

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
Skrrrt skrrrt skrrrt
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 what's 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