

Lack Again

BIG30

MIA JAY C
Free 'em up
I hear you JAY C

It's a couple niggas lack, I pray, lack again
Couple bitch niggas still alive, 'posed to be dead (Die)
Lot of niggas turnt
Killer that ain't never kill shit (Niggas hoes)
Better up the chop' and get to blowin' like a ceilin' fan (Bop-bop)
Catch a opp and turn it to a sad day on Instagram
7.62s hit his ass so fast he ain't know he was dead
Lot of niggas was, but I weren't nervous on my first drill (Never)
Take a nigga life from him and put that shit in God hands (It's all in God hands)

Niggas think 'bout gettin' up right now, this shit just the beginning
Niggas think they finna live for long, but, this they last year (They gone)
I can have a million dollars cash, I'm still tryna spin

Shit, I already took a middle finger, get to smackin' (Still on the same shit)
Nigga ever catch me lackin', I deserve whatever happen
In the field like we at practice, stay to clutchin' automatics
Give my opps a round of applause, soon as we see 'em, get to clappin'
I'm forever gon' get active, I forever be a savage
Nigga play it be a tragedy (Blld)
Everywhere I go, I bring that Drac'
He took one to the dome, 7.62 ate up his face
Niggas don't want no smoke, this shit right here'll get you laced
Police got me mad, and folks put the Eight on a high-speed chase

Yeah, gotta know everything confidential
These hollows, they get hungry, I ain't fed 'em since December
I loaded up my clip and told my Ks, "It's time for dinner"
When I'm in town, I'm with killers
Niggas die tryna spin (Dead)
Bitch, my kush blow (Dead)
If he look wrong
Never had no rap for niggas, all the opps get smush-stomped
Got your bitch, with the game, that my lil' ho
He don't think his bitch be fuckin'
Niggas be on [?] though
Quick to pull a fuck nigga card, no joke
I'm a bulldog, I pull up with .44
Yeah, I pulled up with .44
Spin exotic, rental cars
Whoever want smoke

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ands)

Better keep your choppa 'cause I keep my shit three-seven-five (Like everyday)

This my real life, these niggas actin' like they livin' wild (With this Drac')

Trigger finger itchin', shoot the switch 'til it's smokin' hot

I can't judge no nigga 'bout his life, I live mines on the edge

Niggas need to shut up, all that talk, get back and for they mans

Killer wants success, it come down do it, kill they ass for real

Certified to be slidin' 'round in the same whip (Certified)

Niggas thought we weren't gon' press no more since Milla 8 got locked (Since Milla 8 got locked)