

Rover

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
That cash talk, money long
Shows getting booked
Chopper fired at a motherfucker's dome
Hoes getting took
And if you play woth money then 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
Nigga talkin' down, I don't know ya
Made a hundred plays in the Focus
Gotta maintain, stay focused (that's on my mama)
Riding in the motherfucking Rover
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Bitch I'm on a mission
Riding 'round with Lil Jugg and he got extensions
If a nigga diss the block he gon' come up missing
And if you want to find his body you gon' have to go fishing
We wash a nigga like dishes
You get did up if you say the wrong thing
You get hit up, we gon' break y'all niggas down like a swisher
Take a picture
When it's cold bitch I'm still the hottest nigga
Them niggas on the other side broke, I overlook 'em
All 'bout the Benjamins, I'm feeling like Bookem
Feeling like Raymond, grape street gang, what you saying?
Seven hundred, we the new Iran

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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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