

Chad & Jeremy

"707"

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King Mike G, know we stay OF to the death
Best bitches get wet off of that pineapple express
Thought I told you that the rain don't stop
They ain't taking me in, unless they bringing like 54
cops
Nigga fuck rules, fuck you, fuck a jail sentence
All them fucking critics say my gang is a gimmick
Make them say God, pray to odd, there's no other

... know we keep it criminal, run up in your housing
Young... 2000
Never one for stress, my nigga I just blaze
... inside the cage
Now it's sold out shows, jumping off stage
But never lose sight, still looking for better days
And this is when... but I don't even fuck with this
My nigga, I'm like "hey"
Wolfgang bitch.

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