

# Super Gremlin Freestyle

CalBoy

Yeah, we could be superstars  
We been rather wreckin' cars  
What is at stake for us?  
Kickin' off power mirrors  
Yeah, we could be superstars  
But I'm pretty sure our time is up  
And so we fell off the spinning tops  
Don't know, maybe for trial  
But way more error

How you gon' trade on a nigga that's solid, bitch you know my body, you know how we rockin  
Mama we poppin, remember them days in the closet, my papa was wires and stockings  
I had to pop 'em, was too outta pocket, boy you got a problem? Bitch you better drop it  
I told lil' Swigg, "The fuck? Is you crazy?" No, I ain't lil' baby, ain't taking you shoppin'  
I had to stay down, and come up, bitch I ain't have nothin', took off like a rocket  
I got a rocket, it's right in my pocket, we blowin' you jump outta body  
Baby, I poured up a four, Ima snore, in a minute I'm rollin' exotic  
We left yo man on the floor, and you knowin' yo' niggas ain't slide for nobody  
I know some niggas I used to call brother, left me in the gutter, now I want 'em dead  
I got some niggas pop out of they cut, up it, slicker than butter, then off wit his head  
I know my shorty Santana gone blame 'em, I told 'em, "I send 'em", he get off then bend  
I remember big bro died, all 'em nights I cried, I'm tired, they don't understand  
I done ran up them mills, I don't fuck wit no dream chasin'  
Betta stand on yo business, know a whole lotta niggas that done died on the green pavement  
Heard he talk that talk, we gone put 'em in a box like a motherfuckin' screensaver  
I been all on the road, I done stayed ten toes, pussy boy I need favors  
Know a hunnid new ways to go get me some money, in a day or two, run up a hunnid  
You don't stand for something, you fall for anything, bitch I won't fall for nothin  
Send them shots, watch he fall, he stumblin'  
I done flooded the mall in London, I'm still takin them bars to functions, I send shooters to fuck up the function  
You said it's up and it's stuck, and it's bussin', you said it's up, then it ain't no discussion  
You know about it, you know what you knowin', if you know nothin, stop makin assumptions  
I gotta shorty that hop on that fuck shit, get to blowin', and you be

tta duck quick  
You know the timin', and my brodie slidin', shorty survive, that puss  
y got lucky  
I paint pictures with this new FN, wish a fuck nigga would come brush  
me wrong  
When I roll up, can't pass my wood, cause the shit I'm blowin' be way  
too strong  
I got some blood on my hands, I gotta look up to the Lord, gotta righ  
t my wrongs  
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