

## Mike G

### "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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