

Without You

DD Osama

Elvis
Grrah, like, what?
Every opp shot
Osama Shit, nigga, gang
Grrah, grrah
Stop tryna-, like, what?
Like, OYO-, like, OYO-
Grrah, grrah-grrah, boom

Better without you, just me and my chrome
I'm like, "Baby just leave me alone" (Grrah-grrah, damn)
Pop out the cut just to see what he on (On bro)
If he move, he get one in his dome (Grrah-grrah, boom)
She act bad, she act boujee (Grrah)
Off the Migos, she shakin' that booty (Booty)
Like shake that, girl
You my ride or die bitch, tryna give you the world (Like, shake that shit)
Is you flockin' for me? (On bro)
Is you ridin' for me? Is you dyin' wit' me? (Damn)
Got some opps I been dyin' to see (Like, grrah-grrah)
Let's take a trip, stop hidin' from me (Word)
Keep it on me, they plottin' on me
Like, everything dead, I ain't coppin' the plea's (Grrah-grrah, boom)
See the opps, I'ma flock at the V
Like, I throw eight, DD flock fifteen (On bro)

Yeah, they say I be thuggin' a lot (Grrah, like, what?)
Yeah, they say I be buggin' a lot (Grrah)
I keep me a chop, can't go out like Rah (Rah Rah)
Learned that when (Shh) got shot (Damn)
And I'm on my bullshit (Like)
2022, I'm 'bout to go stupid (On bro)
Whole gang comin' up
O to the Y, we move ruthless, like (What)
You say you tryna pack you a OY
But you ran on your mans then he died (Lotti)
EFS, while we spin the SevSide
Got a gun on my hip wit' a sight (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Never lack, can't go out like Nazzy
I see a opp, yeah, I'm shootin' like Scottie (Damn)
Notti he wit' me, gon' oot wit' his right (Like, he-)
He spot a opp, he takin' they life (Grrah)
See a Gz I'ma up on my gun (On bro)
Do that hit then go on a run (Grrah-grrah, damn)
DDot don't play, he'll do it for fun (Like, like)
He spot a opp, he makin' them run

Grrah, grrah, grrah, every opp shot (Grrah-grrah, boom)
Every opp shot (Like), nigga (Like)
Suck my dick

We ride four deep in the V
Two O's in the back, one knock each seat (On bro)
Got a bop and she suckin' the team
And it's still free the rock he ain't coppin' the plea (Bitch)
Me and Notti be totin' berettas
If we see a opp, he get poked through the sweater

Grrah, grrah, grrah (Grrah-grrah-grrah)
If we see a opp, he get poked through the sweater

Ayo JJ, actin' kuu with the deuce
He could get shot if he jackin' the Two
Word to my mother, I'ma up it and-
I said word to my mother, I'ma up it and boom
And niggas be chattin' like they make the rules (Like, what?)
Why they rap about shit they ain't do?
Smokin' on Rah, he got hit in his head
Catch Sha, put the beam to his dreads

Grrah, grrah, like, every opp shot, damn
Suck my dick, like, mm-mm-mmm

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(Better without you, just me and my chrome)
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You my ride or die bitch, tryna give you the world, grrah
(You my ride or die bitch, tryna give you the world, grrah)

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