

GEEK STREET

B-Lovee

Grrah, like
They ain't know how I ain't have it
This is apart of—
This is apart of the plan
All them niggas ran
All them niggas ran
All them niggas fans
And all them niggas fans, like
(Is that Chris?)

This is part of the plan
Straight out the mud, now they call me the man
Get on hots, got that shit in my hand
Sent a shot and all them niggas ran (Grrah)
Diamonds buggin', they poppin' out 3D
Free lil' bro, he got knocked for the Petey
But y'all be on my block, come and see me
Get up close, let it spark at his figi, like
Niggas talkin', okay, let us talk then, like
Ask that boy why he walk how he walkin'
Too tact on the scene, get to tossin'
Never new to this shit, did it often
I get guap, that shit be on my mind
The opps broke, better learn how to grind (Shot)
Throw ten, brodie got niggas slimed
I might fuck on his bitch 'cause she fine (Ah)

Put the .9 to his back like he Rondo
Let it blow, now that boy who we smoke
They like, "B-Lovee, the fuck did the time go?
I ain't know you would grow up a goat" (At all)
Highway, fast car when we drivin'
We got too many knocks, so don't try it
.40 knockin' off weight like a diet, like
Hit the gas, get away from the sirens, like
I just hate when they act like they know me
Paranoid, so I'm keepin' it tucked
Said he active, then he gotta show me
Niggas cap, so I'm callin' his bluff
Enough is enough, I earned that respect for my name
Ask around, bitch, I been through enough
She get low on her knees, she gon' suck
That B-Lovee, she just can't get enough
Ran it up out the mud, now I'm happy
He can't hang with the gang 'cause he sus'
If you find where he at, let him have it
If he changin', then he ain't one of us
All my Hounds, they be ready for action
Shit get real, I can't hang with no chumps
(Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Hollow changin' 'em up

This is part of the plan
Straight out the mud, now they call me the man
Get on hots, got that shit in my hand
Sent a shot and all them niggas ran (Hahaha)
Diamonds buggin', they poppin' out 3D

Free lil' bro, he got knocked for the Petey (Like)
But y'all be on my block, come and see me
Get up close, let it spark at his figi, like
Niggas talkin', okay, let us talk then, like
Ask that boy why he walk how he walkin'
Too tact on the scene, get to tossin'
Never new to this shit, did it often
I get guap, that shit be on my mind
The opps broke, better learn how to grind
Throw ten, brodie got niggas slimed
I might fuck on his bitch 'cause she fine ('Cause she fine)

Like, grrah
I might fuck on his bitch 'cause she slime, like
And bro, he be tuckin' his .9, like
He see an opp, get to firin', like
We catch an opp, on his back, like
We leave an opp nigga flat, like
All of the opps got me smacked, like
Watch an opp nigga, grrah, grrah
I'm on my mode, like
Flick on an opp in his zone, like
I gotta answer my phone, like
But I can't answer my phone, like