution, mask on Michael Myers  
I'm on his ass, he finna be mad, he gon' beat her ass  
But this what happen, I got to the door, I thought I was cappin'  
I was lackin' 'cause there go the opps, yellin' out, "What's crackin'?"  
I'm like, "What?" I'm like, "Nigga, who? I was born to shoot"  
I got aim, I'm like Jonny Dang, when it comes to chains  
So I rise, hit one in his arm, hit one in his thigh, this no lie  
Bitch it's do or die, you said you gon' slide  
You got some nerve, your shit on the curb, boy we put in work  
From 64th, and from 65th, we not from 63rd