

# Starter Kit (feat. Young Dolph)

## 2 Chainz

Kush packs and them rubber bands were my starter kit  
Gun shots at your mama house cause you started it  
Niggas taking every damn thing, if they ordered it  
You front the packs and we don't call you back, then it's over with Kush packs and them rubber bands were my  
starter kit  
Gun shots at your mama house cause you started it  
Niggas taking every damn thing, if they ordered it  
You front the packs and we don't call you back, then it's over with Mama saying boy why y'all playing in that  
water  
Got granny what y'all doing with my [?]  
Bigger sister saying y'all lil boy look suspicious  
Got mama saying what y'all doing with my dishes  
Twelve came through and we had for the fishes  
Got locked up in school, we ain't worried 'bout detention  
Whoadie mama said I know y'all boys ain't been to school  
Hit the D-mall like a motherfucking school  
Yeah we shoot but we in the pool shooting pool  
If swag was a plane I'm finna motherfucking take off  
Watch me shake the fake off, watch me shake the fake off  
I am on so much green I can play golf  
Kush pack and the rubber band and a digi scale  
And a zip lock, residue all in my fingernails  
Kush packs and them rubber bands were my starter kit  
Gun shots at your mama house cause you started it  
Niggas taking every damn thing, if they ordered it  
You front the packs and we don't call you back, then it's over with Kush packs and them rubber bands were my  
starter kit  
Gun shots at your mama house cause you started it  
Niggas taking every damn thing, if they ordered it  
You front the packs and we don't call you back, then it's over with Selling bags, zip locks, six Glockes, twenty  
scales  
Sick spot, fuck my car you should see what my bitch got  
If you ain't get no money my nigga then you can't hang at this spot  
Nigga wanna play then okay somebody get shot  
Rollies for the whole team, urine full of codeine  
Pounds on the Sunbeam, baby ballers with more lean  
I'm young and dumb and I ain't got no patience  
I'm 'bout to pull up at the trap and see what's shaking  
I bought me fifty he front me fifty, I thought 'bout taking it

My nigga told me don't do it so I went paid the man  
I let your bitch come to me and then told her get away from here  
Strong packs and calculators, ain't nothing but a pint in that refrigerator  
Kush packs and them rubber bands were my starter kit  
Gun shots at your mama house cause you started it  
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