

## Solo

Blac Youngsta

(DJ Swift on the track)  
(DrumDummie made the beat and I'm gon' kill it)  
(Mook On The Beat)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I say

Ah, ah, Glock on me, I'm solo, gang, gang  
Nigga say he shot at me and didn't hit shit, that's a no-go  
All my bitches pretty, how I know? 'Cause they send photos  
I send all my bitches' nude pictures to my bro though (Free Big Grape)  
Ah, ah, Glock on me, I'm solo  
Don't you mention Young Dro  
When I say I drip, my polo, gang, gang  
Gave my nigga ten years, he got caught up with that foe-foe  
I can't wait 'til he come home and take him to the gun store

Slow down, don't need to rush (No need)  
Put my brinks on a diesel truck (My D's)  
I got locked up with my alpine, police so evil to us (Fuck 'em)  
Faceshot, no need to fuss, my gun cocked, on D, cock  
So many of my niggas, they leavin' us  
Yeah, I feel victim to the streets when I turn eight years old, yeah  
My nigga, he ain't comin' home  
He ain't even make parole, yeah  
All that bad shit I did, I know God gon' take my soul  
I got ninety-nine problems, I ain't worried 'bout no hoes  
Real street nigga, gotta stand for some  
That's the realest shit I was ever told  
Yeah, let's get this shit understood, gang, gang  
I'm the type of nigga pull down, shoot you in yo' hood  
You the type of nigga point me out in court, I'm good (Hmm)  
I'ma gon' tie yo' mammy up, make you say I didn't do it, I say

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Yeah, I know 'em pussy niggas don't wanna see me breathe, ayy (Breathe)  
I ain't stoppin' 'til I'm better than Weezy, gang, gang  
My granny tellin' me to take it easy, oh  
Gotta be there for my kids 'cause they need me  
Role model, I ain't have a role model growin' up  
Craddy died, Ronnie died, TD died  
And I'm in the booth, still pourin' up (Pourin' up)  
And I'm in the booth, still pourin' up (Pourin' up, pourin' up)

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