

XXL Freestyle / LLTK Anthem

CalBoy

Uh huh
Yea yea yea
CZ Beats, why you do 'em like that

I know first one in the crowd should be the closest
We was just under pressure and he folded
I shouldn't showed you love, they did me bogus
When he get the liquor, he be acting off emotions
We gon' hit em' from the neck up, throw ya' sets up
That lil' bitch want me to text her, ho your regular
Oh, she want me to spend my check huh, Oh god bless her
Hit her once and then I dead her, where the next one
You know I stand on top of business, even though I keep it lowkey
It's about 600 shots with us, even though we rolling 4 deep
My shorty reckless out here wildin', don't respect the OG's
I ain't doing checkin in, come on big bro you know me
Ain't got no heart, so I went hard on that bitch
Back in 147, I'm a god on that bitch
I can't help with shit, if you ain't starve in this bitch
Traphouse, full of scammers, doing frauds in that bitch
Drug dealers, totin' hammers, in the yard with these niggas
Fuck that shit, lets run it up, hit him with a .233 if he thinking he runnin
g up
I know they be faking, so I stay real far from love
I'm been seeing niggas, that's why I take a lot of drugs
Top the top off, bitch don't get chopped off
I'm running with some chunky shit, don't make me pop your
And that bitch looking so amazing prolly' get my rocks off
Talked to the lord he told me "I know you been sinning son"
Please don't come talk bout' what you got, cause I got plenty guns
These bullets ain't got no names on em', they for anyone
Get you one, pick you one
We just left your brody on the corner, you best pick him up
Thought you was shit, you double-crossed me, like I figured huh
I was on the corner, and I did just what the killers done
Shes a dirty bitch, but she gon blame it on the liquor huh
I pop many percocets, I'm groovy but I'm feelin' em'
I already said it once, I won't repeat, you best listen up
Bought some wock and some sprite, I might just mix it up
Groupie bitch in my section, I won't take a flick with her
Set me up, I still see it yuh
I swear to god I miss the old days, I'm still faking like I'm ok
I just mixed the Gucci with the dolce
I just mixed the balenci with the VLONE
My bitch got to tripping, took a smoke break
They say I'm the neighborhood hero
I got all my shorty's, don't wear no cape
I know you ain't feel it, if you ain't been here before
Brody say he got me and he's ok
Brody say he got me and he's ok
Brody got me and he's ok
Brody say he got me and he's ok
He's ok

She told me fuck me too many times
Had to say fuck it and I had to tuck it cuz' I prolly' told her too many lie
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Patience, you gotta have patience, so I had to post up and wait in the winners line
My heart as cold as the wintertime, we gon' pull up with glizzies get rid of slime
Yea, them boys know its dinnertime
I just mind my business, keep in mind im with it, yea uh uh
On the grind I get it, only time I spend it, yea uh uh
Better wipe yo' tears better face yo' fears nigga don't run
Lemme make this clear, ain't shit that I fear nigga, no one
I know I came a long, long, long way from downy
I know cash rules everything-a-fucking 'round me
Tell the truth, baby I was true, why you fucking doubt me?
Not to mention, I'm from 147 we get fucking rowdy
I was 15, I had big dreams, serving out that backdoor
I got footage, when my brodie died, what you show me that for?
I lost Wes, and I damn near cried, brodie was my backbone
I lost em' all in one year
Oh
I wish Lariah was here, and hearing this song
I wish big Wesley was here, and hearing this song
I wish lil Savage was here, and hearing this song
I wish Lil Dooda was here, and hearing this song

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