

BBQ

BlocBoy JB

Who is you talkin' to, turn into barbecue
Keep talking shit, I'ma spark at you
Lie to my face like you getting cake
Pussy boy sold me a dogfood
You shining, that's how I spotted you
Them diamonds I gotta get off you
That's a closed casket, put him in a basket
Headliner, it's breaking news

Smoking on dope, chilling with the guys
While you at work pullin' five to nines
I'd rather go pull me a crime
Or hit the club throwin' up signs
Nigga diss crip then he dying
I got two white hoes snorting up lines
But I don't do dope drugs
But I'ma fuck on both of 'em
Stack my hundreds, nigga no ones
I don't really fuck with no one
Super Saiyan on these niggas
I might turn into a Gohan
Got my hand on the trigger
Nigga playin', shoot both of 'em
Nigga playin', shoot both of 'em
Nigga playin', shoot both of 'em
Shoot a fire with both arms
What is you sayin'?
Can't make demand, we used to do store runs
And your daddy is a bitch
'Cause he got his ass kicked by Grandpa Joe's son
Young nigga you a ho's son
And you gon' have a ho's son
And it's really fucked up
When y'all getting locked up, y'all can't make no bond

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