

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, y
ou know how we rockin
Mama we poppin, remember them days in the closet, my papa was wires a
nd stockings
I had to pop 'em, was too outta pocket, boy you got a problem? Bitch
you better drop it
I told lil' Swiggy, "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 bo
dy
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 f
or 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, th
en 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
g screensaver
I been all on the road, I done stayed ten toes, pussy boy I on need fa
vors
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 f
all for nothin
Send them shots, watch he fall, he stumblin'
I done flooded the mall in London, I'm still takin them bars to funct
ions, 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, sto
p 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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