

Prod. By Blocboy

BlocBoy JB

Hah, hah, check it (word)
Hah hah hah (yeah yeah yeah), check it
(Yeah, yeah) hah, hah (yeah yeah yeah)
Hah (Bloc), hah (whoa), hah (word)

These niggas after me
I got them shooters on balconies
I'm gettin' head from a bitch and she Japanese (word)
Niggas they talkin', I'm loadin' and clappin' these
Loadin' and clappin' these pistols (pistols)
You are not an automatic hitter (a hitter)
Really you an automatic misser
Fuck it, I'ma automatic get you (huh?)
Smack a nigga ass with the pistol (pistol)
Pop a nigga ass like a pimple (a pimple)
Store-store-store run, get the gun (store run)
Up the Tommy, take his funds (he gone)
Take the hundreds leave the ones
For the strippers nigga (for the strippers)
I got an SK with a shank, that's the tipper nigga (that's the tipper)
Beat a nigga, sweep a nigga
We don't need them niggas (fuck 'em)
I don't think you niggas 'bout nothin' (word)
When I see you in the street (huh?), you ain't even got a gun
Askin' niggas for money (word), nigga you ain't got no funds
You know I do it B-I-G, you can call me Big Pun (yeah yeah yeah)
But I don't smoke no pom-poms
Run up, get done up (word)
My clip is so heavy, I can't hold my arm up (my arm up)
Y'all niggas faker than warmups (warmups)
I got the bread like a farmer (I-I-I-I)
Shoot like I'm Mario Chalmers (Chalmers)
Workin' my wrist, fuck my arm up (fuck my arm up)
I feel like Nash on the Suns, Mario chasin' them corn
You dancin', we pull up with guns, I'm 700, you done (Crip, Crip)
Got my hitters in the front like a radiator
Using big words so you know they annihilate you
I'm in her mouth like Now & Later, bitch I got all flavors
Bring that shit back, no turntable
Multiply that like times tables
We ain't got time for that
If you really want a crease, use the iron for that
Now a nigga need a piece of his spinal back
In a line of MAC's
Ke-ke-keep that, keep that iron for that
If it's an altercation, nigga we use nines for that
We don't do conversations, baby we don't got time for that
We ain't got time for that, we ain't got time for that

(Hey, wait)
We gon' do the ad-libs
(Hey, wait)
Tay, told 'em go'n do the ad-libs
Klay, I got your bitch callin' me a, bae
And I really don't know what to, say
I want her head like some motherfuckin' braids
And you know I'm finna, ayy, ayy, ayy

And I made this beat, ayy
Got your bitch and she in the sheets, ayy
And we turnt up in the studio
Track nation, yeah we live in this fuckin' ho
I got your bitch, she tryna book me for a fuckin' show
She gon' make you pay for it, and you already know
Bitch, I'm live
Like Channel Five
I just put 'bout a three five
In a blunt, now I'm so fuckin' high
To the sky though
Nigga askin' me these questions, I'm like why though?
And my niggas got that money standing five four
My money standing six four, I'm in a six four with the loads
Crip, Crip, Crip Crip Crip Crip Crip, Crip, Crip, Crip
Crip, Crip, Crip Crip Crip Crip Crip, bitch