

Grrrrrrrrrrrr
Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap
Ghosty
Gang-gang-gang
Blicky, the blicky

Spinnin' with blickys and black flags
Gun in my Amiris, been itichin' to clap that
I had a gun in my backpack
Blicky, the blicky, run down, where that stash at?
I paid them hitters through Cash App
Shooters like Mitch, who put holes in his snapback
We stuffin' bodies in trash bags
I bet them hollow tips turn him to hashtags

She a lil baba
Pullin' and linin' nigga for the slap its
Been movin' tactic
If it ain't on my waist, I got it in my jacket
My shooters assassins
7.62s make 'em do backflips
My lil juve' a savage
Got a .40, a Ruger, they came with attachments
Ain't for the chit-chat
Semi gon' split that
Open that six pack
Now we gotta sit back
Blicky gon' kick back
Why would I miss that?
His medula, we cracked it
Been in the whip, pull up sprayin' and blastin'
I see you wanna rap diss
Sayin' my name is gon' come with a casket

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Twirlin', spinnin'
Swervin', pinned it
Lurkin', did it
Purge him, triller
Tinted windows back
Extendos hangin' out Suburban's with it
I think she want me to slap that
Pulled up on it, I had to straddle my backpack
Shawty a eater like cash back
Back out the blicky, go crazy like Batman

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