

## DIZZY DEVIL

22Gz

They say they want that old 2  
(Dubba-AA flexin') That "Suburban" 2  
Walk up, drop off, run down  
Never put that gun down  
(This is the sound)

Walk up, blow his brains out (Bop, bop, bop)  
Spin at oppers, we takin' the same route (Skrtrt, skrtrt)  
Chasin' clout got that lil' nigga chased down (Gang, gang, gang)  
Why these niggas keep dropping the rakes down? (Blicky, the blicky)  
Wonder why they be trolling they fans (Rrah, rrah)  
Spot an opp, I'ma hop out the van (Gang, gang, gang)  
I be praying the blicky don't jam (Bop, bop, bop)  
I can't go out like, I'd be damned (Ha, ha)  
Gang, gang, gang

Why these niggas keep dropping the rakes?  
And my stepper hop out, put a chop to the face (Gang, gang, gang)  
My lil' 'ooter, he won't leave a trace  
If you cover your face, then they ain't got a case (Boom, boom, boom)  
Do a hit broad day, spin on the jakes  
Caught a opp on his block, now it's covered in tape (Boom, boom, boom)  
He saw his blood, now he losin' his faith  
I don't think he gon' make it, he pissin' and shakin' (Gang, gang, gang)  
My shooter a fast one and he Jamaican (Blicky, the blicky)  
He got a crash button, nigga crazy (Grtrt)  
Spin in the stoley, brains all on the pavement  
He get to tweakin' like somebody laced him (Gang, gang, gang)  
I'm a dizzy devil, I shoot, bro pedal (Rrah, rrah)  
Blicky in the sweater, purgin' in the ghetto (Blicky, the blicky)  
Shootin' out a seven series like I'm Mello (Boom, boom, boom)  
Peace treaty with an opp, I never settle (Gang, gang, gang)  
Stupid, is you dumb or what?  
It's the streets, nigga, you got your gun or what? (Blicky, the blicky, the blicky)  
Got a blicky, ain't no need to knuckle up (Rrah, rrah, rrah)  
Ask what happened to niggas for runnin' up (Gang, gang, gang)  
Crash him, he seein' flashes  
Left him in traffic, he saw the gun, should've saw his reaction  
Shouldn't've been lackin', Glock with attachment  
Heard he got hit with the switch, did a backflip  
Māthā, gon' crack it, get him a casket  
Play the opp' music to cause a distraction (Bop, bop, bop, bop)  
'Ooters assassins (Gang, gang), did it in fashion  
Lurkin' the other side, they got a passion  
Two Gs in the back of the V, try and pull up on an opp, put 'em on a tee (Ma n down, man down)  
I'ma click 'til he fall off his feet  
Stand over his body, then get off the scene (Bop, bop, bop)  
Man down, he was thinkin' it's sweet (Rrah, rrah)  
Woke up, early mornin', actin' like a fiend (Boom, boom, boom)  
Then we flee (Skrtrt), they ain't see (Skrtrt)  
I been duckin', layin' low for weeks (Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt)  
Nowadays, they killin' for the cheap  
Every day, they spinnin' out the week  
Leave a opper leakin' in the street  
I see dead niggas in my sleep

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Who gon' hop out the whip? (Yeah)  
I got bro on my side and he watchin' the rip (He watchin' the rip)  
And we lookin' for them  
He was firin' in the blink of a second, I'm there  
Real run down, you ain't goin' nowhere  
Fakin', now he got a hole in his cap  
Ol' nigga with a switch, I'ma tap this bitch  
Man, I bet I don't miss, hit anything there  
Got the tag on cam', it's stolen (Yeah)  
Opp block, nigga, know that we on it (Ha)  
We make a nigga pay for dissin' the homie (Bitch)  
Ridin' 'round with a .40 and a Draco on me (Stupid)  
Bag on his head, now a halo on him (Halo)  
Nigga, I ain't with the gangs, I ain't ever met Sonny  
Die for the guys, nigga, die with your homies  
It don't matter anyway, we gon' get down on 'em (Get down on 'em)  
Opp block dead, we gon' slide back 'round  
Lambo', we the ones made the block get down (Yeah)  
Head in his lap, how a opp got found (Bitch)  
Face down, laid out with his brains on the ground (Boom, boom)  
Same shit then, this the same shit now  
Won't spare nobody, get caught out of bounds  
Hit a nigga back up, now his head in the ground  
If he get back up, we gon' shoot his ass down (Shoot his ass down)  
Blink and you dead or we waitin' you out  
We gon' let 'em come out, then we takin' 'em down (Down)  
If we can't catch you, we come back again  
Smokin' on who? We come shoot the blunt out your mouth  
For murder, we hounds, we huntin' you down  
Bro go catch a body, then he skippin' town (Skippin' town)  
He know that I got it, I paid the amount (Paid the amount)  
A opp pipin' up, we be knockin' 'em down (Knockin' 'em down)  
Spot a opp and you know what we do (Hmmm)  
Pop out like peekaboo (Hmmm)  
Nigga, we'll bang at your boo  
Leave your brains on the shoe  
He ain't gang, he fool, dumb bitch (Yeah)  
We be totin' 'em pipes, we'll take a nigga life like a motherfuckin' thief o  
ut lootin' (On God)  
On an all night flight, got the Drac' and the bike  
Tryna creep on a bitch ass nigga like you (Pussy, dumbass boy)

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