

# Gusher Guts

Comethazine

Bitch, yuh, ayy, bitch  
(Is that Shoki on the beat?)  
I just left London, I just left London  
Ayy, yuh, (bitch, yuh), ayy, ayy, ooh

I just left London, my money thumbnin'  
Double streaks on these on these bands like it's nothin'  
'38 to the gut made 'em vomit  
Sorry lil' nigga you had this shit comin'  
Catch him with 'em that's the end of discussion  
You got strawberry guts, he burst like a gusher  
Niggas want beef I got ketchup and mustard  
Pull up on him shoot a shot at his sweatshirt  
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The whole damn gang, dumb, dumb and dumbass  
Pull up on dem and I'm letting the gun blast  
I got like 45 left in this Glock  
This is my mop and it holds 50 shots  
I took that lambo right off of the lot  
Did the dash, I had to run from the cops  
Double the cup that I'm pourin' the drop and drink it fast bitch I be sippin'  
' a lot  
Put fifty-thousand dollars on a watch  
Spent the bag just to look down at this clock  
Watch me turn up on these niggas  
Got 'em mad now they wishin' a nigga would stop  
When I run down on a nigga  
I do 'em bad, now I knock his ass right out his socks  
Don't try to climb me lil' nigga  
You wasting your time and I wish that you niggas would stop

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