

## 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

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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

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Blrrrd

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