

Hey, gang, hey, hey
6Blocka
Hey, hey, hey
Lil Moe
Gang, ayy
(Zak on the beat, it's grown)

I was toting Glocks while I was on papers
You fuck with the Scrappers, we wake up the neighbors
We took his life like we pullin' the cable
Don't jump in that water, you swimmin' with gators
Hold on, wait, back the fuck up
First nigga move, he get packed the fuck up
Walk in the party, I act the fuck up
Your bitch want me 'cause I'm sacked the fuck up
Glock 23 and it came with a fifty
You already know that's a drum, drum, drum
Run up on me, I'ma dump, dump, dump
I got some shit make you run with your gun
Ain't 22, but I keep a blicky
Run up on me, boy, I get you sitchy
We in Suburbans when we in the city
Don't ride through the A, 'cause shit'll get risky

We do a hit, then switch the cars
We left his head painted on the garage
He tryna run, now he with God
He actin' hard, got shot in the heart
We got his low, now we all in his yard
Laid his ass down like he get a massage
We put shit together like it's a collage
All day it was shots, it was a barrage
We put shit on Spot News
You better hope I don't spot you
Whoever with you get shot too
We got a Glock and a chop too
Don't ride through this bitch with your window down
We got some shit make you spin around
I was in the cut, but I been around
We the one made niggas move around

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'Burban, spin in a black truck
Take his life, then we rollin' a pack up
Sniper, Blixky, Scrappers
Fuck around, die tweakin' with the smackers
Shit'll get risky, shit'll get sticky, unload the blicky
Glock with a fifty, punctured his kidney, did him like Ricky
Glock 17 and it came with a titty
Once you in the scope, you can't run, run, run
Ain't gotta aim, I just dump, dump, dump
I bet a chest shot'll shut down his lungs
Catch him out of bounds, we gon' leave a nigga slumped
Broad day (Head tap), he ain't gettin' up
Lurkin', purgin', hangin' out trucks
Seen so much murders, this shit made me numb

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