

Tap In

Dej Loaf

Hit em with the Jab
Buddah blessed this beat

Come to my city, you tap in, no, don't get your backend
Most of these niggas be cappin', we gon' bring the racks in
Come to my city, you tap in, no, don't get your backend
Most of these niggas be cappin', we gon' bring the racks in
We got lions, we got tigers, we got choppers at the door
Pull a TK in that cash, we hit him three times in a row
I don't know about yours, but my niggas, they on go
And we higher than a bitch for anybody who want smoke

Yes, I took that nigga bitch, I gave her back, she was broke
Rockin' all of this designer, it don't come out in the store
If I tell it how it is I could never get exposed
Fuck that Internet beef, I rather hit you on the phone
I don't feel like gettin' dressed, I prolly come out in the Rover
Had to cut a bitch off, she was playin' with her nose
That's your bitch, but she was playin' with the bros
Nigga, no snitch, we be talkin' in that code, like
You snitched, why them people at your door, like?
Nigga, you folded, you told it
Yeah, and everybody knows it
Yeah, I said, "Everybody knows it" (Yeah)
All of my bitches the baddest, we don't do fake asses
Some of my niggas be trappin', some of my niggas be scammin'
Long as they gettin' that salad, long as that gettin' that cabbage
You bitches is, woo

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Yeah, Ric' doin' sixty, I'm gettin' fifty, I want forty
Can trust these bitches, might be there when that shit important
Yeah, I know they be hatin', I have no, I keep it on me
Yeah, I say I'ma pay her, really gon' play her, end of story
I done drove 'em and crashed 'em, I'm talkin' Benzes, talkin' Porsches
All my niggas get active, you try to run up, they escort ya
My bitches passin' their courses, I'm thuggin', fuckin', endorsin'
My cousin called it extortion, I barely try niggas, force 'em
I'm lit, I'm lit, I'm lit, got DeJ back on her shit
Won't squash beef with no lame until I fuck his bitch
They still chasin' that clout, I'm still servin' my route
I just ordered a thousand, thumb that shit under my couch
Still got bricks all in my house once I move on, I'm out
Put my dick in her mouth, I don't love 'em or cuff 'em
.41s on me, both bussin'
When I come in your spot I back end, niggas know that bag, yeah

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I don't know about yours, but my niggas, they on go (Hey, they TCG, ayy)
And we higher than a bitch for anybody who want smoke (Ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy,
now look)

We some apes who move, dawg, I keep Draco for my breth'
Pussy nigga hit my line, why is you in my DM?
Instagram gon' be the death of Internet niggas and friends
Fucked your bitch and gave her back, she had a Love Jones for my mans
I'ma tell the truth, remember when the rope was wrapped around me?
Bitches love me 'cause I lie with 'em but don't cap around 'em
Hit your hood in my new foreign, I might do some laps around ya
Ain't gotta up this MAC while I'm on Mac with DeJ, attract them commons
Okay, woo, woo, there it is (Oh, yeah)
Suppressor, I don't know how that bitch soundin'
Your bitch got you out here poutin', made you leave her in a lost and found
East side nigga, big, almighty, pop a Perc', make her pull a all-nighter
Make a nigga jit with this rifle, let me see your book work
I tried to tell ya we had poles, glad I ain't know ya'
Pussy nigga gettin' exposed, thought I ain't know ya' (Hm, hm, hm-hm-hm-hm)
(Hm-hm-hm-hm) But now it's over, you niggas is, ugh

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