

Thin Line

Blac Youngsta

You walking on a thin line
You put a basic magazine in your gun, I'm extend mines
Ain't gone stop shooting till that fucking drum hit you 10 times
If I'd show that bitch my neck and arm, she woulda went blind
Call my plug tell him send mine

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I serve him, I serve her
I been here, I been there
We went to war, they bitched up
When the feds came, they missed us
They missed me, I miss my homies
I'm with my homies till the day I die
Until they free, I'ma send em money
I'ma hold em down till they let em out
Connect with me, like a WiFi
Hit the set with me, let's ride by
If I see a op, that's a drive by
If you don't catch a body, you in time out
Put my bitch on gang real quick
Told if a lost cause I'ma need an alibi
Bitch I pull up with the gang real quick
Put that nigga in his grave for that shit he lied about

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I got the stars in the top of my Wraith
Is you too impatient, this a real situation
I wore them Prada's cause they had no laces
Don't ever butt in a boss conversation
You know I been running with killers for real
When I say my soldier I ain't talking Navy
Chasing cash money I ain't talking baby
Shake it fast for me, I ain't compensating
Heard that pussy boy got nine lives
I wet him up at the Five Guys
If you can't drive, and shoot at the same time
You can have a wreck or get side swiped
Hit em with the Tek, that's about ties
Cameras in the coupe, that's an iPod
Killers pulling up, in a car sides
It's a green light, it's a stop sign

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