

Stop Sign

Blac Youngsta

Yeah, I don't give a fuck about no opp dying
You better have yours 'cause I got mines
Pussy niggas, they want to stop mines
I'm from Memphis where they kill you at the stop sign
Nigga, I ain't lying

Fucking with the gang, it's a shootout (Gang, gang)
Nigga, we don't give a fuck who out (Gang)
I done tough talked but I cooled out (Brr)
I fuck on that lil' bitch with my two out (Gang, gang)
I can't lie again, I can't tell on my friend
They asking, you told what you knew 'bout? (Fuck, nigga)
I charged my F&N, hope it blow again
I'm the first one to shoot in a shootout (Blrrrd)
The opps catch your dawg, what you do 'bout it? (Do 'bout it)
Pussy-ass, nigga, you ain't shoot 'bout it (Shoot 'bout it)
Them niggas killed my dawg, bullets all good
The next day we was out the re-route (Brr)
When I'm in the hotel room, they gon' do lobbies
Too important, we talking money, I got shoe boxes
Bet my brother I'd catch them niggas 'cause he knew 'bout it
Could have got nine years, yeah, but he got two bodies (Gang, gang)
I said

Reach for my chains, you gon' die today (Right away)
Could have had the opps but they got away (Got away)
Let him get insured, get my driver, wait (Try wait)
My opps sent your ass from outer space (Pfoom)
I don't tell lies, I got my own style
I don't fuck with fuck niggas, by the way (By the way)
Don't you be surprised if I up my fire
I don't even trust niggas, by the way (Blrrrd)

I ain't never panic in a shootout (Shootout)
We gon' find out where he been, make him move out
I'm tryna park ten hellcats in my new house
A number of perc thirties in the trap, this a blue house (Ayy)
Can't never go out sad, sixty in this MAC
I shot the pen 'til it blew out (Blew out)
Sending 7.62s out the sunroof
We hit his block in a new Audi
Always smoking these opps, got it too cloudy
Get 'em whacked, take a flight 'fore they knew 'bout it
My lil' niggas love me, they gon' shoot 'bout me
They might pull out, shoot you out a Bugatti
I'm living everyday like I might die tomorrow
This one nigga ran, but he went that far
Taking pussy rappers out they double Rs
It's two millionaires in this stolen car (Blrrrd)

Ten-thousand on guns, nigga, who runnin'?
Said we doing too much, nigga, do something
Fiend fucking a Drac' 'til he's through cumming
And a nigga better not move the cars 'til I'm through dumping
Try me like a bitch, nigga, you gon' die today
This a Glock .19 with a thirty-round clip
And an automatic switch on it, by the way

'Set tripping on a Vine, got to have a trait
I be toting the air, all my Dracs, it be trippin'
Like, "Damn, you forgot that you got a case"
I ain't forget, I'm just sliding with this .308
Ain't no beefing, fuck, Wheezy's a DOA
If you thinking it's sweet, better go think again
'Cause I'm playing it cool and you getting baked
And we playing for keeps, put it in a safe
Ain't no playing with me 'cause we press play

New Rolex I took from the jeweller
These new Cuban Linx for my shooter
Ten stacks for a body, he do you
No runman, he knock out your noodles
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