No Hook Pt. 2

B-Lovee

(Sixteen in this bitch)
Uh
Gang

She like, "B Lovee, why you ain't showin' me love?"
I can't show no treesh love
Gotta get to the breesh, love
And the [?] gotta walk with a heater
.40 on me, shit boom like a speaker
They start shakin' as soon as they see us
All these bitches lock eyes when they see us
I'm in the hood, all good, with my feet up
Tell them dickridin' niggas, "Link up"
And I ain't with the politics, see the opps, we gotta blitz (Gang, gang)
And we do got a lot of grips, see the Gz, you gotta hit
Feds spin through the back block, and I'm totin' a fat Glock
Finna make a movie
These niggas be mad opps, they be talkin' to made cops when we start shootin
'
Somebody please say what's goin' on
Fuck all the opps they put me in a song
But that shit is bad rap 'cause that shit is mad cap, I be makin' movies
[?] with your rat ass, I put you in a rat trap, make you start movin'
She like, "B Lovee, boy, you is a movie, I like the way you be shootin' mane
uver"
They sayin' they ride, but don't really do it
They man just got packed but what is they doin'? (What?)
Nothing, go buy a shooter or somethin'
All of the opps, they be bluffin'
I fuck a thot like it's nothin'
I get the guap 'cause it's nothin'
He will not pop 'cause I'm clutchin'
Them niggas, they know about me
Them niggas, they heard about me
Gang, gang, gang
And I do not hear about 'em, so why am I scared 'bout 'em?
It don't make sense
I'm in the field where this shit is real, I'm totin' a steel, quick to let i
t rip
Half a mil' his bail, brodie caught a hit
No he ain't tell, he sittin' up and shit
Soon as I link that hoe, I fuck
Soon as I seen them opps, I up
If you wanna fight then I can do that
I'm totin' a glizzy, you better move back
We gon' show you the wave
My goons is wild, they move with a Glock
On call and be cautious, 'cause you can get shot
I gotta be cautious, got too many opps
She like, "B Lovee you gon' make it", drop the jaws and then start to shake
it
I shot my shot, and I think I made it
I'm off the perky, I'm feelin' amazin'
I spent two bands on my fit, I bought three bands of new grips
Niggas talkin', ain't on shit
I send my shooters, they gon' blitz
Hit that target, do not miss

Hit that target, do not miss
Hit that target, do not miss
Gang, gang, gang
OGz

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