

## Funk Flex #Freestyle165

22Gz

Twirl shit, I got Bills outside wit' me, y'all see what the fuck goin' on  
What's the word big bro  
Ghosty  
Free them twirlers, free them blickys  
Turn me up on the headphones gang  
This one's spicy right here this sound-this soundin' like that  
Skrtrt skrtrt skrtrt  
Grah, grah grah  
Gang gang gang  
Sniper the blicky, the blixky, the blicky  
Skrr, skrr skrr

Soon as my bitch from the other side send me the drop, he gon' die on arrival  
He tried to dip, let off so many shots out the stick, he got hit in the spinal  
I'm tryin' to jump in the car and go spinnin', tryna go kill me a rival  
I see a target, I'm hoppin' out blickin', hittin' him up, ain't no survival  
Out of luck you get caught in the drive-thru, my little stepper, he only like 5'2"  
Soon as he drop the pen, we gon' slide through  
You get spotted with opps, gon' get shot too  
I can throw one in the head through the jacket, nigga whats stackin'  
Fuck what he jackin', we left his brains on the window in traffic  
Niggas be lackin, so many shots to the head they can't open the casket  
Brodie be snappin', fresh out the can but still tryna let off the ratchet  
Bro an assassin, camp in his crib, when he walk in the spot gon' wack 'em  
Since he was chattin', stepper gon' teach him a lesson, that's for all that cappin'  
Shit'll go left, stepper gon' step  
If he got heart, open his chest  
[?] can't catch his breath, [?] the reaper, don't run into death  
Catch on live, he gon' die on the net  
How he gon' talk, got shot in the neck  
Cho's in the field, tryna leave a whole mess  
He tryna run and get far from the TEC  
Gang  
Bro see an opp and gon' spazz out, blackout  
If he ain't dead then spin back round, crashout

If he pop a perc he gon' spazz out, lash out  
My lil' youngin gonna click it till he pass out  
Gang gang gang

Sniper the blicky, the blixky, the blicky  
Y'all know who run this Brooklyn drill shit