

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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