

Massacre

Babyface Ray

The beast
Yeah, for sure
You know what the fuck goin' on, we know
Oh, really?
B-B-B-B-B-B-B-B
B-B-B-B
Let's go, let's go, uh (Uh)

Real nigga, stand up (Go)
I be poppin' shit, I got my rubber bands up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Her bestie in the lobby, bitch, go bring your friend up (Come here)
Before you drop a diss, bitch, go dig your mans up (Food)
I be really playin' with choppers, I ain't into playin' tough (Grrah)
I wish you could ask the last nigga that ran up (Grrah)
Fuck niggas fold, real niggas stand up (Pussy)
Nigga, I ain't told, nigga, when I got jammed up (Facts)
iPhone thuggin', let me see you blam somethin' (Woah)
Don't make me grab my burner phone, I send a hit on Samsung (Nah, for real)
Then I make her panties drop, she see that fuckin' lamb comin' (Uh, come here, baby)
Blue and yellow on my watch, look like the fuckin' Rams or somethin' (Oh, really?)
I done fucked the same hoes as Odell Beckham in my city (Nah, for real)
Come and flex us, Smith & Wessons, fuck it, stretch 'em in my city (Baow, baow, baow, baow)
Came here playin' crazy, so we left him in my city
Just dropped four bodies, told 'em to shine Watson and welcome to my city
Got that blicky-blicky, up the switchie, bitchy, I get busy
Look at my pockets, fat like Carmen, bitch, I'm probably who killed K enny (No, for real)
Know he happened, the police grabbed, don't try to kill my nigga Jimmy ('Face, Face Mob)
'Cause if he had to meet, young Johnny was blazin' his face up with a fifty

It's a Louis V, codeine sippin', money fetish (Yeah, yeah)
It's a bad bitch, made her bring her friend, bae, we selfish (Bad, ph ew)
Say they laid and they cooked him in the mornin', like he breakfast (He gone)
Say the dealership, I want the long Range, yeah, the Stephen Steppin' (Shh), what's that noise? (Haha)
Niggas writin' checks they can't cash, they avoid (Lame-ass nigga)
Catch me right on time, pop a [?] like I'm Roy ('Face)
My daughter say she want Chanel purses, fuck a toy (Oh)
Cutthroat out the soil, rest in peace to Keed, man, I can't believe (Rest in peace)
Irony, 'cause I'm on my way to Cleveland, goin' to fuck with Beezy
Last night was geekin', said I love you, I ain't even mean it (What?)

What you know about the murders? Gotta be strategic (Shh)
Is you really in the field watchin' from the bleachers? (Which one?)
When they see that money pile up, niggas turn to leeches
Why the fuck did I need school? I'm richer than the teachers (Why?)
I done lost track of time, every day it's Eastern
Cut paint, he fresh as hell, I just go to bail
London in that bitch, let her go, wait to excel
Federales moderate my 'Gram too much, YSL (Hot, hot)
Say he in the game, but what side? Do you buy sale, nigga?