EVERYTHING DEAD

22Gz

Gang
Rrah, rrah-rrah
Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang
Blicky the blicky, the blicky, the blicky

We leavin' everything dead (Everything dead)
My lil' stepper, he start seein' red
Walk up, aim the blick at his head (Blicky the blicky)
Out the whip, in a Bimmer, we fled
Got the drop, where they at from a lay
They gon' pull up and put him to bed (Rrah, rrah)
He got smoke 'cause he spoke on the dead (Skrrt)
Hollow tips hit his body and spread (And spread)

We some steppers, so you better tread (Uh-huh)
Real lighter, we'll chop off your head (We'll chop off your head)
Ten toes, nigga, I took a pledge
You can't hang, you can't ain't spin for the set (Skrrt)
Spin the block, do a drill just for rep' (Boom, boom)
Fuck around and an opp'll get left (Opp'll get left)
Bro got an iPhone in the feds (Uh-huh)
Out the window, we leavin' a mess (We leavin' a mess, grrt)
It ain't nowhere to run (It ain't nowhere to run)
All he saw was the flash from the gun (Boom, boom, boom)
Fuck the opps, niggas smokin', they dead (Uh-huh)
Bust a shot, hit his māthā, he done (Māthā, māthā)
Think he invicible, really just drunk
Broad daylight, shooters really'll dump
Shorty a freak, she do tricks with her tongue
Bro in account, he be home in a month (Gang, gang)
And we back at it (Uh-huh)
Fake opps, diss tracks, niggas laugh at it (Rrah, rrah)
Like what they gon' go when we clap at 'em? (Skrrt, skrrt)
Send a shot through the whip, watch the glass shatter (Grrt)
He got caught at the stu' and got hit tryna make him a hit (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Uh, my lil' stepper been slidin' since juvie, been playin' with sticks (Skrrt, skrrt)
He ain't thinkin', "What happened?" He gaspin', he fightin' to live (Man down, man down)

He seein' flashes, I doubt they gon' open the casket (They can't open the casket)
Might get to crashin', every opp shot, we could ban Manhattan (Boom, boom)
Gun in the jacket, I know some niggas who'll die with they ratchet (Blicky the blicky)
Drillin' in fashion (Rrah-rrah), see the jakes, I'ma mash it
Opps niggas know who get active, stop all the cappin'
Niggas know what's gon' happen, we catch 'em in traffic
These opps niggas rookies, I been movin' milli'
Why he popped out to the A? That was silly (Stupid)
Claim they outside, but they ain't gettin' busy
I make it hot, take the Greyhound to Philly (Skrrt, skrrt)
My lil' stepper'll tie up his dreads (Tie up his dreads)
'Ooter tweakin' like that nigga Ed (Huh?)
Off a bike, do a drill off the pegs (Skrrt, skrrt)
Watch what you say 'cause them gremlins'll step (Gremlins'll step)

Drop a bag, they gon' spin for the bread (Gang, gang, gang)
Catch him slippin' and fill him with lead (Fill him with lead)
Ask around, they gon' say I'm a threat (I been a threat)
Type to spin through your block and address (Gang, gang, gang)

We leavin' everything dead (Everything dead)
My lil' stepper, he start seein' red (Start seein' red)
Walk up, aim the blick at his head (The blick at his head)
Out the whip, in a Bimmer, we fled (Boom, boom, boom)
Got the drop, where they at from a lay (From a lay)
They gon' pull up and put him to bed (They put him to bed)
He got smoke 'cause he spoke on the dead (Man down, man down)
Hollow tips hit his body and spread (Blicky the blicky)

He got killed for the shit that he said
I don't shoot at the car, rather walk up instead (Rather walk up instead)
Know the oppers could never forget (Could never forget)
That's the reason why them niggas 'fessed (Why them niggas 'fessed)
My lil' stepper start wavin' and shit (Wavin')
Gen4 Glock and it came with a switch (Boom, boom)
Catch him in traffic, his brains in his whip (Rrah-rrah)
Walk up on him, aim it and click (Click)
Niggas ain't playin' that shit (Niggas ain't playin')
Bro spot an opp, get to flamin' the blick (Grrt)
Mask on, strap drawn, hangin' out whips (Hangin' out whips)
I catch a case and I'm pleadin' the fifth (Boom, boom)

We leavin' everything dead (Everything dead)
My lil' stepper, he start seein' red
Walk up, aim the blick at his head (Blicky the blicky)
Out the whip, in a Bimmer, we fled
Got the drop, where they at from a lay
They gon' pull up and put him to bed (Rrah, rrah)
He got smoke 'cause he spoke on the dead (Skrrt)
Hollow tips hit his body and spread (And spread)

We leavin' everything dead
Bet them steppers gon' put him to bed
Woke up, aim the blick at his head
Out the whip, in a Bimmer, we fled
Gang, gang, gang

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