

Shottas

B-Lovee

Grrah, look
Where I'm from, it really get gritty
Grrah-grrah

Bitch, where I'm from, it really get gritty
She don't know me, she poppin' her tittie
It get mixy, I'm flocking the stitchy
Don't try to plot, 'cause them shottas be with' me
They gon' empty, it get risky
Bullets hit him, he drop like he tipsy
Too Tact, in the back of the renty
30 and better, so we clappin' plenty

Run it up, I do that on the regular
Nigga broke, need to go get his cheddar up
Keep Baretta tucked, ain't no lettin' up
I keep MAC on me, that shit regular
Who you settin' up, ain't 150, but bro, tryna wet 'em up
I can't lack for a thot, I be lettin' up, I can't do that
Nigga ducked when I aimed at his durag
And that by had his pole, but ain't 'oot back, like who do that
I be smokin' on Lotti, can't move fast
Put a switch on a Glock so it shoot fast
Let 'em run, hit 'em good off a perc, left 'em numb
Made 'em run, ain't no front when I'm uppinn' the gun
He got hit, tryna put on a front
He a actress, if he throw up that shit, we gon' clap him
I hate goofies, I'm tryna subtract 'em
If he ratted, why niggas still jack him?
Niggas slackin' but I'm not, bullets hot, make 'em stop
He can't stand up, his bitch all on my dick 'cause my bands up
Caught 'em lackin' outside so I ran up
Tell 'em, "Man up", that's that fan love
Why he saying my name, I'on know homie
I can't wait till we meet, I'ma show homie
Man, I live what I rap, I'ma blow dolie
And I'm real bold, I stood on that block, it was real cold
Block hot, I was tuckin' the steel though
I spot a opp, show 'em how it feel though

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30 and better, so we clappin' more
He talk hot, bullets smackin' his Jaw
Spot a Y, get to packin' them all
If 10 in the clip, then I'm clappin' it all
That's on bro, I can't show no remorse
I'ma stand over him if he fall, tryna run
Lil thot, with' it all, tryna rump
I ain't goin' no where if I don't got the gun

Face you a bitch, you was Coppin' a plea in a jail
I'on know you, so stop saying my name for some fans
You like 30, I tote .30, it's like 30 bands up in my pants
Why the fuck would I worry, get to shootin' and shit, if they rush me, I'm s
turdy
Bro, he be geekin' and shit, he might pop 'em a 30
He gon' slide on the opps with' no mercy
I swear I be geekin' and shit, I got PTSD, gotta sleep with' the grip
Catch a drop on the lo, I'ma squeeze on a bitch
Ain't no droppin' my pole, I'ma leave with' this shit
Since a jit, bitch, I really been active
He got hit, 'cause he really be lackin'
Move wocky, and I'm gettin' to packin'
3 chops when we stuck up on traffic

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