

# Die Thugs

BBG Steppaa

Don't you worry, don't you worry child  
See, Heaven's got a plan for you  
Ayo, like, these dumbass opps keep mentionin' dead niggas, like  
Don't you worry, don't you worry now, yeah  
Like lil' bro ain't crash and-  
And like, like, niggas know how the fuck we out here man, ShiestyFN  
TPerry on the track

Lil' bro said, when he catch me, he gon' make sure he put me on the news  
I walked down, you ain't got no clue, to the smile, to your frown, on ya' mom and to you  
Why do he think that he 'bout it with all them threats?  
Just know, them shits gettin' duped  
Just know when we catch you woo  
Don't try to run, I'ma chase you and shoot  
And the fact that these niggas ain't fact and steady be talkin' like they out here puttin' in pain  
How could you hate me? You was just gang  
You ain't cut off a rat hand, boy you a shame  
And you a grown ass man, but you keep on goin' on live, cappin' to ya' fans  
And you said we ain't do that to ya' mans  
What the fuck? Lil' bro OD'd off a Xan?  
When you happy 'bout one-  
fifty in a year and ya' old ass still ain't pop, like  
How could you say you a opp? Like  
What make you think you on top? Like  
But you can go live and sit there and cry  
Go pick up a gun and go hop in that car  
Opps washin', they sayin' they don't wanna get popped  
So I'm smokin' that wood, so you won't make it far  
And I'm sick of these opp niggas cappin'  
He said, "Wvttz down, lil' nigga, what's brackin'?"  
Well Sos Die Grape, y'all when did this happen?  
Now I'ma swing through the R get to clappin'  
Posted up on the S, with a ratchet  
Swing through, disappear like magic  
Why he beg for his life? Out the window, I'm laughin'  
Then I start throwin' them bullets like Madden, like  
And the opps don't hold no will  
We swing through, tryna blow that steel  
Late nights on they block and they ass never there  
We gon' fuck on a opp hoe, ass in the air  
They cap, they ain't passin' through there  
Oot' up 'cause we 'bout to go take one of there's  
Somebody mother finna be in tears, like  
Somebody mother finna be in tears

I'm in here, hot head, nigga, I ain't keepin' my cool  
Run up on me, you through  
G17, I on' like 22s, if I see a opp, on bro, I'ma shoot  
Raised in the trenches, I ain't tryna be cool  
Bitch, it's Guala man, I'm slimin' the dude  
Somebody mother finna get the news that her first son got cooked like stew  
Got cooked like stew, uh, ridin' round town in a all black coupe  
And the porsche go, "Zoom", uh, cops tryna hot but I'm doin' like 2  
Better grip yo tool, when you outside better be on ya' Ps and Qs  
I'm up in Cali, cookin' in the stu', like, I'm up in Cali, cookin' in the st

u' (Ayy)

Niggas don't know what they started, uh

Yeah, he gon' get it regardless, uh

Why the opps keep on talkin'? They ain't outside, we bend through often

Spin through, lil' bro goin' awful

(Fah-fah-fah, tossin', fah-fah, tossin', white, chalked em')