

## 2 Worlds, Pt. 2

Cordae

Ohhh we had to do this shit to 'em again man  
I need to make these niggas right  
Wo (Wo)

Look! I started off, niggas hard and soft  
But acting hard and raw  
Sneak dissing, you retarded  
Raw, they wasn't smart at all

Shoot 'em up, Then I watch 'em fall  
Fuck that bitch and kick her like a soccer ball  
Pull up on her pussy just to pop it off

Double life and a nigga been stressin'  
Played your song, damn that shit was depressin'  
Niggas flexin' in studio sessions  
Bad bitch and I swear she a blessin'  
Boy I'm the man, you rap and don't got a plan  
Free my little bro off the gang

You play with me, I'm let that shit blam  
And where you stand is where you gon' land, Wow

Drop my new shit, its exclusive  
How I do dis' they be clueless  
The way I'm killing these rappers, its ruthless  
But I pity the fool 'cause they stupid

Niggas talk crazy, won't do shit (Talking stupid)  
Talking that looselip, They already long as a pool stick  
And we uhaul when we move shit

Running looselip, bro got blue tips  
But be ducking niggas on some guc shit  
Pulling fucking triggers on a nuisance  
But I'm not a gangsta I be coopin'

Fuck her on monday and call her a cutie  
I'm fucking another bitch by Tuesday  
No fucking, no nigga I'm toting a tooly  
These bitches don't mean nothing to me

Hollow thrills, I don't swallow pills, I'm bout my dolla' bills  
A real nigga, cause my father real but people plot and kill

Real nigga, you should fucking know  
And its double S fucking O, we'll fuck your ho  
And we'll slap your bro, wow

When they see you down, they don't see the vision  
Grinding hard was a sweet decision  
Pocket stuffed they on Peter Griffen  
Now I'm making money I complete the mission  
Bitches used to block me, now they wanna jock me  
And she give me sloppy like her teeth is missing  
Bro they keep a shotty like a fucking hobby  
Chop a haters body now he breathing different

Quarter back shit in the field due  
They keep your ass down to conceal you  
The killing our kids on the steel moon  
They'll be busting at niggas, what will do

If bro see you up, I'm like kill who  
If he point at you imma kill you  
I'm out on the field and niggas be fake  
And I'm paraplegic, don't feel you

Nigga straight, she don't mind my posture  
Eating steak, benihanas and lobster  
Wish a nigga with em like Mr. Crocker  
Put a fo' with a sprite of a boxer

Sippin' on lean so it fuck up my posture  
While young niggas on my roster  
If I ain't a chopper you gon' need a doctor  
Or a breathalyser, he ain't breathing properly  
I fucked her throat, so she ain't speaking properly  
If the fans come, we ain't speaking louder, Shhh, Don't say a sound  
In my trap you gon' work bitch and don't lay around  
I don't like sneak dissing and don't play around  
If you got a problem won't don't you go say it now  
If your plug work with us we gon' show em some love  
But if he taxin' we gon' take em down

Gang (Gang, Gang, gang, gang,)  
(Skrt, skrt) (Huh, Huh) (Wow, wow)