

# Rap Niggas

BigXthaPlug

(Damn, Ricky, this another one)

Ayy, huh

I got a bag on a lot of these rap niggas, huh  
Bet he ain't even know it  
He say that he strapped, but I bet he won't show it  
He claim that he gangsta, I bet he won't blow it  
These diamonds, they water, they wet like the ocean  
Four in a Fanta, they callin' it potion  
These niggas sweet, they gay, Frank Ocean  
I threw him some shots 'cause I seen he was open  
He run in my spot, he gon' die, what's the motive?  
He seen me with bags, he ain't know I was holdin'  
I hang with some crips that be stiff at the shoulders  
Them bloods that be with me, they itchin' to blow it  
They call me the plug 'cause I been movin' bowls  
I'm the first nigga quick to pull sticks at a show  
Tell T wait, tell 'em shop, we got gas for the low  
Nigga try me, I swear I'ma lose all control  
I'ma up this big bitch and lean back, let it blow  
I'm as big as they come but I'm stiff than a ho  
If I fall off today, then it's back to the store  
Can't hit licks where you stay so I'm back in the Grove  
I stopped breakin' down bricks 'cause I start movin' bowls  
I stopped sellin' that shit 'cause I start rockin' shows  
It's fifteen in the sprinter with twenty-three poles  
No Jordan, but that's how this shooter fit goes  
I really know niggas get cake off a ho  
Told 'em get it in blood, but he didn't, he a ho  
He must think that I'm Tinder, he slidin' through a ho  
Shoulda went to that mall I was strapped with my pole  
I got one in the head, bitch, I'm ready to go  
Full of that gas bitch, I'm ready to smoke  
Dumped a whole clip, ain't no point to reload  
I still bet a dub, I'm the ten or a four, ayy

Rosama been steppin'

Ten seven hoover, you know I been reppin'  
Stones on my wrist like I fuck with Rosetta  
Diamond in rough, I'm a coal under pressure  
Pilate my gun, nigga know I'ma stretch 'em  
Recievin' these bullets whenever I catch 'em  
I run with a tech, out there gettin' a message  
How this yo' crib, nigga? Go ask the devil  
Racks on me like I went and played tennis  
Pop up at the door like a Jehovah witness  
.45 on me like a nigga benchin'  
Dot on yo' head like the end of a sentence  
Put racks on yo' head then I'm makin' a call  
Warzone guns, send 'em to the gulag  
The fly on the rock then the wire to my dawgs  
One K for the teeth and a nigga still floss  
2018 was down fuckin' with the taliban  
2019, I was stiff as a mannequin  
2020, I was filing my taxes  
2021, started bringin' them bags in, ayy  
Niggas told me to go forward with this

Flow 'cross the paint, and I'm hard as shit  
Strap while I shot 'til my target hit  
Hook in my cup, my drink marvelous  
I walk on my ghost 'cause it's dark on my feet  
Feelin' myself like I lost my keys  
Money tall as a F now they fuck with a G  
I'm not what a bitch want 'cause I'm what a bitch need  
I walk on my ghost 'cause it's dark on my feet  
Feelin' myself like I lost my keys  
Money tall as a F now they fuck with a G  
I'm not what a bitch want 'cause I'm what a bitch need (I do it)