

Up Next

BlocBoy JB

'Naro countin' up plenty money
Ha, woah
Runnin' up a check on these bitches, you hear me? (Ha)
That's what a nigga gon' do (Yeah)
What it is there, man? (Yeah, yeah)
Free all my niggas in that motherfuckin' pen (Everything like that, man)
(Whole lotta Crip shit now) Know it ain't gone, y'all, they know I'm up next
Ha, ha

Denaro Love, where the love at?
I'm a pharmacy, bitch, where the drugs at?
You snitch on your man, you a rugrat
I might call up and he get the club whacked
Snitch on your mans, who does that?
Don't throw them hands, who does that?
Choppa with 'stends, I bust that
They hatin' on me 'cause I'm up next
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I'm up next and they upset
Yeah, I know these fuck niggas, they starvin'
Choppa make him dance, make a nigga do the Carlton
Open up the Sprite like a motherfuckin' carton
What is you talkin' 'bout?
Who said we came here to talk it out?
Them fires at my sister Keonna house
Them Dracos and Glocks at my mama house
I bring them llamas out
No DJ, but they don't want drama now
Tryna get licks to few commas now
In the hood like Moto with hundred rounds
Used to these hundred rounds
Them three little ninjas on Tommy down
Everything new, we don't play around
My strap is the only thing hand-me-down
Put a hole in, goddamn, that's a portal
We'll send this pack to a nigga 'cross the border
Say that's your man, but he is a pill snorter
Give it to die train, you can call me two quarters
Two quarters, I just sold two quarters
To a dude doing a 15 grand, so who shorter?
You a reporter and a resourcer
Call up the plug, finna place a reorder

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