Shark Attack

BBG Steppaa

When it get dark we start looking for sharks
Let it spark we gone bend through they park
Lil niggas think they got heart but ain't playing it smart
Like niggas better be playing they part
Like, pop door get to spraying in dark
Hit the A drop 4 then we playing the R
And we tryna drop more we ain't playing at all
Like I'ma soar what a dangerous star

Go and walk through the Munn
If you really wanna catch one
Like all headshots fuck is a vest son
Heard a R got stretched
Now I wonder who next son
Spin I'm flipping your car
All the way til the feds come
And Lil Duty hit best
That's another lil dead one
How you flex won't blow what you scared son?
And we got a tech in this bitch
Don't you dare run
Like up a weapon or flinch I'ma flare son

And you niggas never on shit
Face died why the fuck y'all ain't hop in a car
And go spin about it
Like niggas hurt onna R
They ain't shit without him
Hell yea I'ma burst this
I don't just spit about it
Niggas be worthless just wanna sit around me
Hell no I ain't nervous
Cause I'ma just click without him
And we love them 30s new gen I'ma dick her down (My G-Lock is a birdie)
It fuck niggas it get around
Why niggas cap they ain't really tryna get into beef
Hit his hat ain't no way he running track on me
Double that gotta sack what the fuck is a 7
I'm die that and what the fuck is a 3
Tell them boys slide back
No we ain't ducking the heat
How niggas mad that they brother deceased
I ain't for nothing I'm dumping I ain't going like he
And we gonna rush him if we want that boy 103

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They tryna rap beef I wanna bump guns
I ain't tryna do none of that fed shit
I'm tryna clap him brodie a slow one
Yea he dumb tryna hit up my mans bitch
Watch how we wack him, clip him and roll him
Like if I up it he gone be a dead bitch
Like not for nothing I up it and dump it
Nigga til my hands stiff
Splatter his head nigga hit his melon
I don't fuck with the feds
Let me find out you telling
Brodie on meds (Well I'm tryna nail him)
Fill his dreads then I tie em together
Boy you a bitch I been dying to catch you
He die Grape Street Crip then I'm trying to stretch you
I got my pistol gone die if you test me
One 40 shell hit his thigh and a 9 to his temple

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Long Live Face nigga
Long live Duty

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