

2 DEEP

DD Osama

I told Benzo, "Who that right there, in that stoley?"
Like why them niggas lookin' like they know me?
On court, ballin' like I was Ginóbili
Can't fuck with these niggas they be movin' phony
Ever since I got fame they be callin' me, "Brodie"
That's the reason I stay on my doley
Like, I never needed no codeine
Oh that's his mans? We might up at his homie

Too much dead opps, in a pack
I could name me a few that got shot in they back
But they gone, fuck I'ma do that
It's still fuck all them dead niggas, all of them flat
And I'm back on that drill shit, me and bros too deep tryna kill shit
We was all in they block, with like four sticks
So bad that I threw shots [?], spill quick

Like, they know the vibes when we step
Tryna hop out, make a mess
Yeah, I'm tryna put 'em to rest
Now I'm back on the block still grippin' the TEC
Y'all know the O's really do it the best
Fuckin' bitches and dumpin' through checks
I was just down on my last name check
Try to reach for the chain and it's bound to go left

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Remember them days, feelin' nice in the trap
Tryna get it, I was tryna stack
Bad bitch, like when I'm breakin' her back
Gotta move tact', got the knocks in the back
And when I'm on that block, got that shit on my lap
Move wrong, then you a pack
Then gon' pop out the cut, dr-drippin' in black
Then after the scene, we skrrt off in the 'cat

Now we in the V, lookin' for the (Ski!)
If we see them, then they gettin' swept, like
Ain't no more free the threat
He already put on, it's time to get in check
Bad bitch, lookin' at me, give me neck
I'm a big dog, 9 up her bin out the vet', like
Better have a vet'
And we spin through that block, we hoppin' out with TEC's

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