

(Yozora)  
Grrah, grrah  
Niggas know they actin'  
Stop all the cappin'  
'Fore you end up in a casket

Got these opp niggas duckin' (Opp niggas duckin')  
Shooter gon' walk up, brush him (Walk up, brush him)  
It be all fun and games 'til we touch him (Blicky, the blicky)  
Lil' stepper pop Percs, get to buckin' (Gang, gang, gang)  
I'm the type to start shootin' in public (Shootin' in public)  
Said it's up, so it's stuck, I'ma up it (Gang, gang, gang)  
If he slippin', it ain't no discussion (Ain't no discussion)  
Broad day, face shot, blood gushin' (Blick, blick)

(I heard they said they on timin')  
Get a lil' freak from the East to come line 'em  
Blickies and twirlers gon' slime 'em (Blick, blick)  
Where they from? We gon' kill they whole lineup (Kill they whole lineup)  
He was lookin' for too much attention (Too much attention)  
Bet the gang get him checked off the hit list (Checked)  
And them opp niggas cappin', they know they ain't spinnin'  
So stop all that dissin' (Them opp niggas cap)  
And they stealin' the drip, it's ridiculous (Biting the drip)  
Fell in love with them Glockes with extensions (With extensions)  
With them switches (With them switches)  
He keep on clickin' 'til he stop twitchin', glitchin' (Boom, boom, boom)  
Lift him (Lift him), drift it (Drift it)  
Shooters slide through they block with a rip stick (With a rip stick)  
Use the Wesson, it ain't no ballistics (Ain't no ballistics)  
Point blank, won't shoot from a distance

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Ayy, pull up, my mouth, chains bustin'  
Come through, hop out, K's bustin'  
It ain't nothin' to swing your street  
Yeah, he cool, but he ain't no me  
I introduced you niggas to motion  
All this beef, can't even focus  
Tryin' to be me, gotta get in action  
You totin' that fire for fashion

Got nothin' for nobody that's askin'  
I just been handin' out caskets  
Post gangster quotes all you want for captions  
In real life, you catfish  
I keep woolies with a dick on 'em  
I see your bitch, I'ma spit on her  
He sped off, I ran out, and he fell out like Rich Homie  
If he slippin', get a mop  
I get any nigga dropped  
I stopped think these niggas my dogs, they just really want my spot  
I drop fentanyl in the pot, remix everything with flock  
I gave him everything I got, now he linkin' up with my opps

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Gang, gang, gang  
Stepper gon' walk up, brush him  
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt  
Blick, blick, blick