

## Dicks Out

BigKlit

Dicks out like a orgy (rah)  
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Big Klit, big Glocks, it's a 40  
I'ma marry my Glock, she my shorty  
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Something wrong with my brain  
The voices never go away, go away  
Something wrong with my brain  
Bitch this a robbery  
Put the whistle to his arteries  
Roll up with the 9 on me  
What the fuck is wrong with me

Many things you won't believe  
Do not dare, don't you deceive  
My mind playing tricks on me  
Bury you under the tree  
It's the way it finna be

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