

Slide

BBG Steppaa

Ayy, Bob, bitch

I'm tryna slide (On bro), but the opps ain't never outside (They not)
Pop me a pill, I'm 'bout to nod
I'm too fried, gotta close my eyes (It's sad)
Lil' bro dissin', I'm really tired
Up from the hip, now he expired (He gone)
Outside of his house like a spy
Tryna catch lil' bro and send em' up to God, like

And I'm sick of these niggas, keep dissin' me
And I'm done, showin' that sympathy
I don't respond, don't mean that you bitchin' me
I'm tryna swing through yo' hood (Grrah), drop a fifty piece
And I'ma make it, you niggas ain't gettin' me (On bro)
Come and try, you gon' go down in history (Grrah)
What makes you think that I don't keep a blick on me?
What makes you think that I don't keep a blick on me?
If I up, on bro, I'ma buss it
I catch a opp, he get clapped in public (On bro)
Got away, see the ambulance rushin'
Oh, nah, brodie got rushed in
Got big sticks, you would think we was Russian
BBG, he hot like the oven
Lotta' niggas claimin' that they gon' touch him
Lotta' niggas claimin' that they gon' touch him (They ain't doin' shit)
I ain't worried, niggas just talkin'
Don't shoot from afar, bitch, I rather walk in
Got a better chance hittin' my target
Caught a mask shot right, turned into a target
He in this wood, now I'm finna spark it (On bro)
Hell no, shit taste lil' garbage
Brodie a shooter, he catch 'em more often
Brodie a shooter, he catch 'em more often
Fuck the cops and free lil' slime
Niggas know that that's Mr. 8-0-Flock (Listen)
He tryna wolf, just tell 'em to stop
I ain't got no time, bitch, I'm tryna pop
Cops tryna hop on my son pop (On bro)
Know we lost 'em, we ain't just rock
Cops tryna hop on my son pop (On bro)
Know we lost 'em, we ain't just rock

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