

# LightWork Freestyle

Bizzy Banks

(Sebzbeats, baby)  
Brrrt  
Get money  
Bizzy  
Uh  
Light, that structure

You movin' like someone you not  
I make it hot on your block with unlimited shots (Bah-bah-baow)  
Don't make me run up in your spot 'cause a body gon' drop  
My nina look like the victim  
He think he cool with his orphans until I tell my niggas blitz 'em, fix 'em  
Wait, I'm not into that ho shit (At all)  
I'm in a hole, but I'm feelin' good 'cause not I'm into that broke shit  
Rubbed a nut on her butt like it's lotion  
Stop poppin' pills 'fore you start overdosin'  
Like (Niggas be wildin' off the 30s)  
Look, can't fold for a bitch, they got nothin' for me  
And I can't trust a friend 'cause they nothin' to me  
My brothers was down, so they ballin' with me  
Fliggidy, my niggas shootin' like bliggidy  
Pussy, you gotta be kiddin' me thinkin' you takin' my energy  
I'm sendin' shots like some Hennessy, that shit gon' boost my adrenaline  
Look, bitch, I ain't tryna get intimate  
I'm out here chasin' these Benjamins, like

You better structure up 'cause can't nobody fuck with us (Nobody)  
Slim be all in the cut, so don't think about runnin' up  
And we takin' four if you tryna take one of us  
You down for the ride, better buckle up  
And my niggas been scarred, ain't no cuttin' us  
Swear these niggas be cappin', they cuttin' up like

Do somethin'  
You touchin' your hips, but I know you won't shoot nothin'  
Who bluffin'? (What?)  
Pulled up to his crib, boy ran and ain't do nothin'  
Who frontin'?  
Tell 'em stay where they at 'cause I'm ready to boom somethin'  
Who frontin'?  
Tell 'em stay where they at 'cause I'm ready to, look  
Bitch, I'ma chalk with this toolie, don't think about passin', look (At all)  
That boy a stain, I don't know why he let his mans gas him, look  
Tell 'em I hunt shit, my niggas run shit  
Don't want your bitch, but a nigga took her  
And my shooter my son, call him Devin Booker  
Patrón shootin' his shot, I ain't talkin' liquor  
Don't get the lingo, then fuck it  
No, you not tough with that chain on runnin'  
These niggas ain't on nothin'  
Become a hashtag if you push my button  
This slap back 'cause it ain't no frontin'  
She want to fuck 'cause the pesos comin' (Like)  
Yeah, they really comin', yeah, they really comin' like, look

You better structure up 'cause can't nobody fuck with us (At all)  
Slim be all in the cut, so don't think about runnin' up

And we takin' four if you tryna take one of us  
If you down for the ride, better buckle up  
And my niggas been scarred, ain't no cuttin' us  
Swear these niggas be cappin', they cuttin' up like

I'm clutchin' the BE, it really hold sixteen, I'm lettin' off five  
Ooters be with me, goin' fifty for fifty, is you ready to die?  
I gotta make bond, I feel like James Bond, it's you before I  
I flex my Billie jeans, glove on, feel like Mike Jack' in his prime  
If you an enemy of my enemy, we gon' link up over time  
He tried to stand tall on the dancefloor, watch that can spark 'til he drop  
You watch your mans fall once the gun drawn, better put aside all the pride  
It's a landslide when we slide  
Don't you dare try one of mine  
Ain't nobody could save a nigga, I erase a nigga with that .38, don't miss a  
shot

Back out, hawk 'em  
I get to chasin' niggas up the block  
I put the laser to a nigga top  
Bizzy pass the tape, put him in a box  
Call me G Bando Jordan  
It ain't no missin' once a nigga hot  
I made the block hot, but it's winter  
Shot clock and a temper  
We 'bout to hotbox in the Sprinter  
I fuck an opp thot with my niggas  
If he a top opp, won't forget him (At all)  
With that .38, don't miss a shot  
Back out, hawk 'em  
I get to chasin' niggas up the block  
I put the laser to a nigga top