

Tiro

B-Lovee

Que lo que, what's the word?
Que tu hace, what we doin'?
We spot a opp, get to shootin'
But do 'em like Wasca, what we boomin'
We makin' movies, so don't walk up
Niggas hidin' and shit, they ain't stupid
Pop out the cut, how we do it
He don't got no drills, but he make good music
Like, she tryna come to my casa
'Cause she tryna give me that culo
And it's still, "Free Flocka" out the you know
Hit and quit it, we can't fall for no group ho
I'm the one, number uno
Just havin' fun, let a few go
Hit it good, make her scream Papi Chulo
.40 flip a nigga like a Sumo

When we on that block, tiro
Niggas hidin' and shit when he sendin'
When we catch a opp, tiro
Shot from the Glock got 'em limpin'
Niggas be actin' like Deebo
He don't see what I see, though
Shooter wit' me and I call him Carlito

Tiro
Grrah, tiro
Tiro

I'm too crafty, like, who wanna see that
I keep it on me, I don't need a b-bag
We like 4 deep, we got three straps
Shorty on me, throw that thin' back
One of the bros be the watchout
If we catch a opp, he get clocked out
Bullets hit hard, that's a knockout
We say 'tiro, then let a shot out
He act bad, then I'm backin' him down
And then after that, ain't no gettin' up
There go my cup, pass me my soda
Pour up that lean, 'cause I can't get enough
And she used to move wocky
Hit it from the side, got her callin' me Papi
Get to the money, these niggas broke
And this is for all the opp niggas that watch me

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Grrah, tiro
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