

Fuck coming back with blood  
He coming back with B's  
Uhh, stepping back from love  
He getting back with 3's  
Ran him down, he race on feet  
And getting back on jeeps  
40 flash back, I switch it, sound like ARP's

First you hear them guns and then you hear them pleas  
Shots hit him right in the chest  
Watch him fall right to his knees  
T-Ten K for a hit, I gotta watch him bleed  
I got pounds for low, 50 bows in his truck  
Uhh, switch fuck up his head  
They brought his body back  
Fuck up the streets in a S five 50  
I'm hot like a zombies pack  
A white boy hop in the back of the jeeps  
And a [?]

B-Brodie call my phone, happy as hell  
Cause I bought hella guns, pound on my block  
We ran it up now we got hella funds  
Free Dudey out that can  
OGZK, we made them all run  
Niggas lucky I ain't have the way back then  
I would of caught one  
Now we got switches on deck  
This ain't no regular gun  
Big O'l chain on my neck, with a rollie on my arm  
Put the check on ya neck  
If I want you dead, you gone  
Ya mans had died in that cab  
And he get mentioned every song (Rah Rah)  
(ha-ha) (rah rah)

I know I can't trust a bitch because she still vicky  
She made itch holes in my shirt, it's cool  
It's still ricky, I just poured up a four  
She see it in my face  
Yeah, fuck nigga don't owe money  
Hell nobody, no cash  
We just spin back inna hunnid  
Double that on my dash (yeah)  
She said oh my god, Ts do not crash  
What, I ain't have time to fuck  
So she gave me head to last

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