

## 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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