

(Baker Yung)

(Yo, Ben)

Turn me up a little bit more

Ayy

Yeah

Ayy, ayy

See, we posted with pistols and rockets

Ain't makin' deposits, we puttin' that shit all into boxes

Done got a lil' buzz, now I'm poppin'

Got racks in my pockets, a bitch nigga reach, then I'm poppin'

It's you or it's me, that's the option

You got that lil' pistol, ain't popped it, ain't got you no bodies

See, really you niggas nobodies

Got rank in the city, I make me one call and you bodied

See, we flash and crash as a hobby

Been goin' too fast with this shit, somethin' like Ricky Bobby

I'm strapped like it's part of my body

Stiff at the shoulders, I'm somethin' like Frazier or Ali

You fake, yeah, you niggas a copy

I bet if I give her this pill that she jumped out her body

It's wet, but I bet it get sloppy

'Cause I got a stroke give her hope and I bet he can't copy

Was cold on that field, was a jockey

But I had been jumped in that field before cleats and a homi

These niggas too pussy to try me

Bumpin' they gums on the 'net like they don't know where I be

600 the block, do you copy?

I really had fiends at the hotel gettin' lit in the lobby

These labels, they tryin' to sign me

But I want an M for my son, ain't no tellin' what I need

See, I'm bangin' Crip like a Hi-C

Murder Block Crip, trampoline, catchin' bodies

Used to pull kick-doors, always been ten toes

Shout out Rizzoo Rizzoo 'cause niggas scared to fight me

Still get the 'bows in on schedule

Good 'za bags of pressure

Still wrap 'em and ship 'em and scrape up the extras

Handicap Crip, we special

Hit him with the tool, on the news, he a special

Pull up and shoot like James Harden with carbines and rockets

They spin when I spin, pull up, drop off deposits

Hop out big bodies with shotties, don't get out your body

Just bought me an opp, on they block, we go shoppin'

Fat black with a gap, monkey nuts on the strap

You can't sit in my trap 'less you servin' or shoppin'

We got 'bows of Gelati and bales of Biscotti

Got a thot in the spot cookin' rocks and she topless

Fuck my opps, niggas mad 'cause we popped at they partners

They just diss on the 'net 'cause they yet to come pop us

I put that on Crip, they ain't really on shit

Hit his ass with a stick like a fuckin' piñata

Balenciaga don dada, Mad Max in Shottas

Watch me cook it, serve a nigga in his face, Benihana

That nigga gon' die if he try me

I'm a big Crip, bangin' C's like tsunami (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

See, I'm bangin' Crip like a Hi-C
I'm cold with them sticks and that ice, but ain't never play hockey
That hustlin' shit in my body
But if I ain't flippin' that pack, then I'm robbin' the party
They steppin' on shit, hardly
Jumped in the game off the top rope, I feel like Jeff Hardy
Finna ice out my chain, went to Johnny
Really too wavy for niggas, I'm screamin' out, "Gnarly"
Taliban not a gang, we an army
And yeah, we been havin' some motion, just waitin' to spark it
Smellin' like gas up in Target
Caught an opp lackin', he pussy, I don't fuck with the talkin'
See, we droppin' bodies, chalkin'
These niggas ain't really steppin', they really just walkin'
These niggas the feds, they be talkin'
I got some killers on deck that's gon' scoot for the profit