

## Tags

Blu

(Verse)

Beat still lead him in jack pat  
Yea, ill flavored tags in the backpack  
Drinks sequence old one, scratch that  
But them brown J3's drop, I had that  
Yea, tags all over the 2 tents and no bros  
Verses on the soul of my shell toes, wallows  
Wutchu know rubbin elbows?  
'09, glad to see them doors the hell closed  
Close call, Basquiats, but smashed city hall  
Weaving round all them laws  
Wutchu know about tags?  
You got em all over them final sleeves  
Drunk chick signing they tips flip  
Putting mustaches round the models and the maggots  
Fat ass John got er fast just on the Jag  
And you know for the clouds we got tags  
Snap bomb wires off heaven for tags  
But we ain't just talkin bout the 50  
'94 plates, insurance made it (tags)

(Verse)

Yea, beat still under the bridge shit  
Shoppin with a different, some chick shit  
Still got the new arrow still on the cap  
Plus the fat cat just to bust her fat ass  
Black white bubble, let her rap jazz  
You know rhyme of the Ratpack  
Crossin out facts, we don't hold no bad flow  
Sick with the Glocks, make em throw up (tags)  
Flatline John, Montana Max (tags)  
There back swimming on the facts  
We ain't just talkin bout graffiti  
'94 plates, insurance made it (tags)

Killers that joins the keys up (tags)  
Empty that, feel this K, got (tags)  
Every time he go off air he's got  
Shivers every moment, pace that  
The mere woman got some big ass  
Thanks to that Basquiat ho  
You know one sayin this all cold  
Saber in the LA river go