

TURNT

B-Lovee

(Glo made that beat?)

Grrah

Grrah-grrah

Look

Fuck all the opps we gon'-

First think its sweet, we gon' click at his hat

Fed's on our ass but we makin' it-

Look

Fuck all the opps, spin the front and the back

If we catch a opp lackin', we click at his hat

Fed's on our ass but we makin' it tact'

I'm bussin', I'm geekin', I can not relax

You lovin' that thot, but we hit her in the trap

If he throw up OY then he meetin' his death

I'ma tweak on a bitch if she droppin' the set

Pour a deuce in a Faygo, I sip for the stress

If he movin' wocky then I'm bound to react

Bullets beat on his chest and then come out his back

Who lookin' for me? They know where I'm at

He come through my way, put the beam on his chest

I be tryna trust, she keep lyin' to me

Bitches out here, they be dyin' to meet

Everywhere that I go, keep the iron on me

I'm too deep in this shit, niggas plottin' on me

One in the head, heard he slidin' on me

You get caught at the light then I'm flockin' the V'

I see the opps, I ain't coppin' a plea

I got new opps I been dyin' to meet

If he up it on me then he dyin' with' me

No I ain't gon play, I'm gon' up it then flame

We smokin' on bro, make him dance like he Dane

And he hit the floor, put some feets on his brain

But I don't need to be broke to go snatch me a chain

I don't need me a pill to go pour some', bang

BigDieY, we ain't jackin' that Gang

If he scream RPT, then we lettin' it flame

We get money, we get tipsy

And get ugly, clips empty

So don't try to run 'cause I'm gon' get risky

We gon' run if he run, I'm gon' turn him to Ricky

Get the addy, we right at his doormat

First one come to the door, make 'em fall back

Young shooters, I swear that they on that

They get it done and they spinnin' the four pack

Step in my shoes, that shit give you the chills

Got a mill' on my name, if he dead its a mill'

I ain't dissin' no mo', let the son and me chill

Swisher Sweet, it been tweak, give a fuck how you feel

If he mention the dead, bet he flyin' with Dub'

I ain't speak on the dead cause I really got love

Oh they linked in the back? Then the feature a dub

(AAAAOOOO)

Now look

One false move then I blast in this bitch, like

One quick spin, then we clapped 'em quick
If you scream the wrong gang, we ain't havin' that shit
Gotta stay in one side, gotta die with that clique
And when I come around niggas laughin' and shit
But when I'm not around they be chattin' and shit
Never settle for nothin', gotta keep it buggy
If she try to line, I'ma die with the bitch
Grrah-grrah, bah-bah, bussin' and shit
GBG, DOA up in this shit
Ain't no love in this bitch, give a fuck who you with'
Big EBK, give a fuck who you is

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Droppin' a O, we keep it official
'Sup DieOY? We gon' keep an assist
Let's tweak on a bitch
That's BigDieOY, we gon keep all the shit