

# Underhand

CalBoy

(Alright, [?] Cartier)

Bitch, I've been that nigga, how you ain't heard of that?  
Slap in that truck at what you want, this shit come on demand  
Might fuck the ho, don't trust the ho, that bitch got OnlyFans  
I swear my stick came with a drum like I play for the band  
Don't put in work, get left behind, I hope you understand  
At grandma house, I swear my dope, I serve that underhand  
When I was young, I dreamed of paper plates and rubber bands  
I ride with my nigga Murda, I sent 'bout four shots, hit his head  
Uh

Ayy, fuck nigga play them games, no, he ain't stoppin' shit  
Yeah, ask bitch, "Wanna play crazy?", she ain't stoppin' shit  
Yeah, we ain't just sayin' [?] rich, these niggas be opposite  
Ayy, my dawg won't get him out the way, these niggas ain't stoppin' s  
hit  
Ayy, we had to smoke in the streets, my niggas won't speed, they thin  
k it's chicken, ayy  
I did a dodge in a foreign, took 'em on a high speed, I ain't want no  
tickets  
Shorty, I'll go everywhere, won't trip for my opps, them niggas bitch  
es  
I got hit 'cause I stood on the business, I can't [?]

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The way that I be sendin' hits, bitch, I just feel like taliban  
I be poppin' all these Percs, sometimes I feel like Peter Pan  
I put [?] up on they head, I know that he won't breathe again  
He won't ever spin again and spin again, we finish him  
We be all up on the seal, all them Glocks, they came with switches  
I can't really trust these hoes, won't put my heart up in these bitch  
es  
All these niggas, they be talkin' 'til we run up, touch that [?]  
I made a promise to my niggas, I won't change up on them trenches, bi  
tch

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