

Counterfeit

Doe Boy

Got Doe Boy in this bitch with me
This nigga got a fuckin' Glock-30 and an FN
He know with this hustle in this motherfucker man
'Cause you know we don't even trust nobody
Not even the engineer you know

Doe Boy shoot him in his head when it all boils down
Say my name in a diss song, they knock your door down
And I take so many drugs that it's in my pores now
Talking down on the gang, gotta change the score now
We not with phony shit, we not with that brodie shit
We not with that homie shit, we not with that fake shit
Last nigga tried to fake it, he ain't make it
Last nigga tried to fake it, he ain't make it, yeah yeah

If Durk don't like you I don't like you, heads off to my opps
Me and Johnny twin shooters, his Glock's my Glock
Niggas makin' diss songs 'til they body get dropped
Slide on 'em, it's gon' look like it went through a chop shop
Gettin' money, I want more, even more money than before
If I don't get these millions nigga I'ma rock the whole floor
I don't do the arguing 'cause I don't got no patience
The opps dropping statements, we dropping locations
Niggas wanna diss me now 'cause I made it
But I ain't hear a diss song 'fore I was famous
They must think I'm pussy now 'cause I made it
Only difference now, I'm not the shooter that's aiming
All these niggas with me, they gon' kill for me
And I been beefin' with some niggas up the hill from me
Yeah yeah, fuck rappin', bitch it's still on me
He gon' keep sneak dissing 'til we kill homie

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And if we catch you out in traffic, my nigga that's where we leave 'em
Talkin' all that G shit, nigga I don't believe 'em
I don't fuck with these niggas, I promise you I don't need 'em
You better watch your shooters, they shoot you when you don't feed 'em
I'ma tell it how it is, my nigga I ain't gon' flex to you
That nigga next to you will leave your brains next to you
I got niggas down for life and shit for taking lives and shit
Fuck the opps who got dropped and fuck who else don't like the shit
A hundred bands, a hundred guns, niggas talking like it's beef
I'll have 'em throw you in a trunk and tell 'em bring your ass to me
You was howlin' on my name, yeah that's what them goons was lurkin' for
I gotta kill you by myself 'cause this shit personal
This between me and you when you said you want who
The difference is you down when I say I want you
You ain't got enough clout nigga, what you gon' do?
The goofy got shot 'cause he thought I wouldn't shoot, yeah yeah

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No worries