

Niggas on the outside, looking. They trying to peep in
Me I'm on the inside, cooking or trying to sleep in
Kitchen full of raw ass chickens, like it was Church's
Hood full of clown-ass niggas, this shit's a circus
Who thinking Macs not hot? I be the leader
Park my shit in front of the school like I'm the teacher
Trying make this dope get hard, that's an erection
Only thing a nigga need now is a connection
West on the mean "You Gucci? I'm cooking fishes."
"Pounds in the trashbag. Gucci, go do the dishes."
Money on my mind, that summer job shit was petty
I'm thinking this summer what color I'll paint the Chevy

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