

Body Bags

Bawal Clan

Yung nigga cud die
Devils ain't a li-iiiiiiiiiiiie
Louis round my waist
Hand up on da ni-iiiiiiiine
Is you down to ride
Is you down to ri-iiiiiiiide
Yung nigga cud die
Devils in da ni-iiiiiiiight

Beamed up and I'm down to ride
Mobbing with the gang that's bonafide
Got the devil in my eyes that's fortified
Got 4? O 5? Heaters get you mortified
Get you body bags, tombstone and a casket
Chop him down, put his head in a basket
Burn him down till his pulse turn static
Bring it back do it all again you bastard!
You an asset, get your ass kicked! Massive!
Talk that Talk! Why you tryna act Passive?
Walk that walk! That shit automatic!
Candy flip, got a little bit of acid
Like an addict, in the attic, never panic
When it's drastic, eyes satanic
From another planet. Where the plant hit!
I ain't with that talk shit, nigga fuck a rhetoric!

Is you down for the long haul?
Turn around and we long gone
Goin rounds like we on call
Move around like we on one
In da vicinity I know you feel it
80 decibel I know you hear it
Fuck around and you gon get it!
Fuck around and you gon get it!
Fuck you, make you wanna quit it
Chump foo snitchin on em pigs
Got blood from a line of kings
Out here making more than trends
Dumb bitch got me vexed, though
Spillin all dat Henny on my Uratex, hoe
Gotem throwin out signs on set
Steppin outta line, on briip

Louis round my waste
Hand up on da niiiiine

Devils in my brain
Can't waste no more tiiiiime

Is you down to ride
Is you down to ri iiiiiiide

I've made up my mind
Can't take no more liiiiies

Sick of this bullshit. stressin'
Workin' hard, bitch im flexin'

