

Gotti gon' smash
Go, Breeze
Hey yo on some real shit
I'm one of the realest little niggas out here, that's a fact
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Go, Breeze

Fuck the opps they never spinning back, 'cause we really strapped
Fuck his bitch and then I sent her back, little bro he be packin'
Word to mother, that's the end of that
Fuck the chitter chat, hella the Blixkys at his fitted cap
Fuck it, peel it back
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We really be strapped
Semi automatics, glizzys, pull up leave him flat
Hop out of the Mazzy, skrrt off, bitch we in the trap
I ran through a lot of bitches, I ain't calling back
I'm too wavy and too saucy, I'm dripping wit' bosses
Sip that henny till I'm nauseous, I spin till I'm nauseous
Heard they spinnin so be cautious, they drop him then swerve him
Fuck a witness, bitch we purgin', we spotted him gon' murk him

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Ain't no warnin', bitch, we pullin' up and we hoodied up
We run up on 'em, nigga, give it up, we gon' stick 'em up
My little bro with Juvi, sick as fuck, he don't give a fuck
Chase him down, he tryna leave him slumped
Keep a blicky tucked

They know how we rock it
Ain't no tellin' him who shot him
Pistols get the poppin'
Creep up on him and flock it
Masked up like the Talibans, we got glizzies and choppers
22 out that jam again and now I'm the trendin' topic

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