

Flyers Up

Lil Durk

Durk what up, where you at?
(I'm on Normal gang)
What you tryna do?
(Throwin' stacks at Magic, today's Monday right?)

Let's go to Magic (Let's go to Magic)
Don't forget the ratchets (Please don't forget 'em)
I know we in Atlanta (We in Atlanta)
But shit still will get tragic (Shit'll get tragic)
You know we some street niggas (Know we some street niggas)
Make a living off rapping (Living off rapping)
When we throw them flyers up (throw them flyers up)
You know niggas we watching and talkin' about slidin'
I know some killers that want me dead
(I know some killers that want me dead)
Know some niggas with real money, with that shit on my head
And they got some killers around 'em
And they know how to play it
But I got some killers don't want me dead
(I got some killers don't want me dead)
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I hang with niggas that hang with the niggas
That hang with the killas that kill all the killers
I be with niggas who hang with the niggas
Who hang with the rappers who take all the skrilla
Go to Chicago and go to Red Diamond
They bookin' Tee Grizzley they know that I'm with him
Why you keep barkin, they ain't check the artist
We all in the section got 50's on 50's
Real niggas, street niggas
And we gon' link with the gangs
And we come to yo city (gang gang)
I need VIP bar
Them dracos gotta be close to us
We don't fuck with no rappers
So I never show, can't let chubbs get close to em
You post want flyers, I'ma hire every killer in the city
Try to go to it
They ain't got no buzz
They don't show no love
I know some cause, bloods
They cool with us, ya
I know some shorties that's still up in school
You tweakin' cause they is gone kill for a stack
You poppin' them xanies you better not lack
You play with the dead, no takin it back

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My opps don't die everyday, they pussy
That's cause I ain't beefin' with rookies
Yo enemies saw you and didn't do nothing
That's cause you be beefin' with pussies
I got some Crips that's killas
Them niggas will murk you and go pray to Tookie
I got four bloods with 50's
Don't tweak unless you can duck two hundred bullets
Me and Durk go they ain't pattin us down
Get the sticks in and we pass em around
I feel at home when I'm out of town
I be 300 like Kevin no Leonidas
Me and Roc still sendin' out J-Pays
Opps on the gram say he on nay-pay
He say he live login from a fake page
They over there, go get that drac thang
Free my nigga Mark Meezy
Used to lay in niggas bushes
Yo mama died that's yo fault
We was tryna get you, niggas got tired of looking
A nigga get he ups on me?
I know them niggas gon' cook me
If I beef with a rapper I'ma book him
Come to my shows I'm strapped with a 40

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