

# Enemies

BlocBoy JB

Talk to me  
You know the money will walk to me  
Call up the bank tell em bring the whole vault to me  
Murder  
You know it's white chalk with me  
I shoot up the crowd tell em bitch get up off of me  
Me getting paid like the hoes at the West Inn  
She ain't gettin paid unless the hoe bring her best friend  
You know my best friend  
That is the FN  
Smack on my AP like my name was Ben 10  
I shot him  
God forgive me I done sinned sinned  
Smoke on this dope I get high off the twin twin  
Shoot him in the back and the neck with this 14  
I cannot take disrespect from not no man  
Roll with the Glock I'm protected by roll mans  
Ya'll niggas pussy they might as well hold hands  
All this ice on me I turned myself to a snow man  
That's on my mama!

I'm a OG can't nobody controlling me  
My clip hold 33 like Nickelodeon  
I got the key no custodian  
I finesse for them P's through the club do the shoulder dance  
No need for a belt cuz the forty gon hold the pants  
Low and behold get the packs and we mail 'em man  
These niggas ain't your homie  
Why catch a case with you I know you gon' tell again  
Snitch!

Enemies all around  
None of ya'll ain't my friends  
Enemies all around  
Better get out my way  
Yeah yeah  
For life  
I bet your life  
You want the smoke  
We got the light  
Yeah

Enemies Enemies all around  
Tryna take me down, won't go that way  
Enemies Enemies all around  
Tryna take me down, won't go that way  
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You want the smoke  
We got the light  
Yeah

R-Mean tell 'em fools what we doing  
  
Stacking that money I rack up a mill  
My dawgs they be growling attack you for real  
Rappers is capping for real  
We packing that heat like Cookies baggies that's sealed

I be smoking on that haze  
I be coming for your place  
Bullets hit you with a graze  
We ain't finna catch fades  
Look at me got 'em shook indeed  
BlocBoy burn that Cookies weed  
Independent and my merch game stay Daytona  
We Pusha T's  
Ugh  
Baby look at me  
The fly guy with the crooked teeth  
R Dash we be chalking 'em out  
Fuck is you talking about  
I'm going hard  
When I spit I spit it straight from the heart  
So the realest gonna feeling it on god  
You's a facade  
Salute the squad  
It's gettin spooky, it's gettin dark  
We like the mob  
When I say family life it's for life and we live with the scars  
On God

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