

Go no where without this damn Blicky, pull up on 'em in the damn renty, windows down, you could get faded quickly, call my block-boys, they gon' blam with' me, hit that nigga cause he ran Ricky, 'stended clip up in that damn glizzy, go no where without this damn Blicky, go no where without this damn Blicky
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Switchin' lanes, I had to speed it up, in them spots, you know we clean 'em up, 1-on-1's, they never d'in' up, fuck them niggas, they ain't keepin' up. I shoot like Crawford, when I catch c offins, finish 'em, finish Al Horford, ain't no respawnin', spin early mornin', gang get the blam ain't no warnin'. Coppin for ?, spin thru, no caution, call up Ray Bandz and he tossin', shooters from Boston, run up, we off it, tweak with' the gang, that's distortion. Run up on 'em, put the gun up on 'em, told the pussy nigga, put his hands up, black mag and the black flag, and your city jumpin' out them damn trucks, spinnin' blocks up in that van-nem, man down, I'm duckin' cameras, know they watchin', gotta' keep the Blicky, these civilians never understand nothin'. My niggas reckless, post up on Bedford, YS gon' shoot like the Raptors, take off that necklace, hand me the beverage, you could get wiped off the checklist, talkin' that check-shit, but you want credits, call up Mo-Money, he stretch it, .40 the weapon, kick it like Messi, Po took her down for them lessons. Know this twirlin' shit don't stop nigga, free them Flock niggas, gotta' watch niggas, big bro shootin' till he drop nigga, see a opp nigga, up the chop nigga

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Now I'm back and I'm lethal, how y'all niggas want war and y'all still miss free-throws? And I ball like D. Rose, take shots to ya' face, I ain't talkin' 'bout face-opp, Young God, you ain't do a nigga dirty? Yeah, I roll through your block with' a .30, smoke gas, now you lookin' like Pookie, three bands hit a lick

, yeah I'm gucci, B-block be the gang, yeah you heard me, top o
pp, got a.30, go crazy, free my lil' young niggas off the islan
d, free R-Ry, big bro was wildin', do a hit in Bape, yeah I'm s
tylin', niggas like 1-6 feet wildin'. Yeah, I trap and finesse,
them.40s gon' hit you and blow through your chest, smoke dope
like a 'ref, niggas really want war but I blow at ya' chest. Ma
n, I ball like KD, and these niggas tryinna' front, but these ni
ggas can't hold me, 30 shot like Curry, 22 with' the mop and th
at shit real Curry

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me so trippy, doin' hits out the 5-50, crushin' Dot, yeah he s
o sticky, smokin' Pook, yeah he fuckin' with' me, but these nig
gas not fuckin' with' me, smokin' dope with' a fuckin' glizzy,
run up on me, you gon' get the 50. Leave the crib, gon' come ba
ck with' hunnits', nigga, I could turn nothin' to somethin', ni
gga, I could turn nothin' to stuntin', he got his hand in his s
hirt but he bluffin', 12 shots, yeah you know, I keep a dozen,
22 got the Glock, he be dumpin', 16 shootin' 3s, he be buggin',
add it up, 50 shots at his muffin', yeah, 2-6-0 not for nothin'
, kick a work, stop frontin', fuckin' bitches and they cousin

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