

And this no semi-auto stick, this shit got a switch  
Pop out of the cut, and we gon' let that shit flick  
Frrr (Let that shit bitch, ayy, rolling with no thang)  
(Searching for the way)

(This shit fires, I pray to my God)  
(Let me see my opp, and I,... at his top, yeah)  
(That's why we don't go flock)  
(We flip this cock, reverse, let it spot)

And this no semi-auto stick, this shit got a switch  
Pop out of the cut, and we gon' let that shit flick  
Frrr, let that shit bitch, ayy, rolling with no thang  
And let the switch, you fill the whip, yeah  
And my momma always told me, "Niggas stand on bitch" (You can't stand it)  
I'ma daddy, lil' boy, I'm stand on that 10  
You don't play with me, I need my fuckin' bankroll, bitch  
You know my nigga Peter up, he don't payroll me

Who is dissing? (Ayy)  
When the Glock buck they listen, huh (Ayy, ayy)  
We get you lifted, huh (Ayy)  
T all of my dope, they blitzing, huh (Rrr)  
This shit kicking, huh  
I'ma pull up and gently kicking, huh (Kick, kick)  
He told he's ticking, he go early, he go missing, huh  
This shit fires, I pray to my God  
Let me see my opp, and I shoot him at his top, yeah  
That's why we don't go flock, hmm  
We flip this cock, reverse, let it spot, hmm  
You with the most  
I keep a chop, wop, I do not box  
Big 50 round click, I hit your hot box  
Bitch, I'm still up on my bully, giving shots, shots, shots  
I'ma up it like fuck it, everybody catch a sound

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