

Both Ways

BiC Fizzle

(Ain't that DJ Chose over there? Mm, look like DJ Chose)
Uh, uh, uh, uh

Yo' chain real, yo' watch real, how the fuck you niggas fake? (How the fuck you niggas fake?)
Yo' world gone, yo' nigga dead, how the fuck yo' opps sane? (Sane)
My money straight, my people straight, but I like my bitches gay (Gay)
My main ho hate my side bitch, but for me, they gon' go both ways (Both ways)
Ayy, Klan (Klan), Klan (Klan)
If my niggas die, yo' niggas die, you know this shit go both ways (Both ways)
Phew, phew, phew, yeah
Bitch, you crossed me out, hop in them streets, yo' ass better look both ways (Both ways)

Ayy, ayy, I'm the top shotta (Top shotta)
More choppas than Afghanistan, ready for all problems (All problems)
Might pop it off and get it started, but I don't argue (No arguing)
Shooter from different hood, might get you knocked off by your partner (By your friend)
Revolver pop your collar, 'member rockin' Aéropostale (Aéropostale)
Won't hit me up if I go back, prolly won't even holler (Won't even holler)
Still on the front block like Shaq 'cause I need every dollar (Every penny)
Got thirty Glocks, stack like money for all my imposters (For all my-)
Know I'ma blow (Huh?), that's off the rip, won't let you get up close to me (Get up close)
Keep havin' dreams, I let a pussy nigga get close up and squeeze (Won't let 'em go)
Gotta be dreamin', 'cause you know that pistol stay tucked in my jeans (It stays, huh?)
You get at me, I get at you, that's just how it supposed to be (That's how it is, boy)
Hey, mi-mind of a shooter, take somethin' with me 'fore I leave (Take somethin' with me)
I gotta get them M's, pop's a crib and ice the team (Huh?)
We the reason the pawnshop out of them.223's
Make a diss song about Klan, it ain't gon' stop until you tee-ed

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Computers, they positioned, we who pull up, shoot 'til it's clickin'
Like Wi-Fi, we connected, we who pull up, shoot 'til it's glitchin'
I'm out here on my own, but hit the road and sell out these shows
I cut my hair, I'm wavin' in, they got me back in that mode
That money got my motherfucking palms itching

I don't know how I still got the world in it
Don't talk on Apple phones, got hitters from Mobile way to Arkansas
Like Chris, I gotta keep it tucked, and shut up, let that money talk
For all them darkest times, mama, you can smile
'Cause your son up, your son up now
I come from where they jealous, money get you buried, yeah, yeah
Bro 'posed to come home, but he hit up his celly, yeah, yeah
Your shooter Kyrie Irving, everything he do for the 'net
I know this bitch don't like me, she just like this chain on my neck
I need my money back by twelve at night, I'm done with yo' ass
NoCap the main bird, shouldn't be no problem bringing me bread
If Wop was here, he'd probably be right with me blowin' doja
Don't steal or reach for this, you'll have them doctors turn you over
If they don't remember nothin' else, they gon' remember this
If jewelry shine and money good, that nigga still a bitch

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