

Rearview

Chris Webby

Yeah, Kali (Kali)
If we cross paths, I'ma ask you (What?)
What you think you really want up on your tombstone?
With a black mask, better act fast
And never really get to see your kids full-grown
We in the game, one and the same
Stick up [?]
Give me rings and chains or you are no longer livin'
This a boots-to-toot institution
Hunnid proof shots and got some prostitution
They told to me get out of town
I came back with a kango wand
On a horse gettin' my tango on
And bang-bang if anything go wrong
And it's a funeral, I shoot at you and I don't hang around that long
Nobody movin', nobody might be gettin' hurt
Try to play the hero
Put a hole up in your dirty shirt
Wanna reperish? I'm the greatest gunslinger
Bringin' terror to your sheriff
I'll give him the middle finger (Uh)
I'm on a Harley, they hardly harmin' me, I get away
Breakin' the law, they're pickin' me up any day
Bad man with a country drawl
Any building you see me in I'm makin' a withdrawal
Pop shots at the cops when they on my block
You know thug life, feelin' like the brand new Pac
Played 'em like a lighter fluid and I ain't gon' run
You can't bust so I'm givin' a gun
Outlaw

All I do is chase those flames (Flames)
'Cause I don't wanna play your game, nah-nah
So stick 'em up, bang-bang-bang (Bang-bang)
As I ride with the law in my rearview
No turning back now (Back now), cast out (Cast out)
Leavin' like a thief in the night
So pour a last round and sit the glass down
As I ride with the law in my rearview
Yeah

Yellin' out the window like, "Fuck the man"
I'm the modern-day Bugs Moran
Pullin' kapers like I'm Baby Face Nelson
On a raised tail since I was a juvenile
My enemies at school
I pull up on 'em and shoot 'em down
My homies were stealin' cars
Take your Mercedes-Benz
Catch a body slippin' while they hittin' the ATM
I really don't wanna stick up an innocent lady, damn
But that's the way the game go, baby, I play to win
My lady let Patty Hearst be Bonnie and Clyde
Anybody that stole some money from Johnnny, they died
It's all [?], run up in the gas station dressed in all black
'Til the timid intended to fall back
Make 'em open the safe, there ain't enough in the cash drawer

Get away and shoot up with the cops if they catch up
I feel like an old soul
Like if I was there in the prohibition era I'd be makin' gin in the bathtub
And roam with Al Capone
Droppin' your local bae
Known for overkillin' enemies with a car bomb
My shooters are in the skies
They dressin' like G-Men
Blamin' the FBI for murders that we did
The CNT bitch, this is organized crime
North side of Georgia and we showed up [?]
Tell the copper's in the rearview, "Walk a fine line
Get up on me too close bakka-bakka, bye-bye
You gon' get it"

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If it's cops and robbers I'm the one that'll dodge the coppers
Mob with a squad of monsters
Won't stop the roster
So lock your mom-and-pop shops when I'ma come knockin'
I'm just that crime figure like John Dillinger
Fired up all of my cylinders
Outlaw sinner 'til I get shot down and they draw that chalk 'round my perime
ter
With the lights in the rearview, high-speed chase
Pretty Boy Floyd, you ain't know I shoot straight (Hmm)
Under my scruff got a baby face
But got a ski mask on with a gun on my waist
Big bag when I enter (Yeah)
Tell the bank teller (Yeah), "Fill it up or die right now, it's whatever
Don't press that alarm, don't try to be clever
Or they'll carry you out in a body bag on a stretcher"
Veteran of runnin' from the badges (Yeah)
Break laws but I pay my taxes (Yeah)
Won't Al Capone me, too smart for that shit
When IRS come knockin', have at it (Yeah)
Suck my dick while you at it too
Diamonds lookin' like rabbit food
Carats, get it? Take your best shot
Just watch when the shot come back at you

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