

Genesis

Bizzy Banks

Get money
Bizzy

If niggas start something, I finish it
But I always start shit, call me Genesis
It ain't no competition, I'm putting it into it
These niggas dying just 'cause of they sentences
Headshot leave 'em bleeding, period, uh
When I say shit, it's like they don't be getting it
'Rona got the world lit like Phineas

I always score off the backboard
Picked up a gun and I started to bag RAW
I get breesh with this mask on
I only hit once, bitch what you attached for?
Heard they opened the backdoor
My niggas feening to slide and go blast more
We subtract when they add more
They ask who got guns, that wasn't your task force
What the fuck do I look like? A sell out?
We copped a pounds from Cali to mell out
We do not sit for no charge, we gon' bail out
Hit from the back and my name she gon' yell out
I just be moving smooth like whoopy woo, uh
Fuckboy, if you snooze, you lose
And it's always two guns when I'm moving through, like
I've been feening to get him boomed
If you die, that's the shit that's gon' shake the room, like
Masked up when I make a move
It was time when your boy had to play it cool, uh
'Cause a nigga ain't have a tool
But I'm still with the shits, so nigga don't be a fool, uh
Young nigga just droppin' jewels
Niggas know what I do when I break the rules
Certain lines you don't cross, you gon' make the news
I might just slide, do the cha-cha
Cucaracha, bust a move then we aiming at his matta
Send a frank, no Sinatra
Before we make it hot, just chill like culata
Boy I'm a shotta, move proper
Big guns and this shit go rata
I'm a savage, shoot good, should've played for the Mavericks
I was down, but a nigga been having
Play ball but send bullets like Madden
No capping, fuck rapping, you know hustling really a talent
Bag it up, then I'm making it happen
She choking on dick like the cinnamon challenge
Bag it up, then I'm making it happen
She choking on dick like the cinnamon challenge, like
Ayo Ruger
Since young, you know I've been a shooter
We was spinning, no rips through your scooters
Got money, upgraded the Ubers
I got lit and fucked bitches at Hooters
Still in the field moving grams of the Cuba
Might get lost on my side like Bermuda
We don't talk, we don't beef on computers, uh

Bitch I got famous with no hooks
I ain't get no looks, like
These niggas so shook
I could tell you ain't no crook, uh
You get brushed like an old book
You a pawn, you got no rook, uh
Your lifer could get took
And your foodie could get cooked
I do this shit on my own so they hating me
Half of these rappers could never relate to me
I made a move from A to B
I done fucked bitches from A to Z
I told my bitches to stay from me
Shawty get happy and start giving face to me
These niggas pussy, they know not to play with me
We just been trappin', but this shit a vacancy

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