

## Scrape The Sides

CalBoy

Yeah, yeah  
Uhuh  
Yeah, yeah (yeah yeah)

I've been coolin' but I'm runnin' out of patience  
Had a heart before my shit blacker than Haitians  
He sick as fuck they know he fold he can't erase it  
He play with me he know he dead my shorty take him

Baking soda grip that pot scrape the side woah, woah  
Jakes behind me and I'm hot, duck the 5 oh, oh  
Heard the killa's on that block you better drive slow oh  
Got killa and [?] pussy with my eyes closed oh

I come from that basement, you know I grown up to that pain heard you couldn't take it  
I ever go broke then it's right back to them bases  
Runnin' with my members you won't give it they gon' take it  
Dropped a hundred on a new foreign I'm speed racin'  
Spent a lot of time in that trap actually I'm days in  
Built it all of them on solid ground it's gon' cave in  
I won't fold again and I ain't got time for no fake friends  
SpotemGottem wack a opp, gun him down (woah, woah)  
I wasn't tryna punch no clock, but where'd them pounds go (where them pounds)  
Ridin' right through my city with something loud, woah (something loud)  
Don't play with me don't wanna have to gun you down (oh no)

Baking soda grip that pot scrape the side woah, woah  
Jakes behind me and I'm hot, duck the 5 oh, oh  
Heard the killa's on that block you better drive slow oh  
Got killa and [?] pussy with my eyes closed oh (hey, hey)  
Baking soda grip that pot scrape the side woah, woah  
Jakes behind me and I'm hot, duck the 5 oh, oh  
Heard the killa's on that block you better drive slow oh  
Got killa and [?] pussy with my eyes closed oh

Yeah, got that pot  
And there's killers on this block, yeah, yeah, yeah