

Outro (Spin It)

67

H1K made this

Who's that yute? Spin it, spin it
That's a paigon boy
I saw my man in the vid
Bro don't know him but I made my choice
Bro-bro's drivin' slow
I'm in the back layin' low, I ain't makin' noise
Wind down the window, wrap it, slap it
Me, I don't play with my toys
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Came through, pulled up smoke on my man
Now he's got sudden amnesia
It was 10s and 12s doin' up road before 16's and features
Should've seen the foreplay
The spin was sweet, sweet, sweet like Shensea
I clean their teeth like Colgate
Gonna do a two-man step with no names
We could name-drop, do a No Censor
Rather an blade on his chest, Brock Lesnar
Or blast man with a Winchester
4's in the car or MAC on a Vespa
That's mandem puttin' in shifts
I still tell probation man's lidges
In the stash spot callin' dibs
Don't watch us, come take some risks

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What you know about goin' on a drill two poles
And your bredrin still tryna fish him
Ran through so much poles like hoes
Had rusty ones and some that glisten
Free little bro, he don't listen

When the streets is hot, he's tryna clip him
Two Ls, two Ls
I just see some hoods, broski spin it
Four man in a four-door truck with two .44's and we're all tryna drill it
Came a long way from OT trips
Drivin' to spots with phones tryna bill it
Now I'm a businessman with a business plan
Still tryna get me a quid in
Skengman, breadman, but I smoke 'nuff food
Of course you'll let me slip my dick in

The streets be cold, best watch your back
Talkin' wass might get you dipped, whacked or packed
'019 got three new packs
Scope man, smoke a man like [?]
Pull a mad like Max
Drill it first, fuck it tic or tac (Fuck dat)
Still step on your block, terminate that function
How you post about tumpin' when your bro got bored in the face and plundered
Three hammers up, don't call us plumers
Let it beat like drummers
Slide for bro, put that on my mother's

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