

2016

Bizzy Banks

Grrah-grrah
([?] made this)

Get Money
(What's good, Nonzo?)
Nonzo, know who be fuckin' the beats up
I feel like the old Bizzy (Bizzy)
All I'm missin' is the Don C
But they know what's up (That Structure)
Uh, look

He talkin' hot, up that
Brodie gon' clutch that (Grrah)
He on shooter (Uh)
Tell him, "Pass it and dump that" (Grrah-grrah)
Like, yeah
I feel like Bizzy in 2016
He talkin' hot, then he get a sixteen
They know my body, it's right in my jeans, like (Baow-baow)
Uh, I don't wish jail, only death in this beef
Hollows in the Glock put a nigga to sleep
Niggas hit bro and we spinned the whole week

They switchin' up cribs, they switchin' up Vs
Them niggas duckin', they don't wanna tweak (At all)
Them niggas duckin', they don't wanna beef
I do not talk, I don't post on the G, like (Like)
Yeah, I used to rob and shoot out the van, damn
He make a move, then it's, "Bam-bam"
We spin a Benz in this [?] (Grrah), uh
I did not freeze, it jammed, damn
You not my mans, you my mans mans
Thought it was a opp, hit a damn fan, like
What you gon' do when you see you a demon?
Niggas saw me, started bluffin' and freezin'
Got in that car and that boy started schemin', like, tss-he (I see you)
These niggas pussy, I know they ain't tough
Word to [?] like me touch
'Cause I'm really real, I don't talk too much, like
Uh, I tell 'em, "I'm really slimin' for real" (I'm really slimin' for real)
You whine to your mom for real
You callin' your bitch but she mine for real (Stupid), like
Don't get out the line for real (Why?)
'Cause I do the drill and the time for real (Grrah-grrah-grrah)
Like, uh, 'cause I'm still in the trenches, bitch
Hop out the car, start switchin' shit
Beam on the pole, we ain't missin' shit (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Free Bie', free Chop'
They know my body, gotta keep a Glock, like
Free Luv', free Pop'
Yeah, you know Molly is still up on the Rock, like
And if he move wock
I'ma tell AK, "Get him out the spot", like
On bro, though
Free Black, free Mane, free Solo, uh
Free Kodo
Got a Glock with a dick, no homo, uh
Twenty Romo

Tryna be down, send him up like a yo-yo

Yeah, I feel like Bizzy in 2016

He talkin' hot, then he get a sixteen

They know my body, it's right in my jeans, like (Grrah-grrah, boom)

Uh, I don't wish jail, only death in this beef

Hollows in the Glock put a nigga to sleep

Niggas hit bro and we spinned the whole week (Like)