

## BlickHimPt2

1900Rugrat

My head just ride away to a new place

(Aye, yeah)

My head just ride-

My head just ride away to a new place

I be runnin' from a new demon, every damn new race

Baby, I just love to chase

Pour a new cup, roll a new wood, take it right to the face (Yeah)

Get that little boy out my way

I was in the club, I don't even like the club, so I'm aggravated

Folks really from the L but we taking dubs, yeah we first placin'

Bring it back to the basement

People who mad, thats the ones who ain't getting no payment

I got a oath that I made up myself

I ain't even really talking about Satan

In a few years I might have me some wealth so, boy what the fuck is you saying

You think I ain't gonna work for a walk on your turf for a week, in yo bushes, we waiting

40 on me I'm a send his ass right to his maker

2's got so many packs like he came on the boat from Jamaica

I know a rasta he bring ammunitions to islands for payment

I ain't a doctor, I tried to make beats, I really ain't got no patience

It was just me and Lil 3 at the crib trapping right off of the pavement (Aye)

We finna blick him

Sliding with soldiers, don't miss him

Like GTA, I'm a find me the loc' and I blip him

She suck my dick and then she finna kiss him

This Glock like a blender, know its finna rip him

That boy ass shrimp, we finna grits him

Sliding with shooters, don't miss

I got that tec on my hip

He run up on gang, yeah we putting a hole in his lip

(God damn)

This that BlickHim Pt2

If you run up on my gang, snipers pointed right at you