

# Bulletproof

Big Scarr

(BandP—)

Big Frozone (Ayo, BandPlay)

Let's go (Ka-ching)

Big Grim Reaper Gang

Uh, let's go

Uh (Uh), yeah (Yeah)

Lil' nigga runnin' his mouth like he bulletproof (Boy, you not bulletproof)

No, I can't argue, boy, deal with them ditchers, dude (Boy, deal with them ditchers, dude)

Hitters on go, it's no cost to get rid of you (Get rid of you)

Nigga want smoke 'bout the bitch, yeah, he miserable (He miserable)

FN on me if he tryna get physical (Hit critical, uh)

Woah, I ain't wanna do it, this shit 'bout the principle (Woah)

They love when I'm swingin' my chain in my city (My city)

Ain't with the media beef or subliminals (Postin' subliminals)

I'ma pull up just to check niggas' temperature (Check niggas' temperature)

He can't repeat what he said, now he bitchin' up (Bitchin' up)

Uh (Woah), I got money and drip, what the fuck I need feelings for? (Fuck I need feelings for?)

Wock' in my Cris', fell in love with the double cup (Double cup)

Them niggas mad 'cause we won't let 'em link with us (Woah)

Send a bitch through my phone, yeah, I call it a kill switch

Hit like a Drac', but this bitch here a Kel-Tec

I need the plug on the drank, where the seals at?

Uh, Wop got the drop from a thot, now we know where he live at

Tell 'em free Dread, we still tryna appeal that

Cup got me nauseous, still might throw a pill back

Double R Gang, we the Rugrats

Step on an opp, leave his back where the rug at

We can't beef if you broke, I'm above it

Reapers with me, you can still get your soul snatched

Ain't no ask, I don't know where the hoes at

Me and Pyrex tryna see where them 'bows at

Wanna beef 'cause he know where his ho at

After I fucked her, she ain't wanna go back

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Ayy, these niggas mad they ain't gettin' no paper, shawty, come on

Use a straight drop, make you nauseous (Nauseous)

Quick to buy a opp even if it cost me (If it cost me)  
In a long run, know the short run (Should run)  
We gon' run shit down, who you runnin' from? (Come here, lil' nigga)  
Mama say that you got too many guns (Brrt, brrt)  
Can't shoot 'em all with just two arms (Brrt, brrt)  
Watch me (Watch me)  
Call me Black Eye, I dye shit (I dye shit)  
Nigga, cool down, we on hot shit (Hot shit)  
Knee-deep in the streets like a dropkick (A dropkick)  
Treat the opps like a door, we knock shit (Knock shit down)  
Keep the diss record, get your brother pack (Get him back)  
Fuck over opps like I'm on honeypack  
Three-round burst, Instagram, double tap  
Dead-ass nigga wasn't livin' like that (Livin' like that)

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(BandP-)