

Outro

Bizzy Banks

Uh
I'm still outside with the grip (What?)
What you expect my jewelry a brick
Please don't talk hot or you will get hit
'Cause they know my body I'm never gon' miss
Like, bro just got shot they don't know what to do
Bitch I'm outside and I still tote the tool
Please don't talk funny cause in the mood like
I'm known for shaking the room up
I took a yeeky I'm gone off a school bus
Only take tens a thirty like too much
Rockin' off white the fazo's the blue one
I told Bando chill, but I'm back on the block 'cause lately it's getting real
And they know the facts
If I'm outside it's like two or three straps like
Look, lately it's been getting crazy (What?)
Nigga I'm grown don't 'bout no babies
Did it myself, nobody ain't make me
Twisting my fingers like T Money raised me like
Uh, take a break from the court
Had to come back 'cause I'm loving the sport
They know my body, I show no remorse
I was tired of telling niggas to toss like
Pass me the stitchy
I might just slide with unlimited
What's thirty or fifty
You know Luva got the laser (Laser)
Henny no chaser
When I pull up it's a banger
If you with yo' bitch then it really might graze her
But it get hot like Jamaica
Uh, my body different
Bando like Jordan and I'm Scotty Pippin
Get hit with this mop if you think that I'm slippin' like
Look, Bando like Jordan and I'm Scotty Pippin
Get hit with this mop if you think that I'm slippin' like
You know I'm keeping a long nose
Spin through his block in the morning like Lonzo
Caught an assist so I'm callin' it Rondo
Can't see his face so that boy is a John Doe
We in the trap but she think it's a condo
Like she say that it's beef then we pick him up pronto
Like it's you or me
So if he bust a move we gon' do him like Kooda B
The ground shakin'
That ain't no diss I'm just sayin' we front pagin'
Dalmations, if my dawg rush your spot it gon' look like the dalmation
Crime rasin', please don't talk hot 'cause we got the crime rasin'
Like, like