

Steph & Klay

Dave East

Uh, uh, uh, uh

Uh, uh

Cruch, Pablo

Taking this shit on Instagram, ain't talking Shaq and Kobe (Uh)
Niggas really spoke down knowing they actually owe me (They owe me)
This is Harlem, if this was Philly, them niggas Joe me (Joe)
Dought out in Dolphin, Broad Street right up the old me (You know)
Me and freaky got our head cut on [?] (Broad Street)
Niggas question and they ain't offer enough to answer (Nothin') Everybody ar
ound me sad, acting like I'm cancer
To the stripper they couldn't afford turn to a private dancer
Bodies every day, the store done ran out of candles (Damn)
There's hoes out in vacay, who ran that nigga out his sandals?
OGs around me push kis like they bop pianos (Uh)
All for the enemy, breakfast if your opp a scramble
I've been in situations that only I can handle (Only me)
That's the only way we eatin', so we gotta camo (Got to)
Ronnie hit me direct, this unreleased, kid (Unreleased)
A lot of talk until you pull up and they speechless
Cruch hit me like, "Loco, let's do this East mix" (My nigga)
Foreign with a whole bunch of horses, feel like the Preakness
I be in the older joints, probably was down at freak nick' (You know)
So-so death days, should know that brat Jermaine the [?] (Uh)
The night to shoot a funeral, me and Stoop in the precinct (Mad) Started wit
h a button in the car, don't really need no key shit (Skrrt) If I'm on tequi
la, it's Cayéya
I won't want the crib without the acres (I need it)
I party like I'm Pac when I'm in Vegas (Pac)
Hermes, everywhere you like it's Hs (Hs)
With Goyard bags just holding paper
Grindin' early, but it's the latest (The latest)
The plug really know me you on a face to face basis
Eyes low, so my face relate to Asian
What you sayin', nigga?

Block on black, I'm Batman

Forty shots of [?]

Shooter got a chopper and a [?] like an Afghan (Brrt)
Had a scope, but she don't die, can't even need no casket (Woo)
Hood back with me like [?], you would've thought I signed to [?] (Yeah)
You know it's thirty times harder for a black man (Yeah)
Say they steppers, when it's time to step, them niggas tap dance (You lyin')
Every time I got a shot, I treat it like my last chance (Woo)
All I got is cheese on my mind, feel like a [?] (Oh)
I told her, "Get emotional, I'm ghostin' you, no Pac-Man" (Bye)
Get the school from my clan, now I'm crooking like I'm fat man (Yeah)
There's nothin' to me (Nothin')
I'm still unbothered, still untouched, they ain't do nothin' to me
He's my Loc like a brother to me (Loc)
Real rap (Woo), used to run them plays, we can coach you how to deal crack
But we ain't with that bullshit, ain't never been no Phil Jack' (Nah)
Think I got my feel back
Tryna recan a statement, it don't matter 'cause you still rap
Nigga did bad and dropped his hood and I ain't feelin' that
Make too much noise, they get to bangin' where your ceiling at
Noisy-ass neighbors told the coppers where we hid it at (Damn)

Worried about us (Woo), he took your brother up, go get him back
You know I be coolin' 'til they start me, pistol right by the car key (Grah)
Pull up with a drum that'll a cappella your heartbeat (Yeah)
These hatin'-ass niggas'll steal your drive like a car thief (Like what?)
But I can pull 'em strings, Paul McCartney (Yeah)
There's rose out in Harlem (Rose), I can't forget about Queens kid
I know a couple shooters (Woo), but they ain't never did what King did
I knew my uncle was high when he was doing shit a fiend did (Crazy)
This was stand down and chase your dream deep (Oh)

Loco, yeah (Woo)
Uh
From the, uh, from the dirt, nigga
Dirt gang