

Rover 2.0

BlocBoy JB

Coupe got the missing roof, your boo came up missing too
Poof, I just stoled your boo, now ooh, she gon' eat the crew
Bread up in the gang, you would think that Bagg was comin' through
Smile in my face but like a plastic bag I see through you
Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
Yeah you fucked 'em up with this one Tay Keith
Hah, hah, hah
You got BlocBoy JB, Tay Keith produced it
Word, word, word, word, word
That cash talk, money long
Shows getting booked
Chopper fired at a motherfucker's dome
Hoes getting took
And if he playin', man he still won't make it home
Whole lot of Bloc Nation block niggas in your ass
Ayy what you on cuz?

Riding in the motherfucking Rover (skrirt, skrirt)
Nigga talkin' down, I don't know ya (huh?)
Made a hundred plays in the Focus (skrirt)
Gotta maintain, stay focused (that's on my mama)
Riding in the motherfucking Rover (word)
Nigga talkin' down, I don't know ya (I don't know ya)
Made a hundred plays in the Focus
Gotta maintain, stay focused

Headshot a nigga ass to see what his mind do
Catch him at a red light or a fuckin' drive-thru (that's on my mama)
Nigga playin' with the crew like we ain't gon' shoot
Ooh-woo, now them grapes come through
First 48 and yellow tape keep you from comin' through
I ain't been asleep in 'bout five days
My niggas crackin' card, they made five plays
When I see you niggas man, you know it's die day (it's murder)
And my niggas up with burners shootin' sideways (doon-doon-doon)
I know where you stay, and I know where you be posted
Lil Jugg got the Drac', we do drive-bys in a Rover
I just sold an eight to a white boy in a 'Doba
But really he just played 'cause it was some baking soda

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Ridin' in the fuckin' Bentayga (yeah)
Salt kill snails, not playas (yeah)
My baby mama with it, she'll mace ya
Every nigga with me on that gang stuff
Slaughter Gang, we came to shoot your kickback up (21)
Nigga disrespect me, he get shit backed up (21)
We done with her, come and pick your bitch back up (21)
I ran off on the plug and I ain't even picked back up

He got sent to the voicemail, he from Archdale (say what?)
Niggas with that Instagram, I'm at your doorstep (21)
Pump blew him in the kitchen from the doorstep (damn)
Bitch we bring that big smoke, I'm talkin' horse breath (wham)

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Bread up in the gang, you would think that Bagg was comin' through
Smile in my face but like a plastic bag I see through you
Killers in my motherfucking circle
I bang the C, half a circle
It's first degree, I'll murk ya
Take your head off on purpose

Hah, y'all niggas know what the fuck goin' on nigga
Nigga better stop playin' 'fore his mama end up layin', you heard me?
Real, on crip nigga
Whole lotta gang shit nigga, Grape Street nigga
Hey, hey, yeah yeah yeah

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