



nigga trappin on the hill standin in my hallway  
where im from i bake them cookies chip ahoy is what they call me  
stay drunk what they all be know you never saw me  
cause im low key like a spot on the wall be  
niggas round hea scared takin lessons for karate  
yea i came up rich off a motherfuckin hobby  
niggas where im from yea we keep them nigga shoppin  
its gold diggas so them ho's steady plottin  
look into the money so my niggas always poppin  
fuck a red light franchize aint stoppin

Chorus(2x)

Verse 3

We ride in trucks on big boy rims  
i keep mo action than directors off in flims  
we twist up hay stay servin Jays  
Cautier shades chop around for days  
sending counts a glace i gotta stay  
on my block 100 stacks it been made  
if you want us on the stage upfront you gotta pay  
we aint no game so you know we cant be played

We dont play fuck what you say  
yall tote gats we tote choppas and AK's  
you disobay and you gon lay  
off in the woods youll be missin for some days  
we leave messes with Mac 11's  
but they dont fuck wit me they know that number 7  
we shoot off backs we shoot off legs  
westside, zone 1, bankhead

Chorus(2x)

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