

Somebody's Son

Abra Cadabra

Shh, shh
Sho, sho, sho, you know
AB in the building serving shit
O way or no way
Get right, get left or get stretched
Free the drillers ten times, you know
(H1K made this)
'Fess up or get a chest up
Wear your vest cuz
You know, sho
Gang

Ay, who's that? (Who's that?)
Pass me the smoke, let me tooz that (Tooz that)
Big rambizy by my side, fuck his Canada Goose
Man, I'll rip right through that (Woosh)
The way I swing my blade on the mains got civilians shocked
All eyes on my like 2Pac
He tried run but he wouldn't get far and I knew that
Caught up and crashed that quick, send that to the Gulag (Sho)
I could've never been a punk on my block
If I was, you could tell from my aura (Yeah)
I could never be wet like somebody's daughter
Shit goes left when I swing my bora (You know)
He tried this man couple years back
When I seen him in the yard though 'summit got drawn up
He must've thought the past was the past when I saw him
'Cause he froze up, I don't know what you thought cuz
Mind yourself when you see my ones
We don't sleep on vio's, fuck bygones
You don't have no strap?
Better go buy one
Better go hire one 'cause I got my one
Don't tell me how you got bare guns when they're catching dust
Likkle man better go sky some
How you beat one corn?
Better go buy some
We don't street fight round here
Fuck Bison

I'm on the opp block and I'm locked and loaded, tryna bun somebody's son
One day, I nearly head top somebody's son
Then bro went back and whacked somebody's son
Before I ever brought a wap on the block
I used to go around there and beat somebody's gun
Man do it like golf, put a hole in one
One shot, gunshot, got a hole in the punk
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Fuck a fist fight ting, I ain't Mike Tyson, I ain't fist fighting
Worked with my shank, I'm a real viking

Somebody gonna leak if I swing my ting
True slap, that I gave him, it slid right in
You could never try fit these shoes I'm in
No cap, made a ting crash like lightning
Swing my shank like Samurai Jack, dicing
Who's next? Who's next?
Someone tell me who's next?
Who's vexed, gangs filled to the right and my left
When I'm getting jiggy jiggy
Let me do my jiggy jiggy
You don't wanna disturb me
You could get kweffed
You don't wanna give chat and not back that
'Cah we're pulling up pronto, you'll hear "bap, bap"
We don't bring no phones when we go slap that
Them pricks do ride outs on Snapchat
Cali weed in my lungs everyday
Man bill it up, star dogs killing us, opp block drill it up
Big hand tings on my block, man fill it up
Anything I see round there, man lift it up
If it ain't a .44 long then it's 10
I slap from the .9 then it's 6 he's picking up
5 been touched, no get back, give it up
How is he bad when the mandem hit him up?

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