

Nobody Outside

BBG Steppaa

All the opps linkin' up trying to diss on the guy
And we spinnin' nobody outside
Oh I think they right there, I tell brodie rewind
Like we can't let 'em get off this block
6 deep on the hunt, we got on a bus
No Rosa Parks, we gon' sit where we want
Niggas dying', mamas crying
Like, I know they be missing they sons
Like, I was outside every day taking risks
Like, I heard they pulled up with no grip
Ah, I heard they went home with no friend
Ah, Woo Lotti can't come back again

(Like, like)
(Shiestblock!)
(Like, Shiest Bzz)
(Look)
(Like, like)

BigHead crashed mix him with the hot hand
Hec was up in that car made him not dead
They saying they got the drop, I am not scarred
Say they spinnin' my block, well we out here
Free the whole set they got Pack & they got Fed
I hit his neck maybe back but not legs
Don't play when we creep through the West cuz I want the whole side dead
We gone teach his ass a lesson for dissin' on our dead
Lil Dudey Roscoe & Bloodie tryna clap on the flocks
And that rapper that rep 'em the most head he jackin' the opps
And these niggas my brothers, if it's fuck what u jackin, it's shot
And if he a Munna, we pluck him another Jack In The Box
Can't catch him, we killing his bother or we wacking his pops
And he a fake crip put him under stop jacking the Wvvtz
That nigga my kid, I'ma son him but if he lacking we got him
Roll him up with the paper & grabba

Other side all victims they always gettin' hurt
Lotti, he mad that his mans in the dirt
He supposed to get signed, he got put in a hearse
Mama love crying, now she wearing that shirt
Bad bitch let me pull on her skirt
Fat ass, ride the dick like she twerk
Like I keep fucking it after she squirt
Like I keep fucking till that bitch make me burst
Bow, I'ma creep in the park
Bow Bow, I'ma put it in park
Bow, cuz I love how it spark
Cuz everything dead when they see us in the dark
Ahh Ahh, that's they sound that you heard
Big gun make him fly he could see all the birds
When I'm tappin my face yeah I'm talking about Kurr
Fuck Matt, nigga went out the worst
BBG came with demons, I came with goblins
It's a problem, you know we gon' solve it
Like, call the plug, they're like, "What's on the market"
Put the dot on his head like a dolphin

Lil Shark had died from a shot to his biscuit
Come and slide in that, ride on the guys I'ma flip it
And y'all lil niggas hiding, Bizzle tryn' split shit
How y'all dropping pistols on a mission
Hell no this ain't no nine, I could handle big shit
His location he dropped it on live he won't make it to Christmas
Bang at him brodie a slob niggas we on crip shit
Only do facial and he survive he gon' need a dentist
We heard they spun two times in a week
I got my gun, is you dumb, ain't no running from me
Bro gave him one, bullets punching the seats
We, I come betta dump or u done on a G
Oh, he left his shit dumping, engine run with the key
Know we boutta have fun, bro the Munn or the V
Spot a niggas, hit his pumpkin, we ain't touching his feet
Put a hallow in his muffin, another dummy deceased