

# Bout That

Dej Loaf

Yeah

I'm gon' put motherfucking Silkk The Shocker on this shit  
Somebody get Silkk The Shocker on the phone  
Call him right now  
Somebody see if I can get him on here for a verse  
I fuck with him  
Look

Cause this life I live got no limits  
Put the pressure on them pussies, let's go swimming  
Put the TEC to his neck while he eating cereal  
Oh you thought this was a game? Nah, this shit serious  
I'll die for my respect, just bury me in Fendi  
And put me right next to Pac or Biggie  
Or put me next to Dex so we can fucking flex  
Got a problem nigga, say it with your fucking chest  
34 beams aiming at your breast  
34 more niggas gon' be aiming at the rest  
Chopper go ffff, yeah it speak with a lisp  
Walking in the club, I don't speak to a bitch  
No I don't fuck with y'all, y'all already knew it  
Bitches wanna beef so bad, I won't do it  
Tryna blow up, nah bitch, you blew it  
Now off days better off selling pussy  
Nah I ain't a killer, all my shooters good looking  
Good looking, good looking  
Money got me tired, yeah nigga I'm cooking  
Take it, lunches, cookies

DeJ hit me like, "I want the old Shocker", it's no problem  
Don't get my old army fatigues out of my closet  
You might catch me something that don't come out for a year or so  
So if you got it right now, chances I had it like a year ago  
Only mess with real, I don't do the fake  
I just park right in man, I don't do the wait  
Was gon' do a pool in the back, but said fuck it, do a lake  
I know why they made, cause they know what I'm due to make  
It's crazy, 'cause sometimes I be forgetting what I cop  
I just came off tour like, "nigga when I bought a yacht?"  
Getting money, then I bring it back to my block  
I'm hot, here's a temperature, tryna [?] on my stock  
I run through this money like it's standing in my way  
One thing I can't stand is a hater that complain about the hate  
Yeah they'll talk it, that's until you standing in they face  
Scream who-de-who, it look like planet of the apes  
I swerve right past 'em but I ain't tryna crash  
When I see 'em I hide my face, you would think I'm tryna dab  
Sometimes I get mad but I'm trying not to spaz  
Some of y'all jokes with y'all flow, I be trying not to laugh  
It is what it is, I don't have to tell 'em what I did  
Flow cold, you would think I was yelling in the fridge  
Forget the past, I get it now like I got it then  
Night falling, you fake niggas, I'm setting trends  
Yeah, DeJ Loaf, it is what it is  
All the real stand up, all the fake sit down  
That's how I recognize, you heard?  
Tiskeno z pismicky-akordy.cz  
Shocker, you know how we do it