

Devin Booker

BlocBoy JB

Mmm

Yeah

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

Free my niggas with no bond
They Devin booked 'em like the Phoenix Suns
Caught an opp and I ain't have a gun
He ain't shoot, Mario Chalmers
Ever since then, had a burner
Been a killer, look at who I learned from
Want respect? Then you gotta earn some
Want a stripe? Then you gotta burn some

He wanna fight me, like Nike, let's do it
Kick his ass in the face, that's my sweet chin music
Only smoke dope, I'm not easily influenced
Lil' booties matter, what's up with the chewin'?
If I see a rat, put a shell on his back, Master Splinter and turtles, they go to the sewers
I'm in the field on the first and the third tryna score on an opp like I play for the Brewers
Bitch set me up, on my mama, I'll do her
Pass me the heat, yeah, the one with the cooler
Police behind me, watch how I maneuver
Fast & Furious, smokin' Vin Diesel
Can't say Paul, might offend people
Never ever ever been a line leader
2014, I was seein' niggas down, I ain't never ever been a timekeeper

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Deadstock Glock, fresh up out of the box (Yup)
This not a beverage, wrist on the rocks (Ice)
Pretty lil' bitch look like Vivica Fox (Woo)
If she ain't fuckin', she kickin' the rocks (Bye)
Just got the word you been missing your thot (Where?)
I ain't hit that, she just bought guns for the block (Ha)
That don't mean that you safe, I didn't say that I'm not (What?)
I just rather she put in some work 'fore we chop (Woah)
Most of my partners be felons and cons (Yeah)
Niggas keep one in the head where I'm from (Brr)
Chopper went rock, this a Drac' with a drum (Baow)

Send that boy up, he be kissing the sun (Uh)
Bin Laden go back to investing in bombs (Trap)
Jody might shot 'em and serve him some crumbs (Slime)
Scream, "Free the Mack," to the top of my lungs (Free the Mack)
I'm Uncle Sam, these niggas Uncle Toms (Oh)

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