

## Salary

22Gz

Sniper blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky  
Gang gang gang  
Racks racks racks

Baby, I got so much ice on my pendant, I spent like your salary (Bands, bands)  
New blicky get to burning shit up, no, I ain't talking calories  
Y'all niggas capping, we strapped up, my shooters pull up, it's a tragedy  
Blicky da blicky, all of my niggas is staticky (Blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky)  
Baby, I got so much ice on my pendant, I spent like your salary (Racks, racks)  
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You guys broken batteries  
Please don't get turned to a tragedy  
Diamonds on me, see the clarity  
Ain't got my gun, then I'm stabbin' 'em  
All of my niggas move staticky  
(Blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky)  
Bullets get back to reality  
I'm making more than your salary (Bands, bands, bands)  
Probably the reason they mad at me  
Pull up, we burning off calories  
Black Suburbans, it's a casualty  
Baby, I got so much ice on my pendant  
Changing my ways and the life that I'm living  
She fell in love with the way I been dripping  
Double cup, lil' bitch, we sipping  
I'm headed straight to the top with my niggas  
Say the wrong thing, you get dropped for my hitter  
And I got aim, highly doubt that he get up  
Catching stains, leave you missing (Blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky)

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They talking shit from the back of me  
Can't trust a bitch, I ain't jackin' 'em  
Hop out with blicks, we head tappin' 'em  
All of my niggas is savages (Blicky da blicky da blicky da blicky)  
Same whip keep on circling (Skrtrt skrtrt)  
Mask on when he lurking it  
Strap drawn, yeah, we murkin' 'em  
Spinning back, we ain't murder him  
Pass me the Runtz, I'ma roll up

None of them niggas ain't usin' they toaster  
Bending that block, slow up  
Hold up, slow up  
Put him in the dirt for a cold cut  
I got new guns, I need more butts  
We gon' spin again, hit some more of 'em  
Don't get picked off tryna roll up

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