

Emergency

B. Lou

TreOnTheBeat, yeah
You ready?

Got them packin' for my Amigo (Plug)
All my shooters carry .50 (Doo doo doo)
You ain't chasin' like no milly (Milly rock)
On the block I hit my milly
Rub the bands to the ceiling (Half to the ceiling)
Pop a nigga like a willy (Get 'em popped)
Came from robbing and drug dealing
These hoes can't get me and my feelings

Nigga just fuck all the shit that you talkin'
Nigga get talkin' and bullets start popping
Getting this money like it is no option
Putting that work every day, I'm not clockin'
Fuck with the bread then we steady for noggin'
All my niggas eat Lunchables
I'm making you feel uncomfortable
This really why I don't fuck with you
'Cause I'm lost in mountains
Smoking high, I can't count in
So much money, need accountance
My balance is off balance (B. Lou, B. Lou)
Yeah they tryna be B. Lou but they can't be me (No)
Yeah, they just wanna come and see me (See me)
But they can't never ever see me (John Cena)
'Cause I got on too many VV's (Yeah)
Yeah, B. Lou I'm from the hustle
Yeah, I been ballin' I'm an all star
Nigga I been pullin' off in Nascar (Skrr)
They cannot stop me on my worst day (Fuck)
Yeah, I will kill you in the worst way, huh (Yuh)

That bitch gave me cake like it's my birthday (It's my birthday)
Yeah, I ain't with no games, I let my words play (No)
I do not have time to spit in a second 'cause I've been in first place (Yuh)
I came in the studio, left with a hit it and did that in my first take (Huh)
This shit causing global warming but I still get that green like it's Earth
Day (Huh)
You cannot stop this, getting paper like I come out of the office, I got the
keys like a locksmith
I work on profits, you'll never see like Mohammed (Huh)
Yeah, I cannot fuck up a bag when I'm in mine (No)
2015, when I said I'm on an incline (That's facts)
That shit's subliminal, this ain't minimum, this is "You better get in line"
(Huh)
I feel invincible, I feel invisible, never see me when I'm in time
I let it recline, they call it loneliness, I call it me time
Look at my legs and let the memories rewind
It's hard to see the divine in the dease eye
I used to be blind, I had to refine
Man tried to diss me, I made his shit decline
I just be countin' the stats in my free time
Don't understand me so I had to be fine

Bitch I'm back

I like all my faces green, they got the mask, yeah
Temporary, shoot you, never gonna last, yeah
I got a lot on my back
If I said it then I meant it, it's a fact

(Man, my niggas really killed that shit
The fuck am I'm supposed say after all that?
It's Dax!)
Niggas gon' talk in the same talking
Niggas gon' walk when I stay walking
Niggas gon' do what I do
They gon' do what I do all day, yeah
Niggas go dead to me

'Cause I got green light salaries

Now that I got it, they want it and I'm fallin', I promise ain't goin' back again
Niggas gon' act like I got a pocket when they know you got it, that shit is a trap (Uh-uh)
Bitches be talkin'-uh
Don't be callin' back, I just be fallin' back like a quarter back, I just be - (Yeah)
I be all in my bag again, they mad today
You niggas straight actin' fake, Anne Hathaway
I hope you niggas pass away on Saturday, I hope you do
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Size 13, god damn!

When I talk, they know it's me
This ain't rap, this "flowetry"
Maybe they did notice me

It's Dax!