

HITLIST

B-Lovee

Grrah

Ayy, too many opps man (Grrah)

Fuck them niggas, we gon' catch ya, that's why, get to blickin'

I'm too hot

Grrah, ayy, grrah-grrah

Grrah, ayy

COE, all these thoughts in my head, like

And them niggas on

His bitch tryna fuck for a share, like

Bitch, I keep the Glock on my rib

Brodie said pass him the shot, he gon' walk down, dismiss him (Grrah)

He catch a opp, get to clickin' (Clickin')

Fuck the opps, they be dissin' like (Fuck the opps, they be dissin')

'Til a opp nigga missin'

These niggas talkin', but they ain't never did shit like (Ain't ever did shit)

Why my block being mentioned? Like (Why my block being mentioned?)

'Cause my block got attention like (Block got attention)

Bitch, we got 40s extended like

And we known for the clickin' (known for the clickin')

I hate talkin' 'bout opps 'cause it's shit I can't mention (It's shit I can't mention)

I get money, big difference

Niggas get shot and still wanna be dissin'

Niggas goofy, they all be on kid shit like

This shit gon' get scary when I make the hitlist

No, I ain't worried, bitch, I really did shit

Up this shit in a hurry, bitch, I really blitz shit

Too many opps I can name in a zip

Rah, Lotti, that dub' never hit

Like opta, swear they be all on my dick

Send a baba, we catch her takin' a flick

Throw a L up, let it drop

We make it hot in this bitch

Hella dots on the side, watch 'em fry in this shit

We got too many opps, they ain't slidin' and shit, grrah

I be drippin', that's the shit that I like to do (like to do)

Up this pipin' and shit, I ain't fightin' you (Fightin' you)

But we get to beatin' his ass, just to stay hypin' you

Like, he don't up on the drill, he that type of dude (He that type of dude)

I could never tote Beretta

They know me, bitch, I shoot through the sweater

Like, I get rough, I do drills, any weather

Walk down gang, tell me, who do it better?

We catch him right, bitch, we beating on optas

Bullets hot, make a opp do the cha-cha

Spinnin' what? Bitch, they ain't spinnin' my block

Smokin', niggas aimed at his m̃ath̃a

Duckin' five-oh, little bro made the block hot

Spot a opp, up the heat, let the chop fly

He move to his head and shots from his hotspot

Bitch, I'm with the gang, so I'm feelin' like Popeye

If I'm dolie, I'm still lettin' shit fly

Like why would I lie? Up that shit on like six guys

No kizzy, this shit really happen

Niggas cappin', that's all for reactions
Blastin', that's on bro, I get active
Lackin', leave that boy in the past tense
(Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Put that boy all in his caption

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Bitch, I really blitz shit, like
But we don't flex what they make off this hitlist, like
All them niggas on kid shit, like
Little bro get to blitzin'
Tell 'em niggas, "Just eat"
Like, bro in the cut with the speed like, and that .40, ah
Grrah, but that shit bought like a speaker