

Rambo

Belly Squad

Belly Squad, yeah

Quiet niggas I could never trust those
Married to the P's I don't cuff hoes
I want my brothers out the bando
I want to fly to, Spain or Morocco
You can't tell me where I can't and where I can go
Tryna blow? that's a plan though
But these haters wouldn't understand though
And I'm so ready for the war like rambo

I be paranoid as fuck I swear my mind's gone
Dark thoughts in my brain while the light's on
Try to be calm and let bygones be bygones
They didn't wanna listen now my switch is fuckin' lights off
Everybody in this city said they feel me
My nigga C still cuttin' trees in two (My nigga)
And lord knows if I tell him "will you spot P's?"
He's comin' back with green on the plate like some broccoli
They see me on YouTube and now they wanna screw me
I ain't done a nothing lord, why they wanna do me?
They love Max and the gyal moving loosely
Lord, tell me why my friends movin' bookey
None of-None of these niggas be trustworthy
A clean hearted G can turn around and do you dirty
Like "Spud man" first and next you wan' burst me
These gal drink 'nuff tell me why they still thirsty?

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Me and my brothers are money motivated
Give it a couple of years we're gonna be amongst the greatest
And word to Mostack, I wouldn't wanna be the one the one who's hating on others
I'd rather be the one that's hated
Who's next up? Nigga, that's us
Yeah we crept up, while these niggas they slept on us
Yeah we stepped up, now all these niggas they feedin' us
That nigga act tough, he ain't nothin' to gettin bust
Gonna bet some bitches, some fuckboy's cause I can't fuck with them
Done touring, couple niggas on the ride I mean tell them good luck with them
Killer flows, them man are still in the Ends with their wifey and hoes
Sound like J-Huss stay on the grind, I don't know what's up with them
When I do my dirt, tell me about them wanna tell on me
Why you bellin' me? Two shots for a frienemy
Tippin hennessy gettin brain from melanie
That's that remedy, yeah that arc was heavenly

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It's like, everybody's real but I don't understand though
Where are your designer? Where you livin'? Damn bro
Chatting bout the bands though, you ain't in the Bando
Some brothers in the can though, I ain't talkin' Tango
Man are talking fruity, who is this mango?
Call my cousin quickly, then light him like a candle
My brothers are my spinal, yeah they are my backbone
I'm in my two door dreamin' bout a Lambo
Dreams money can buy
Yeah you got Armani airs but you'll never be fly
Back then she said "bye" now she tellin' me "hi"
She said "You're potential bae", you feelin' alright?
Are you feelin alright? (what?)
Are you feelin alright?
She wonders if I'll call her back, I told her I might
Yeah, why they trynna hate, blame your Articulo
Walkin from my ends like catch me in dichino

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I've been out on my feet all week, all day
And I'm still getting P's all fine, okay
And I'm still breathing so I can't complain
If you're talking money you can be coming my way
My way
My way
No you don't want trouble so don't be coming my way
My way
My way
Any hell I'll get the drop I'll be running up in that place