

No Topic Pt 2

BlocBoy JB

Hah
Hah
Hah, hah, hah

Hell nah, I ain't squashin' beef, I ain't no peacekeeper (Nope)
Get up out my way, you see me drivin', I'm a beep-beeper (Skrtrt)
Phone call from big bruh, say he ain't feel 'em, shit, me neither (Me neither)
Talkin' all that rah-rah, tell that nigga close his dick-eater (Bitch)
This chopper, it hold a hundred, jawbreakers like Double D (Word)
Had to save racks for some money, shit, I been to Chuck E. Cheese (Chuck E. Cheese)
Frtrt, that's them switches, 5.56s, take every one of these (Frtrt, frtrt)
Huh, baby missiles, bullets sting 'em like a bumblebee (Doon-doon-doon)
Yeah, Adam Sandler, with my clique, these niggas comedy (Hah)
I'm startin' to look at these niggas like, "Damn, wasn't you just under me?"
Yeah, man, these niggas wee-oh-wee, I call 'em Bobby V (Wee-oh-wee)
Yeah, when you see me, you better dip 'cause you gon' die in peace (Die in peace)
Naw, hundred K ain't nothin' to me, I count that in my sleep (Yeah)
They been hidin' over seven days, I swear these niggas weak (Woah)
Her last nigga ain't put her on, that's why she fuck with me, uh (Fuck with me)
I'm a Crip, when we in the hood, she walkin' by the C (Crip, Crip)
Ayy, all these rings and all these chains, no nigga touch one (Nope)
I'm tryna see which gun he had that day so I can buck somethin' (So I can buck somethin')
All these niggas suckers, let 'em play, we goin' dumb dumb (Dumb dumb)
Slidin' with three lil' ninjas, he get rocky, up the Tom-Tom (Huh)
Booked brodie for a show, couple thousand, take his top off (Top off)
Niggas playin' 'til I tee off, I ain't never been to Topgolf (Hold on)
The way this lil' bitch fuck me, she damn near done knocked my socks off (Socks off)
Got a condom in my pocket, but round two, we goin' raw dog (Let's go)
Uh, where you goin'? Come back here, take your drawers off (Let's go)
Huh, what you sayin'? Call me daddy, who's your pawpaw? (Let's go)
I ain't gon' lie, lil' mama, that head fire, but that pussy a ten
You don't need no ass shots, if that cat fire, I'll buy you a Benz (Skrtrt)
Grabba and paper please, I roll me a spliff, I don't do the LooseLeaf, uh (Gas)
These niggas duck, duck, duck, up with the Glock on a goosy (Rrah)
Eastside Crippin' like Raymond and Tookie, smokin' OG, I do not do the Toosie, uh (No)
I send 'em home with my tooly, banana clip, lemon squeeze, that bitch is fruity (That bitch is fruity)
If it is beef, ain't no way we stop it
.223 freeze a nigga like the artist
Fifty-round mag with the double cartridge
Leave that boy on the street like the garbage (Like garbage)
Roll a nigga like a Taki
I need the cheese on the green, broccoli
I don't need niggas hatin', they can't stop it (They can't stop me)
And I made this shit with no topic, nigga (It's no topic, bitch)

Yeah
Them niggas can't fuck with me, man
Niggas can't even fuck with a motherfuckin' hair on my chin, huh

Niggas' best play is to stay in they place in they place
On my mama
Um (Um), um
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah