

(Everything major)
(Iceberg want a bag, bitch)

Uh, yeah, I'm in LA smoking woods of exotic opps
Flew with the Glock on the plane, don't get molly whopped
Killers with me, no, we don't need a bodyguard
Mm-mm, nope, no, I poured an eight of the Wock' in exotic pop
Designer don, wear Forces with Gucci socks
He was hating on the low, fucked around, got that nigga dropped
Uh, fucked around, got that nigga dropped
Shots at his head, ain't no need for to call the doc
Dissing the gang, that's the shit got your partner shot
Got the drops from a bitch, should've knew not to trust a thot
Damn, oh you should've knew that
This type of shit that'll get a ho blew back
Call me Scarr I just might beat a ho blue-black
Hellcat, it's fast, this bitch come with some run flags

Uh, yeah, snatch your pole off your hip, no, you can't get your gun back
[?] the gang, fuck around, get your soul snatched
Youngins, they ready to step like a doormat
Woah, boy, you should've knew that
I heard he got shot and he ain't get to shoot back
Prepare for the bitch, we ready for comeback
Freaky lil' bitch eat me up like a fruit snack
Uh, yeah, capping on what, boy, you know you ain't do that
Scarr hang out the scat with the Dracs shooting who next?
[?] like who that
Uh, yeah, like who this?
Spin a opp block, put that on my to-do list
Still'll mask up and go slide, I don't do hits
These niggas rap capping, my gang really do this
Uh, woah, these niggas boys, you know that we grew to this
Your bitch in my phone in my phone and she sending me nudity
AR spit flames, bitch came with a cooling kit
Stop claiming the body, you know you ain't do the shit
Used to be broke, now I'm stupid rich
Got on my shit, ain't got time for the foolishness

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