

On The Same Shit

Big Scarr

(Holly Turnt This Shit Up)

Mm, mm

Woah

Mm-mm, mm, uh, mm-mm-mm, let's go

Uh, Big Grim Reaper Gang (Woah), know who running this shit (Woah)

Let's go

Uh, let me tell you the difference (Tell the difference)

I'm in the streets, use this book just to tell how I'm living (Show how I'm-)

I'm not the type to start shit and don't finish (Uh-uh)

If I kill my man, dump the clip 'til it's empty (Clip 'til it's-)

No, I can't show him no sympathy (Uh-uh)

Bitch sent a text, said she leaving, she sick of me, woah (Woah, woah)

These niggas killing me (Woah)

Pillow talk to the ho, next day, she licking me (She eatin' me)

Mm, woah, the money ain't change me (Woah, uh)

Still'll pull up in the hood on the same shit

Steppers with me, yeah, they armed and they dangerous

Auto the Glock, let it rip without aimin' (Let it rip)

Uh, internet dissing, it's lame shit

Catch him down bad, now he speak a new language (Pull up with his main bitch-)

Uh, hoes on my dick 'cause I'm famous (Tryna hate)

Same bitches didn't look at me when I was nameless

Uh (Woah, let's go)

Took losses and crosses, I feel like I'm painless

I'm a boss, if you talk, gotta make some arrangements (Gotta close up your mouth)

Cut on the truck, make it out when it's raining

No cuddling, told her just give me the brain (Woah)

Won't fuck this bitch, can't have that dirt on my name (Dirty on my-)

No strings attached, that's just part of the gang (Woah)

Double Perc' made me move it, no, we not the same (No, woah)

Ride own my wave, I just stay in my lane (Just stay in my-)

Now I walk on the stage, bitches screaming my name (Screaming my-)

Reachin' that fire, I got accurate aim (I got accurate range)

Deadeye with the Glock when we bust out his brain

I stayed down, ran it up, you can go do the same (Yeah)

I taught myself how to hustle (Yeah)

Now, look, I'm the muscle

I know how you feel 'cause I come from the struggle (Woah, woah)

Get up and go get it, lil' nigga we straight out the gutter (Gets up)

Now that I'm rich, I can go buy whatever

That shit that you say, bitch, I spend on a sweater

My lil' bitch, she on it, I call her Griselda (She can do whatever)

Backdoor a nigga, she do what I tell her

Rich and I'm ruthless, the money ain't make it no better (No)

Don't like when I'm mad 'cause I turn to the devil (Woah)

Just me and fat cuz, I know he 'bout whatever

Don't fuck with these niggas, no, you not a member (You not a stepper)

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