

# No Questions

BlocBoy JB

Hah, hah  
Word, word word  
Yeah  
They ask me all these questions, you know I ain't answer shit, bitch  
Check this out man  
One thing 'bout me, you heard me  
Hah

One thing 'bout me, I been 'bout a dollar bill  
Put some money on your head, yeah the dollar kill  
Shot a nigga 'till he dead, I got hundred skill  
Love the blue hundreds, them my fuckin' favorite dollar bill  
Nigga played yesterday, almost got killed  
Cause told me don't do it  
He standin' there stupid, loc think 'bout your music  
Your organization, the shit that you doin'  
So I thought to myself, my flag stay to the left  
Trojan, bitch I'm strapped to the death  
Logan, purple red gang in myself  
If you dissin' you rather off hangin' yourself  
These niggas not authentic (no)  
I came from the water with sharks in it (word)  
Bitch I'm on point like a dart with it (yeah)  
My car full of gas like a fart in it, for real (that's on my mama)  
These niggas are nobodies  
Back to teh basics, faded up like Yo Gotti  
Say you killer, caught no bodies  
Nigga talk around me, hit three out of four targets  
Get smoked like Bob Marley  
Headshot a nigga 'til he dead and his heart stoppin'  
Yeah the feds found four bodies  
Cracker ass bitch, like I said I don't know 'bout it (that's on my mama)

Where was you at on the twenty-second?  
Nah, can't answer no questions (no questions)  
Have you ever seen this Smith & Wesson?  
Nah, do you want to sell it? (how much?)  
I was locked up in my celly (word)  
Murder for hire, no snitchin' or tellin' (word)  
I got no calls or no type of mailin' (word)  
Tell me where you was at when I was jailing (word word word word)  
Where was you at on the twenty-second? (huh?)  
Nah, can't answer no questions (can't answer)  
Have you ever seen this Smith & Wesson?  
Nah, do you want to sell it? (I want it)  
I was locked up in my celly (woo)  
Murder for hire, no snitchin' or tellin' (woo)  
I got no calls or no type of mailin' (word)  
Tell me where you was at when I was jailing (yeah yeah yeah yeah)

Listen up boys, I'ma tell you how to do it  
Smack a fuck nigga if he ever acting foolish  
Fuckin' on your bitch, probably shoot a fuckin' movie  
The way she kill [?] you would think she was Jewish  
Shouts out to my fuckin' jeweler  
Got me iced out, ain't nobody cooler  
Send my homeboys just to do you

Y'all fuck around like the turtles in the sewer  
Bitch I'm the shit like cow manure  
I'm shootin' shit like Rodney Brewer  
You talkin' shit, I'm runnin' to you  
I call a hit, let the Fonz do you  
Fuck on a bitch just to ice out my wrist  
AOB, yeah it's all off a bitch  
Pass her to cause, I call that assist  
Shoot a nigga 'til he swish

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