Juicy J and Wiz Khalifa, Breaking News

Man there's so many niggas out here still owe me fucking money and shit mane You know what I'm saying Shit crazy man Keep that shit though dawg We still getting mo (808 Mafia)

Yo nigga got me hot so I'ma make him hot

Fire his ass up

Make his body rock

Make his body rock

Make his body rock

Breaking news

He pronounced dead on the spot

I know what they say

But know what I say?

I say, fuck them niggas

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I ain't playing bout the money nigga Bang bang

Pull up on your block

Bang bang

No diamonds in my watch

This a plain jane

If you keep punching the clock

You get the same thang

I got a Bent with no top

That bitch nasty

My chain got a 100 rocks

That bitch flashy

How I made it to the top?

Don't even ask me

I just pulled off with your thot

That bitch trashy

I fishtail off the lot

My shit go 200

Pockets full of Papa Smurfs

Nothing but blue money

Nigga hate, probably mad cause I fucked your woman (I fucked her)

Shorty all in your face

She never saw it coming

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I throw two fingers or two hands That means gang, gang I make a call to my shooters That mean gang bang These niggas tricking on these broads

That's a shame shame

I did it once but won't never do it again, again I'm smoking KK so we never on the same strain I'm flying private so we never on the same plane

It's me and YOLO ratchet chick

I got her giving brain

Ran up on'em now the homies like

Don't die kane, mane

My new car insane

I'm in the ghost, getting ghost

Out here switching lanes

And if a nigga act tough

Then my niggas spray

They don't care they hitting everything that's in the way

Taylor Gang

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I don't rock with you niggas like that-aaa

Breako to the head

Come up off them recordaaas

Barrell to the stomach

Chopper blowing out his back-aaa

Pull like [?] moves if the walls to my backaaa

Then I'ma creep at a low speed

Chopper what you gone see

Fire out them AK barrels the last thing you gone see

If I'm masked up then you got a better chance of living

If I'm bird faced then

It's just according to how I'm feeling

You niggas like hoes

You like to argue and fuss

I raise up that fire stick I'ma let it buss

Find your body somewhere [?] like some rock cocaine

Shot him in the head

Brains, hanging like a chain

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