

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 thumbin'
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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