

(DefBeats did 'em dirty)

Niggas keep dissin' the dead like they ready to die (Bop, bop, bop, like the y ready to die)

I need a mask and some gloves, and I'm ready to slide (Blicky, the blicky, I 'm tryna go purgin')

We caught a opp double-

parked, he got left in a ride (He got left in a ride, skrrt, skrrt)

I saw his eyes rollin' back, he got sent to the sky (Gang, gang, murk him)

Got some steppers, they jackin' the five

Do a walk-up, hop back in the ride (I blick him, skrrt)

Spot a opper, I can't let him slide

We caught him lackin' in traffic on live (Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop)

Popped him asleep, he be dead in a week (Skrrt)

Spin in a Masi' or spin in a Jeep (Boom, gang, gang, gang)

Body be droppin' legit, like it's beef (Blicky, the blicky)

For all that trollin', lil' homie deceased (Dead)

I ain't got patience, turn him to a patient

Spank all my cases, my lawyer amazing (Gang)

.357, ain't leavin' no casing (Skrrt)

First forty-eight, but they can't even trace it (Bop, bop,, gang)

Jakes on my body, I'm takin' the blicky apart, then I'm hoppin' a fence (Blicky, the blicky)

We put a hole in his heart, he was actin' invincible, we had to lift him (Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop, skrrt)

You better watch who you mention (Mention)

Bodies get dropped over tension (Gang, gang, gang, gang)

Glock with a switch and extension (Blicky, the blicky)

They clone my invention

'Ooters be tweakin', tellin' the labels we beefin'

'Cause we be creepin' (Tellin' the labels we beefin', grrt, grrt)

'Ooters be cheesin', like just imagine what niggas'll say in a precinct (Hahaha)

Niggas ain't factors, I know a whole lot of rappers who never got active (Cap)

My 'ooter do drills for a hobby, come back to the spot like that shit never happened (Gang, gang, gang)

Last opp play, ended up on eulogy

Can't get the drop? We gon' spin in community (Skrrt, skrrt)

I catch him slippin', that's my opportunity (My opportunity)

Thought I won't up it 'cause he went to school with me (Bop, bop)

Pop out the cut, they like, "Who that?"

You better watch who you shoot at

Bullets'll fly through your durag (Māthā, māthā)

Spin where their stu' at

Heard we got hit and he flew back

Dissin' the dead, why you do that? (Skrrt, skrrt)

My city like New Jack

Shoot, I'ma shoot back

We sent a opp with his son and then moved that

Niggas be actin' like trolls on the blue app

They said I told, so how nobody prove that? (Nobody prove that)

Niggas be gettin' managed by the police

Tellin' the industry we got beef (Gang, gang, gang)

If it was up to me, that ain't straight

Word to my mother, I stay with a blicky

Rrah (Gang, gang, gang)

Rrah

Rrah, rrah