

(Dxni, Dxni)
(Ayo, Stef, you goin' crazy in it)
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt

Ask around, they know we run the city (Skrrt)
Hit the lights and creep up with the blicky (Creep up with the blicky)
We spinnin' until we get dizzy
He can't hang, he ain't never get busy (Rrah)
Walk up on him, and give him a figgy (Skrrt, skrrt)
Ain't gon' make it, we shut down a kidney (Baow, baow, baow)
All they saw was the hoodie from Finney's
Then I cash out on jewelry like Benny's (Gang, gang, gang)
Casamigos, got tired of Henny (Tired of Henny)
It's a spliff, he got caught by the deli (Skrrt, skrrt)
It's a switch on the back of the semi (Boom, boom, boom)
Got the drop on the opp from a wetty (Boom, boom, boom)
Pass a spot, but a chop' to the belly (Skrrt)
In the X with a blick' in the Pelle (Grtr, grtr)
If he slip, we gon' pluck him like skelly (Gang, gang, gang)
Then I'm sendin' the payment through Zelly (Zelly)
My shooters grimy, we movin' slimy
Bro pop a Perky and turned to a zombie (Gang, gang, gang)
Screamin', "Free Rezzy," he down for a homi' (Rrah)
Niggas ain't postin' 'cause we on they body (Body)
Spin it, repeat it, opps get deleted (Opps get deleted)
Bro on an island, say he undefeated (Rrah, rrah)
Last nigga dissed on the dead, he ain't breathin' (Gang, gang, gang)
Shot to the head, I can see what he dreamin' (Baow, baow, baow, baow)
Brodie a shooter like Tracy (Grtr)
He left a opper in Macy's (Rrah, rrah, rrah)
We got the low from a Blasian (Skrrt, skrrt)
I sent it straight to my Hatians (Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop)
Why they be dissin' the nation? (Why? Rrah)
Watch who you send a location (Gang, gang)
We turned the opp to a patient (Skrrt, skrrt)
They found him dead on the pavement (Baow, baow, baow, baow)
Niggas don't post when they die, but they post when they score
We stay post up by the store (Skrrt, skrrt)
Opp niggas don't be outside, they ain't never on call
We done turned drill to a sport
Brodie'll spin in his slides, don't get put in a morgue (Gang, gang, gang)
Said he got left by the shore (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
Catch him down bad and you know I can't show no remorse
He gon' left on the floor (Gang, gang, gang)
We tryna hop out and boom that (Hop out and boom that)
Bro in his head, tryna find where the screws at (Gang, gang, gang)
We used to spin where they school at (Rrah, rrah)
Spin with a mask, how the fuck they gon' prove that? (Skrrt, skrrt)
He tried to run, but my stepper a fast one
Ain't gon' take check, I don't think they can catch us (Baow, baow, baow)
High speed chase, I told brodie to mash it (Grtr)
Spin on the Lambs, then we spin 'bout the gas then (Gang, gang, gang)

Rrah, rrah-rrah, skrrt
Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop
I know who run this NYC drill shit
Five years, gang, gang, gang

Word to my mother, I stay with a blicky
Rrah, rrah
Gang, gang, gang
Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop, bop, bop