

Oh I heard
Drip Gang keep a glock if we spinning that block
Just know that we making shit hot yea
Lil Badda gone flock if they giving him the chop
Drip Gang this shit never gone stop yea
Told guap I need guap I need backend
Brodie always on D he ain't lacking
Got the ball and you never scored a basket
RP on court we ain't passing
Casket
Tell them lil niggas better go home
Papers getting signed money grow long
I never thought I'd make it here oh no
I started off with scams, got it on the road
And she fell in love with my fashion
Dis ain't no regular coat it's a mackage
Flashing I done got tired of flashing
I call up Chris for the 6 we make magic
Stand it, they cannot stand it
They ain't gimme nothing so I turned into a bandit
Made a couple bands out of chase lil nigga I ain't swiping
When I send my dogs for them pussys they on timing
And if they got they caught, they don't talk they stay silent
You could ask Rah free Yellow free Tajay
You could ask Shak free Owie free Shawny
Free all of my niggas from the streets they behind me
D said that it's war in these streets
Well someone tell D they ain't fucking w me yea
She said I'm just company
Well tell that lil treesh she gotta get on her knees yea
And these scars still bleeding
Blood in my eye I don't cry nigga I'm a lil demon
Damn turtle I can't see him gone too long
But ain't far cuz them choppas still grieving
Now hold on let's get
Back back to the script
Where were them bitches when shit wasn't lit
Get hit on the strip if you talk out ya lip
Bro got the 30 he walk with a limp
Bitches is cap and them feens getting skimp
Ty gon drill em if he running Rick
I'm making fire still walk with a stick
And I'm with the gang said I'm with drips
Extendo's they hang in love with my clip
Smurf always told don't trust in no bitch
And T always told me lil nigga get rich
Ride for ya mans please don't ride for a myth
I'm in DC with the muscle I'm fit
Ayo got bitches in love with the drip
Yea yea
Free my lil shooter that's tajay the menace
I wasn't rapping we still would b drilling
I spoke to the lawyer he said that we winning
I talk to Shak and he said there's no limit
It's still free my father the gang know I miss him
Always on court never shot from a distance
Eggy gone drill him if he got the Smith

And I told you don't play with my niggas we gifted