

# \$hmurda Gang

Doe Boy

Mob gang, \$hmurda gang  
Freebandz gang  
Free \$hmurda's nigga  
Ah ah ah

I'm a pull up on a fuck nigga  
We got Draco's in the truck with us  
Can't no nigga really fuck with us  
I got Johnny in a cut  
I got Swerky in a cut  
It's a choppa in a cut  
And I'm still in stories nigga  
Selling packs I need a cut  
Plenty bands got shorty  
I got bags now shorty  
Got the 40, run up on me  
I ain't playing round shorty  
Got a nigga down  
It's a man down  
Got a shooter for me  
He ain't playing round  
Ain't a nigga tried me  
Dare a nigga cross me  
Let the fucking bird hang  
He ain't coming off me

Free Ashino with the mag  
They gave my youngin fourteen  
I was laying niggas down since I was like fourteen  
Free my nigga Baby Seth he made first forty eight  
Shooters quick they probly hit you with the first forty eight  
Stay quiet manslaughter all the day my nigga ate  
Where my nigga kept the solid boy that nigga hella hate  
I got busy in adreni's knock offs on my resume  
When I ride on shit and kill em probly wouldn't a call my case  
Momma steak but it's cool ain't no pressure I can't take  
Fill a crate play with Hen boosie put em in his place  
Gave my nigga Poopie twelve cause he brought out yellow tape  
He the type to kill big or small one in yo mama face  
Free Latura red dot  
Gave yo boys some headshots  
Pissing on these niggas graves tell em fuck the dead ops  
Free Yale, Free Chuck, Free Lou, Free Luck  
Free Bimma, Free Fima bad dawgs locked up  
Rubber band, money gang they know niggas how this do  
We ain't snitching fuck twelve  
We go hard like buttermilk  
All my RDK niggas pull up and start on them  
I got killas up the way if we drumming pardon them

Aye, aye, aye we gon pull up get to squeezing hoe  
I make sure you never bring yo ass to prelim hoe  
My shooters up whoever say we beefing hoe  
I can't tell you who that mud about a week ago

You don't rock how I rock  
All these niggas fake as fuck they ain't shot what I shot

They ain't really getting money, they ain't got what I got  
He might got a lil wave he ain't hot how I'm hot  
Ah, ah, ah, had my chopper send it to a lil boy  
Shot that shit when other niggas goofy boy, not with I  
You can catch me still on nose at the stove, what he wah  
Nigga said he went on Doe for a no  
Free Juan, Free Tess, he don't even see the chalk  
Nigga said he gonna smoke pussy I ain't even cough  
Had my check gang niggas, cash em all, what you thought  
I was soft, then you lost  
Think again, I'm a boss  
Yeah I was gon spray you niggas  
Changed my mind, fuck that  
We gon pull up bust first nigga we don't press back  
Really God in my city, niggas know I run that  
Had yo momma crying cause she ain't gon get her son back  
Run away with money B, then he on his way back  
Now my niggas come and K you all so we laid back  
Free hood, kick his door nigga where yo safe at  
Ain't gon tell me fucking murder man pussies face back, bitch

We gon pull up on a fuck nigga  
Rubber band smell that gang who can fuck with us  
Think this shit a game till we touch niggas  
Three times to my fellas I say brap nigga, gang  
Brap, brap