

Bisexual Glock

BBG Steppaa

(I think it's made of emeralds)
(Yo, Lucas, ya heard?)
Wait, wait

I heard a new opp died, well I'm 'bout to face 'em, I love me a brand
new pack (Gang, gang)
We out lurking on they side, if he running, we chase him, ain't like
how my shells hit his back
He in the trap all day tryna flip him a eighth, niggas broke, tell th
em get up they sack
Dropped twenty-one on a fit, Balenci'd the kicks and Balenci'd the sh
irt for the match

My opps really be bitch, they ain't hitting shit, Shark died, tell 'e
m go get back
He keep a stick, nigga, we call him 6 and he stay tryna blick at the
opps when he mad
Bro tryna drive and shoot and not miss, ain't worried, he used to the
difficult task
My driver hold, won't go out like BH, boy tried to speed on the highw
ay and crashed (K)

We four deep in a V3 skied, and my driver be rocking the wig and the
glasses
They could've scored, man, I heard that they had them (Like what?)
They ain't ready for war, we'll smash 'em
Free BG, man, I miss my savage
Mr. Roll-Him-a-Thug-and-Pass-Him
Glock 48, tryna cop me a switch, and the beam hit the opps shit to se
e who the fastest
We tryna score, what you fuck niggas into?
Me and mines known for aiming at mental
Glock is bisexual, aim at women, too
Nigga told, what you mean what your friend do?
It's up with the whole town, beefing with kin, too
Shiest-Block known for pressing that issue
Way too much blood, know he wetting that tissue
Heard the diss, nigga, we gon' dismiss you
I keep a big gun, fuck a Jiu-jitsu
Watch it blow like a MAC, put the switch on a pistol
Control the blow back and the kick, too
You better blow back when we spin through
Aiming at no back, all temple
We don't do no rats up in this friend group
You better know that or get hit, too
Aiming at bro hat and his friend, too

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Dropped twenty-one on a fit, Balenci'd the kicks and Balenci'd the sh
irt for the match (Gang)