

# Moonlight

CalBoy

Ah, bitch, we criminal smooth  
Y-Y-Y-Yung Lan on the track  
And I hang with the mob, ahaha  
You know I'm with the mob  
Bitch, we criminal smooth  
Hundred bands for a kilo, nigga  
Ayy, ayy

And it ain't nothin' new, on the grind for the loot  
And I hang with the mob, bitch, we criminal smooth  
Bitch, I gave you my heart, can you tell me the truth?  
Boy, you better think smart 'cause you know what we do  
Yeah, they know how we move, right? Girl, they sneak, better mo  
ve right  
We still baggin' them tools, right? My niggas be wolves in the  
moonlight  
Drop dead, we gon' hit 'em, don't start, we gon' hit 'em  
Trap hard in the kitchen, broken heart with no feelings

And I know all these niggas lames and these bitches fu, they be  
changin'  
I know niggas think it's sweet, nigga, we can link, get it bang  
in'  
If I blow, let these bullets burn, chopper sing like it's Usher  
Raymond  
And I roll with some real killers and some real drillers, know  
they dangerous, tweakin', we make it, we famous  
All this money got 'em upset, ayy, hundred niggas want me dead,  
ayy  
Extended my mag, ayy, run up on me, you get whacked  
Yeah, I roll with the warriors, we run through the city  
Yeah, we finna slide and we finna slide, ain't leavin' no witne  
ss  
Yeah, ayy, bro in the kitchen, he whippin' the Whitney  
I got some money, you don't know the feelin'  
Ayy, thirty on me, make a fuck nigga get back  
Yeah, get back, yeah, hop in the foreign and zig-zag

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