PARANOID

22Gz

(For the guys)
Blixky the Blixky
Gang, gang, gang (Rrah, rrah, rrah)
Bop, bop, bop
Rrah, gang (Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop)
Word to my mother, I stay with a blicky
(Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
Rrah, rrah, gang, gang, gang (Blixky the Blixky)
(Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)
Rrah (Gang, gang, gang)
Bop, bop (Skrrt, skrrt)
Gang, gang, gang (Rrah)
(Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)

Paranoid, I keep thinkin' 'bout death (Ooh)
Off a Perc', I be feelin' my best
Last opp died, tryna catch me a neck
Better yet, we tryna kill your whole set (Gang, gang)
Niggas cap, but they know what we do
Super Saiyan how my niggas go kook
Spin through the Floss, tryna catch us a Woo (Skrrt, skrrt)
We won't leave 'til we catch us a few (Gang, gang, gang)
Once we drop, I'ma empty the rest
First be the M, now I'm facin' the ten
Pull up and sweep 'em, heard he got swept
I be with demons, 'ooters gon' step ('Ooters gon' step)
Run up on an opp, click-
clack, no face, no case, left him covered in tape (Gang, gang, gang)
Niggas be trolls, always droppin' the rakes 'til they end up on 1090 Jake (1090 Jake)
Call it Shot o'clock (Uh-huh)
Brodie spot a opp, bet he lick a shot
Fell in love with Glocks
Love the way it flock
It be fun and games until a nigga shot (Until a nigga drop, boom)
Niggas be cap, they be duckin' that taco
Bro don't be drippin', but he got a chop', though (Rrah-rrah-rrah)
Denim to Amiri, know we got those (Gang, gang, gang)
If my jewels on, just know the knocks close
Caught a face shot, so now the box closed (Blixky the Blixky)
In a fast whip with a bad bitch (Skrrt, skrrt)
In a foreign car, we swervin' potholes (Rrah-rrah)
Double parked, I'm grippin' on the Glock, though (Gang, gang, gang)
Gang do a whole lot of flashin' and steppin', and blickin'
It ain't no question (Skrrt, skrrt)
Ain't gotta ask if my killy gon' complete the mission, he dead if he catch 'em (Boom, boom, boom)
.762s, .556s, 308, he on a stretcher
By myself, I'll spin in a Tesla (Skrrt)
Send a blitz, get him hit like Lester (Rrah-rrah)
Hol' on, I heard he live, tryna troll on us
Get the backdoor from a treesh, drop the lo' on him
Try to get low, but lil' bro had a scope on him (Boom, boom, boom)
Try to shoot back, we had too many poles on him (Too many, damn)
Body gon' drop, have my steppers pop out both ways, homicide, cold case (Rrah-rrah)
Walk up on a opp broad day, with a snob thirty-eight, that's a first forty-

eight
I ain't drop shells, I know if I get caught, ain't no bail, so I can't leave a trace (Boom, boom, boom)
Think I'm addicted to gunplay, guns spray, I love the sound of the Drac'

Bitch, I'm a killer, no tear drop
Shoot so much that it don't make my ears pop (Boom)
Spin through they block, tryna catch me a "No" (Grrt)
Like ho, that's yours (Baow, baow)
So much maneuvers, I'm bustin' a move
Not broke, that's true
A lot of dead niggas they didn't get back for (Get back for)
Real talk, that's due
They like, "Curf, how you sleep at night?"
Just like a baby with a big ass pipe
My clique got a full house stick at night (Ay, ay)
These niggas is bitch, don't live that life (Boom)
They asked if I'm guilty, I'm feelin' like Gucci (Burr)
'Cause bitch, I might be
Yo' homie might die in this movie (Boom)
So do the right thing like Spike Lee
Ha, yeah

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