

Better Stop It

Devour

K J S Beats

I be really in the field with some goons that'll drop shit, drop shit, drop shit, drop shit
You ain't really in the field pussy boy you better stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it
I be really putting on give a fuck about a hot bitch, hot bitch, hot bitch, hot bitch, hot bitch
You ain't really putting on pussy boy you better stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it

Look

I'm finna start this shit the fast way (Yup)
R.I.P Lil Tee to my last day (R.I.P Lil Tee)
Look
Lil brother ya I got chu (Woo)
I threw your face on a chain
So they watch you
Really get to it (Get to it)
Really get bands (Get bands)
I fuck a bitch
Hold the chain in my hand (In my hand)
Get rich
It was always in the plans (Plans)
But now your gone
So I'm really going ham
I ain't finna stop (Finna stop)
Until the whole city on
I'm a king
Yea I'm post to be on (Yea I'm post to be on)
I been riding in the whip with a Mac and you know that the safety ain't on (No the safety ain't on)
But its back to the bag tho
I came a long way from trappin' out the bando (Trappin' out the bando)
Yea
I treat the bucket like a lambo (Hey)
They said the rap game a dice game Guess I love to gamble
Bitch

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Look

Yuh

Uh

Look

I'm a king hoe (Ya)
Diamonds in the bitch face
Blah bling hoe (Woo)
Lil mama bad
Head game lethal
Did it so good
Put me to sleep though (Ay)
I love a bad lil bitch that don't talk back (True)
I told hoe break her leg watch you crawl back (True)
When its time to go to war nigga fall back (Never)
Ten bands on your head I can choke that (Brr)
Ay
In my city
I'm the man now (Yup)
I been getting to it
Had it all planned out (Had that shit planned boy)
If I pull up on yo block
Its a man down (Yup)
Bullets flying you alive
Cause we ran out
Aye
Look
Ciroc I be sippin'
Neena should hit you if you get the trippin' (Get the trippin' hoe)
Yah
Boy these bullets like biscuits
The rap game a blunt
All twisted
I be putting on hoe

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