

Shoot Up Your Block

DDG

(And this beat from Cash, not from YouTube)

I can't be childish, bitch, I got a kid
Told her we can link but just not at my crib
My son custom down to the chain, to the fuckin' bib
I'm not affiliated with gangs, but for him I'll spin
Shoot up yo' block, shoot up yo' block, shoot up yo' block (Ooh), shoot up yo' block
When it come to my son and my fam, you get popped
Shoot up yo' block (Ooh), Shoot up yo' block

Glock 19 in the AR
He drop his lo' on instagram, don't need a radar, okay
When I get tax, I gotta pay large
You say you rich, get in my bracks ten like Tamar, okay
My son fit more than a grown man
And he got more fans, and all he do is show hands, okay
Why do you rep that street and you don't own land?
Pray for my people, need less guns and need more bands, okay

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Doin' this on my own, don't forget to hint me
Usually sip Patron, but today it's Remy
Baby Halo hungry, can I see yo' titty?
Heart cold like Tundra, 'less you in my family
My son lit, turn on Beyoncé and say that's yo' auntie
I'll be there for you at all times, you don't need no nanny

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