

# Beatbox Freestyle

CalBoy

(Damn E, this shit exclusive)

Hey

Bitch

Hey

Hope you got yours got rover mine

Bitch I'm certified

Young wild boy you know the vibes

I was on the block like show your ride (Bih)

Heard the boy want some problems

Play with them dollars we gone load em nine

Shawty like why you got to ride with

So many bottles bitch I pulled a line (Oh)

Weirdo boy don't come outside

If I popping out you know someone gone die

I'm working out till I know that she tired

I hit it once then I broke her lil spine

I had to pull out a four for the guys

Boy you get smoke so you smoking the guys

Most of these niggas be hoes in my eyes

I let it blow so I roll with the max

Arms so cold like a motherfucking stoner

I don't trust no soul cause the chains on me (Uh Uh)

I change slide cause they all on the side bro

Can't even drive got the tank on E

I'm jumping out with that thing on me

Pussy you know I got range from b's

Slitty gon tear off his face for me

I'm sending shots in his brain (Baby I've been)

Thuggin in my re box with that G lock

Damn I heard he shot choppa make em beatbox

I heard that you know that the heat hot

Got rich off that G pot (Aye)

Won't throw cheap shots

Make yo main bitch eat cock

Told her respect my pippin

I got more bitches than lighting richen

Glock came with a switch

He pop out get busy we get him stitching

I don't pay attention to oppositions in two dimensions

All my brothers with a stick on benents

Hope you bicthes listen

Trap jump like the gym is La fitness is that dirty kitchen

Shorty stopped the gimmick got to riches off these dirty

Pigeons, We gon send him shots put him in a box just like

A two the picture

Won't pick up my phone bitch leave me lone

I'm busy getting richer

Baby pick yo poison we got percs or molly

Lean and liquor

I popped out with all my diamonds on

I made her leave her nigga

I don't even know what type of bitch you is

If you smoke woods or swishers

Boy was talking about all that shit he did

He still ain't pull the trigger

Choppa make him beatbox  
Uh damn I heard he shot  
I'm still thuggin in my re box  
I'm still thuggin with that G lock  
(Nigga, Nigga)