

Mini Vans

Doe Boy

FBG shit
Turn it up some
Thank you gangsta
You know how we rockin'
Gang gang

Bitch, I call the shots, yeah, they don't go off the muscle (On gang)
We ain't sparin' none, if he not with us then fuck 'em (Fuck)
If a nigga somethin' like me, why the fuck would you trust 'em?
If you catch that nigga slippin', I suggest you should bust 'em
'Cause he cutthroat
When he catch a nigga lackin' he gon' let his gun go
He gon' bring that smoke and leave that shit right at yo' front door
You think he gon' spare you when he see you, nigga, fuck no
He don't fuck with pussy's, that's one thing he don't have love for
Let that drum roll
Nigga said you was a shooter, what you run for? (Pussy)
You better run Forrest, run Forrest, run
'Cause them niggas slide in mini vans where I'm from (Gang gang)

Too many guns niggas can't keep up
Catch yo ass in traffic better speed up
Just a song didn't know you'd go that far
We just getting started
We gon flip his car cause he doing all that flexin'
Pull up in that murder gang don't try 'em boy they reckless
(Gang gang)
Choppas get to ringin' leave yo gang a message
Caught that nigga slippin he wasn't lookin' he was textin'
(Oh really?)
If he something like me don't trust em
Pull up on a rapper playing with Future or Thugger
Balenciaga's on just hope you can run in the runners (Oh really?)

Bitch, I call the shots, yeah, they don't go off the muscle (On gang)
We ain't sparin' none, if he not with us then fuck 'em (Fuck)
If a nigga somethin' like me, why the fuck would you trust 'em?
If you catch that nigga slippin', I suggest you should bust 'em
'Cause he cutthroat
When he catch a nigga lackin' he gon' let his gun go
He gon' bring that smoke and leave that shit right at yo' front door
You think he gon' spare you when he see you, nigga, fuck no
He don't fuck with pussy's, that's one thing he don't have love for
Let that drum roll
Nigga said you was a shooter, what you run for? (Pussy)
You better run Forrest, run Forrest, run
'Cause them niggas slide in mini vans where I'm from (Gang gang)

Put yo' gat down, I'm from Chi-town
We don't even slide in mini vans, we slide in cat's now
We can't even name drop the one I didy stretch now
And I know a pussy killed the killer, he a threat now
Gotta cut the pussy niggas off that think they need you
Told me stop the violence, touch my chain you know what it lead to (Doo-doo-doo)
Oh really? I say them trenches turn me evil (Turn me evil)
I'm from where they shoot dice with fake money, they gon' bleed you

I'm just tryna get my roll on (Tryna get my roll on)
And we be settin' niggas up, textin' their hoes for 'em
I made that bitch tell kiss my Glock 'fore I put my clothes on (Come here, b
itch)
We robbed the plug, he look at me like, "Damn, what bro on?"
Bitch, you got rolled on

Bitch, I call the shots, yeah, they don't go off the muscle (On gang)
We ain't sparin' none, if he not with us then fuck 'em (Fuck)
If a nigga somethin' like me, why the fuck would you trust 'em?
If you catch that nigga slippin', I suggest you should bust 'em
'Cause he cutthroat
When he catch a nigga lackin' he gon' let his gun go
He gon' bring that smoke and leave that shit right at yo' front door
You think he gon' spare you when he see you, nigga, fuck no
He don't fuck with pussy's, that's one thing he don't have love for
Let that drum roll
Nigga said you was a shooter, what you run for? (Pussy)
You better run Forrest, run Forrest, run
'Cause them niggas slide in mini vans where I'm from (Gang gang)