

# Violent

Ca\$h Out

All of my niggas they violent  
All of my niggas they wyling  
Sticking they chopper out the window  
Everybody grab extendos  
Jump out the car, and all you hear is  
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All of my niggas they violent

Come to your house, like some intruders  
Keep the strap on me, all up in hooters  
I ain't even tripping, I know the game come with snakes  
Try to cross me, you crossing a nigga who got cake  
Bloody summer, up the murder rate  
Got to test the shooters, better not hesitate  
Let a nigga play with me, his pussy ass dead yesterday  
Mike & Ikes on that stick, Put Mike & Ikes on your bitch  
What goes around comes around, I heard that karma is a bitch  
Pull up on a nigga, you talking bout taking what?  
What's the situation? Bullets penetrating  
Feels good to go to war when your cake up  
Bullets kissing niggas, go ahead and make up  
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Dudes with Rugers trained to murk the foolish  
Paratrooping, got the drop on em  
[?], we got Glocks for em  
Wyling out, busting twin cannons  
AR singing like Mariah, leave em there  
High and buying bags and [?], tryna fry this lil chicken nigga  
Melon splitting, all those killers thinking  
So precise, talking dame dizzle  
But it's raining rounds so they can't miss em  
Every victim used to be an issue  
7 thousand just to spend on pistols  
And them [?] will rearrange your gristle  
Seven six to a scud missile  
Scrub nigga, call me mister clean  
All you see is beams, red on em, got the green light  
Youngins with me ain't been living right  
You'll take a chance and they'll take your life  
AK on em with the lighter knife  
MAC 11 with the night sights  
Type bring guns to a knife fight  
Still stab a nigga cause it's on sight  
If I owe you I'mma get right, yeah!

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All of my shots they silent  
One thing bout my gang  
They all gon bust, even who driving  
Can't flex, I love to shoot the MAC 10s  
Make a blood bath, 6 feet in the deep end  
Put the barrel to his chin if he six ten  
Only pull out the vector on the weekends  
I forgot I keep a pump like the trapper  
Yeah I shop at Jefferies, but I am no butler  
I stay doing deep shit like I am Jay Cutler  
Remix the [?] like DJ Flip Mustard  
Shoot at his lungs till they turn to linguini  
Italian boss shit, all I eat is fettuccini  
You better know Flippa squeeze till it's empty  
Hit em with the semi, and skrt off in the [?]  
One thing about it, you know I shoot fast  
Small and big chopper I call em [?]  
I'm a true drinker, it's lean in my flask  
Lots of green in my face like I'm the mask  
Give my lil nigga a task, he gone pass  
We might load em up, Flippa we shoot real fast  
[?] ripped out and I keep ten mags  
I seen your bitch lately and she look like trash

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