

Old Friends

Blac Youngsta

Whip it again, whip it again
My lil'niggas shoot the pan
Whip it again, whip it again
My lil'niggas shoot the pan
Old friend, old friend
Man I miss my old friend
Old friend, old friend
Man I miss my old friend

Lamborghini, Ventador
Man I miss my old rims
Kick a door, hit the floor
I came for you boyfriend
You don't want a fucking smoke
It gone be a war again
I tote them big Glockes
Shoot you in your organs
Ride my nigga to the death
And I'll ride my nigga to the death
And my flag hang on the right
And my bitch flag hang on the left
My bitch crippin crippin crippin
She been trippin trippin trippin
I can't wait to lake kids of sleepin
If they shake junt she shit skripin
I gotta pay attantion
Nigga just cut your friend
It ain't gang banger
If you don't know how to twist your finger
All you rap niggas dead
Imma go like Drake, Imma gonna start singin (ooh-ooh)
If you cool with the Opps, nigga know I'm just gonna spank em
Beat the pussy like Flloyd yeah (x2)
Imma ex lounch to Atlanta kick it with Mr.Ronalds
They? lil'nigga love to tell
They know that I've got good drug to sell
They know that they bitch love to play
They know that they bitch love to tell

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Why you pull me over-cause' you black (What)
Why my aunty [?] cause' she crashed up
Why you cut this shit out -cause' it's wet
I don't like when a nigga stand behind my back-bodered me
You wanna go hit with the Mac- yeah

I just cought another flag-yeah
This my third year going in
Imma do another lap (gang gang)
Donald Trump fuckin' on everythang
This nigga need to go get slapped
Be careful how you throw up at California
Man that terrified you for a strap-foreal

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