

Up Next

BIG30

(Drop that shit, T-Head)
I keep poppin' all these tags, it make me feel like I'm possessed
(KJ, let the beat knock)
And these diamonds on my chest, it got these bitches so obsessed

I be poppin' all these Percs, it got me feeling so possessed
And these diamonds on my chest, it got these bitches so obsessed
When he pull up, drop the cash, you know them bricks gon' show up next
When you flex, it's too much cash, you know them folks gon' show up next

Went on a lick and shit went bad, you know them people gon' show up next
You pulled a hit, ain't wear no mask, you know them people gon' show up next
You keep on gettin' these niggas whacked, you know them people gon' show up next
When you get so deep up in your bag, you know that she gon' show up next

She don't never text me no, it's like she only text me yes
I been puttin' on these clothes, these hoes like the way I dress
Rockin' ice, it got her cold, my diamonds on while we have sex
Put my name in one of them songs, you niggas know what's coming next
Fuck takin' jewelry from a nigga, tryna take his head from off his neck
Good weed done blurred my vision, I'm in the coupe smokin' back to back
Smoke weed like nigga got cataracts
Can't breathe, I call that asthma attack
I was in LA for a week, what I spent on a shirt, could have bought Cadillac
Ho nigga, don't play with me, what I spent on guns, nigga ain't worth half of that
That fuck nigga shoot at me, don't get dropped down, nigga, that's your head for that
Nigga know what comin' after that
In the aftermath, do the math on that
You a rat, no comment, banned from that
Nigga play with the gang, get whacked for that
Just imagine that

I be poppin' all these Percs, it got me feeling so possessed
And these diamonds on my chest, it got these bitches so obsessed
When he pull up, drop the cash, you know them bricks gon' show up next
When you flex, it's too much cash, you know them folks gon' show up next

Went on a lick and shit went bad, you know them people gon' show up next
You pulled a hit, ain't wear no mask, you know them people gon' show up next
You keep on gettin' these niggas whacked, you know them people gon' show up next
When you get so deep up in your bag, you know that she gon' show up next

Why he keep rappin' 'bout murder? 'Cause he keep putting shit to rest
And every time they diss Nuskie, we gon' pull up, make a mess
Boy, this Glock 18 fully, ho, some shit go through a vest
I'm a dead aim sharpshooter, put some hollows through your neck
Blrrrd, blrrrd, ayy, where they at? (They at)
I put ninety on that boy head, tell me why he ain't dead (Ninety, why he ain't dead)
I'm slidin' daily in the 'Cat with a Drac', I ain't scared (Hey, I ain't scared)
They got the drop, know where I'm at, why they ain't came yet? (Ain't came yet)

'Cause they know how we play it (Play it)
Stay scrapped up with that- yeah, I'm a better shooter than a rapper (Yeah,
yeah, yeah)
Most of them pussies dead, if they still alive, we comin' after
For all that woofin' on the 'Book, them members caught him, ended chapter
Them niggas not a factor, kill a coward, get you all together

I be poppin' all these Percs, it got me feeling so possessed
And these diamonds on my chest, it got these bitches so obsessed
When he pull up, drop the cash, you know them bricks gon' show up next
When you flex, it's too much cash, you know them folks gon' show up next

Went on a lick and shit went bad, you know them people gon' show up next
You pulled a hit, ain't wear no mask, you know them people gon' show up next
You keep on gettin' these niggas whacked, you know them people gon' show up
next
When you get so deep up in your bag, you know that she gon' show up next

Blrrrd
I keep poppin' all these tags, it make me feel like I'm possessed
And these diamonds on my chest, it got these bitches so obsessed