

Don't Get Grabbed

ALLBLACK

Hermes silk, that long-sleeve Versace (DTB, that's a slap)
Play with me, get killed, put cheese on your salami
Off-White Chucks, all-black bikers
Dagger in my hoodie for the opps that's behind me
You got hella followers, I got hella bands
You trick on a bitch, I put on my mans
You be telling lies about me, capping to your friends (Huh)
You think I'm your opp when really you a fan

Ayy, my demon ways got me traumatized
Won't hesitate to grab a nigga if he switch sides
Huh, you a opp, you get deep fried
Me and Mike baking niggas like they bean pies
Huh, these just hay runners
I'll freeze a nigga in the middle of the summer
Don't get wacked over a bitch, put six feet under
Ran out right before the serve, bitch boy, that's a bummer

Huh, me and Dutch back-to-back in coupes
Can't tell which one a sucker, smacked the whole group
Original shot caller, they call me the president
Jaw jack him, got him sent to wherever my daddy went
Me- me and Dutch back-to-back in coupes
Can't tell which one a sucker, smacked the whole group
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We pulled up at tippy, looking for some Rugers
Warning for them niggas who be turnt up on computers
All under my comments like I ain't under noses
Thought I was in Queens but I was up in Oakland
Bitch bought me a Rollie, papers on the shit
I told her, "Take it back, I'd rather take the chips"
Dom, check it out, I need a quick favor
Call your jaguars, I feel like hunting down gators
I don't want a dime, I just want a spank
I want her to know that I got power, I got rank
I wanna see your daddy and your mama cry
I'ma kill my blood cousin for a dime
Yeah

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Ayy, nigga, this Dom
Don't mistake me for one of these rappers, nigga, I'm just a nigga that know
how to rap
Huh, don't get grabbed (Don't get grabbed, don't get grabbed)