

HUNT

Cochise

Proud of her grandson
We gon' make lil' bro shoot you with a cap gun

I know grandma real proud of her grandson
We gon' make lil' bro shoot you with a cap gun (Huh, huh, huh, huh?)
Someone hand that boy a hat, he always bappin'
And I came to get my sum and then some (Yeah, yeah)
AR-15 got a switch and a damn drum
Since broski got a MAC, I'll hold it like a Samsung
I called this artist, told his ass he was a damn flunk (Doo, doo-doo)
Sosa, what you smokin' on? This that damn funk (Bang)
Pull off, leave your ass smellin' like a damn skunk
We gon' make you walk it out, call you DJ Unk
Nigga, ain't no fuckin' place that GBE can't come
Niggas ain't no competition, bitch, I need comp
Lizzy forty-five but I call him "G-fo-fum"
We was countin' money then we went to meet foenem
All this paper fuckin' up the damn ecosystem
And my brother mans, don't worry, I'm gon' hit with this one (Bang, bang)
Shoot yo' ain't for none, bitch, I got my gun (Shh)
This shit used to be fun (Hey)
Bitch, your feet run (Hey, doo-doo)
Boy, you my son, half-son, grandson (Let's go, doot-doot)
Bread up in my pocket look like buns
Boring ass bitch, uh (Man)
I wish a nigga would Will Smith me (Ayy, ha)
They gon' be coming to get me (Ha, get, hoo, hoo, yeah, yeah)
Turn a nigga feet to pig feet (Yeah, yeah, on bro, yeah, yeah)
But me and my cause, Wrigley (On bro, yeah, yeah)

Bitch, I'm in your city (City), yeah, yeah
Second to none, I'm picky (Yeah, okay)
Red on me like Trippie (Yeah, Trippie), yeah, yeah
Walk in the spot, I'm drippy (Oh, that's drippy), yeah
I'm in your city (Ha), city
Shawty pull up, give me lippy (Yeah, yeah)
Bro got the blicky (Blicky), got that boy doing the griddy (Yeah, yeah)
Hop in the whippy (Whippy), got that boy running like Ricky (Yeah, yeah)
I'm with your bitty (Bitty), I give her P like I'm Diddy (Hey)
Niggas can't see-see me (Me)
Give her that pee-pee-pee (Pee-pee)
Hit her with a DDT (DT, ha)
Caught him on CTV (TV)
Smokin' on PCP (Psh)
Jumping like RVD (Wee)
Niggas ain't hard like me (Pause)
Niggas can't bark this tree (Paws)

I got friends that all lost contact when can't get shit from me
I ain't worried 'bout a broke-ass nigga puttin' a hit on me (Huh?)
I walked in the club and then a bitch fell on me (Huh?)
Think she know voodoo, she tryna cast a spell on me (Huh?)
She like, "Can I get some bread?" I be like, "Hell nah, honey" (Huh?)
He like, "Let me hold the strap," I be like, "Hell nah, homie" (Huh?)
Niggas watch me every day just like my nickname Sony (Huh?)
I be takin' all these niggas like my nickname Kony (Okay)

You gon' make bro hit you with a cap gun (Boom-boom-boom)
How you sayin' that I'm broke and I got mad funds? (How?)
How you say you eatin' good? I'm seein' mad crumbs (Cap)
And your shorty sent me pictures, she got mad buns
I got guys stickin' with me, I don't need gum (Yeah, yeah)