

Intro

BlocBoy JB

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
Crip (you ain't gotta bring it back)
Crip (I got the city man)
Crip crip crip

This that fuckin' Purple M&M (crip, M&M)
Shots fired at your crew, wait I want him and him (ayy I want him and him)
Two men down, man somebody call the ambulance (ayy call the ambulance)
Them men died, man they didn't stand a chance (didn't stand a chance)
Let your bitch kiss on the dick like she from France (she slurp in')
She got mad 'cause I went and fucked her friend (I fuck her friend)
Thirty-three up in my pocket, Scottie Pimp (Scottie Pimp, huh)
I knew one day my name would be on a blimp (word, word word word)
Look what you did to me, these are rotisserie (yeah)
Turn you to history, your death a mystery
Same nigga shakin' my hand like they fuck with me (huh?)
Fuckery, fuckery, they didn't fuck with me (word)
Look at this shit ma, look what I started (yeah)
Who would've know that I would be an artist? (yeah)
Who would've known that that check would deposit (word)
I came a long way from rapping out the closet (that's on my mama)
I don't think these pussy niggas better than me (than me)
Clever than me (than me), or I don't know how they level than me
With this rap shit (rap shit), trap shit, I'm on the map bitch
Please don't try me on no jap shit (word), I up and clap quick
(word word word word), ayy

Hah, hah, hah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Purple M&M, ayy I want him and him
I might scratch a nigga ass for they dividends
Crip, crip, crip, crip
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah
Word, word, word word word
Purple M&M, Purple M&M, Purple M&M