

Gang Time

CalBoy

(Chevy Music)

Ayy, you might lose your life if we come jumpin' out minivans
My lil' bro a striker, he gon' spin his block like ceiling fan
How he earn his stripes? He fake his life and post it on the 'Gram
I can't give no ho a dollar, I for sure won't give a damn
I been movin' dolo, I been duckin' from the cameras
We was like fifteen when we sent bullets out a Camry
Got it out the mud, bitch, I got rich, now they can't stand me
I can't get up with oppositions, we gon' get that nigga's family
Ayy, you wasn't in the trap when niggas was down, then I can't help with shit
Better watch your mouth, these bullets hot, watch niggas melt and shit
Mention me, you killed you and your brother, that's a selfish act
We won't hesitate, you say my name and get the belt for that

And we still pop out on gang time
I'm on the E-way with this bitch, she throwin' up gang signs
Oh, this your bitch? She gave me brain, she got a great mind
I'm drippy, drippy, fly as fuck, bitch, I got hangtime
These niggas pussy, swear I heard that through the grapevine
I'll probably buy a bitch a bag, that's if she stay down
These bitches be lookin' for a nigga like me, can't show what they found
I never thought Lil J'd leave, nobody safe now (Nah, for real)
If they don't get down, make 'em lay down, duh (Huh?)

Pop up on 'em with them switches, we pull up in minutes
My lil' brother, he a menace, he put belt to bitches
My nigga 'bout to get his sentence, come home to a ticket
I'm a superstar, I'm still sellin' Percs to the gremlins (Huh?)
Rap need me, I got the morale for it (Got the morale for it)
My garage full of Scat Packs and Lam' toys
Man, I used to slap smack, let's get it back goin' (Let's get it back goin')
Man, these niggas envy me like I'm Calboy (Huh?)
I really can't believe I rap, I used to pack crack
My opps better duck or get insurance on 'em, Aflac
I'ma have to pass on givin' passes, 'cause we past that ('Cause we past that)
Every time I see them niggas out, they gettin' fapped at

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