

Sniper blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky
Smash Bros
Bands, bands, bands, bands
Racks, racks, racks, racks
Gang, gang, gang

Pass me the ratchet, I'm fiendin' to squeeze it
Got FN's and blickies stuffed right in my sweater
They tryna book me but I need the backend
Up front just to pull up, that's word to the set
We left a slug through his kidney, his liver
And if he ain't dead, we gon' unload the rest
Get off your ass and go get you a bag
I be drippin' and flexin', my pockets stay fat

Ride with the gang, we gon' load him and stretch him
Push up on whatever, my young niggas game
Ball do him dirty, I promise he's strapped with a thirty
And he'll get to feeling like Steph
Hop out the coupe, bitch, we ride in the field
Get to blowing this bitch like a motherfuckin' ref
Can't wait on a thing, bitch, it's money to make
Give a fuck if you with it, get right or get left

I know I got niggas upset 'cause my chain VVS
But I really came from the 'jects
Took 30K out to go flex
Poured up for the 'plex
Bitch, I'm tryna step on a neck

Think I'ma die for respect
Right then a left
Shotty gon' open his chest
Pull up, we leaving a mess
Ice on my neck
Flooded it out to flex
Run up on him, back out
Pullin' straps out
Ten, nigga, back down
Hit the mall and cash out
Bring them racks out
Fuck her, make her tap out
Stick up your trap with a hundred pipes
If it's war, then we perching a hundred nights
All my opps know this blicky ain't nothing nice
Get you popped in your glizzy, you acting light

We gon' slide on his block if it's necessary
22Gz, NFN, bitch, it's legendary
Hit him up with the Glock, he get very dirty
Stuck a dick in the glizzy, it's very sturdy
You a ho like your pops, it's hereditary
We gon' march like the month after February
Main bitch acting up, got a secondary
If he play, we gon' give him a cemetary, on gang

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Hold on, hold on
Sniper blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky
Bands, bands, bands, bands
Racks, racks, racks, racks
(Hah, niggas know how we rocking)
Gang, gang, gang