

# Armory

Baby Santana

(Paradigm)

Huh, designer on me soon as I come around (Yeah)  
If he talk down then we huntin' him down (I'll never forget you)  
If we catch him, then we runnin' him down (Woah, ZaySkillz)  
(Ayo, Ian)

Huh, designer on me soon as I come around  
If he talk down then we huntin' him down  
If we catch him, then we runnin' him down  
Put my mask on, tell him don't make a sound  
Put my mask on, then we gunnin' him down  
And this 7.62 so loud  
I'ma shoot 'til them bullets' tears sprout  
And you not gang, no, you can't come around  
And that choppa gon' knock out his arteries (Yeah)  
I just want your love and your honesty  
This on God, they won't make it as far as me (Yeah)  
Got on black and yellow like I'm Cardi B  
And we scorin' on Tris at the pharmacy  
Who you know fourteen and they as hard as me?  
And they say he didn't go to the party  
Get ready for war, I'ma load up my armory

Oh, woah

They didn't wanna link outside the show  
And all my whodies, yeah, they aimin' for your throat  
And I ain't even know, that you wanted smoke  
But alright, here we go  
Okay, woah, diamonds shine white, Colgate  
Bullets make your body rotate  
Send him up in the sky, make him meet his soul mate  
Bullets fly, hit your spine, make your body lose weight  
And my pockets wasn't fine, so I had to choose weight  
Okay, but this stick leave you anorexic  
They couldn't read between the lines, so I thought they were dyslexic  
Wait, woah, hey, I don't wanna play around, hey  
Bodies gon' hit the ground  
And this 7.62 gon' make that sound  
Leave him in the lost and found  
Are you gon' ride?  
Baby tell me if you gon' ride  
No, don't pick no sides  
'Cause if you do then you gon' die

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(I'll never forget you)  
(ZaySkillz)  
(Ayo, Ian)