

Solo Crippin

BlocBoy JB

Oh my fucking God
Kushy got a retainer, haha
(Damn Trap, that shit slappin')
Hah, ayy (Word)

I get more ass than a lawn chair
I like a bitch with some long hair (Hair)
She shakin' that ass and throwin' it fast (Throw it)
That makin' me wanna go bone her (I wanna fuck)
Sneak dissin', lil' boy, watch your tone there (Huh?)
I'm not givin' you shit, I'm no loaner (That's on mama)
If you do what I do, you a clone there (Word)
Sat down with a nine, young nigga did some long prayer
Ride around your block with a corner
I might just serve me a corner (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
He a barber, that boy used to comb hair (Huh?)
I might walk through your hood just to roam there (Huh? Huh?)
If you reach in that glove department, trap phone there
Give it to 'em like a donor (Donor)
Why beef 'bout a bitch if I really don't want her?
I check them hoes off the list like Nike Air (Woah)
Fuck her in your house and spend the night there
You caught me, I know you don't like that shit right there
You fought me, that's how you got that lil' black eye there (Huh?)
You diss them Crips or the Nation, you die there (Yeah)
Send your location, I fly there (Fly there)
Eight-legged freak, send her back in my Spyder (Spyder)
Four hoes on me, I'm the shit like a diaper (Diaper)
I'm comin' off the dome like a cypher (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Two-tone (Two-tone)
Audemar my wrist, I got designer on my 'fit ('Fit)
No collision, but nigga, we be callin' hits (Rrah)
In the Expedition, we got 'bout 37 sticks (Doon, doon, doon)
Heard your ex went missin', I got her fuckin' on the clique
No supervision, radar in this bitch (Bitch)
No record label, got my A&R in this bitch (Rrah, rrah, rrah)
Shoot a nigga in December, that's a cold hit (Cold hit)
All that sneak dissin' got your folks hit (Folks hit)
Caught a body, same gun, hit the show with it (Yeah)
Do whatever for the money, baby, go get it (Woo)
Thousand dollars for a front row ticket (Yes)
It's all fun until your dough come missing
Call my niggas, do a door-door kickin' (Kickin')
Say you a killer, get your mojo missin' (Missin')
Say you a P, better slow your pimpin' (Pimpin')
Bitch, I be solo Crippin' (Crip, crip)

Nigga, better slow your pimpin'
'Fore your fuckin' folks come missin'
Say you killer but your mojo missin'
Nigga, you ain't gettin' no money
Take a notepad, nigga, you came with that nigga (Oh)
I'll tell you 'bout these slow ass niggas
Say they a shooter but they gun ain't never on safety
Nah, we ain't even gon' play
Nah, we just fuck 'em on the pavement
Nah, fuckin' your bitch on the pavement

Nah, man
Shit is litty in the city, bitch
Nigga, weed comin' out in this
Boy, why you put that shit in here, boy?
Trapomatics made another one
Why did you do that? Stupid