Opp Party

Doe Boy

(Ayy man, Cray just hit my line, told me niggas talkin' 'bout he got a dub o
n his head, man, nigga) Oh, really
And I got my mask on while I'm rappin', nigga, I'm on that bullshit, nigga,
the fuck is you talkin' 'bout, big Doe Beezy (The fuck is a dub, nigga, what
 you gon' do with that? Haha)
Top shotta, don dada niggas (Rubberband murder gang, rubberband money gang,
nigga)
Put some gas on these niggas hoes

Amiri head to toe, all these bad bitches diggin' it (Let's go)
Ridin' with a .50, she gon' fuck on this Givenchy (Fuck on that Givenchy)
Lambo' truck with my shooters (Skrrt) with some switches in it (Lambo', Lamb
o')
Hop up out that bitch, walk you down, then get missin' in it (Boom, boom, bo
om, boom, he's in there)
He's outta here, now, I'm outta here, uh (I'm outta here, I'm gone, I'm gone
)
Shoot up the party if we catch the opps in here (Fuck, they outta here, they
 gone)
You see me in traffic, better know them Glocks in here (They gone)
On they life, they fifty racks but it's a thousand shots in here (Oh, really
?)

Hold on, hey (Hello, hello)
That's me wavin' at my opps (Hello)
I got mans on they block, bitch, I come through wavin' Glocks (How y'all bee
n?)
I got mad, look in his eye before I hit him with the chop' (Boom, boom, boom
)
Don't cop from bro, he savage, shake your hand, then hit you with the wop (O
h, really? Fetti, fetti)
Fifty racks on me (Racks, racks), got a opp thot with me (Let's go)
Dare her get a drop up, that hoe gettin' dropped with me (Bah, grr, I dare y
ou)
All these shots with me, damn, the shit feel like infinity (I dare you)
Bought that bitch a foreign, bitch, hop out that Infiniti (Cm'here baby)
In the hood, drop top, bitch, I feel like Kennedy
I ain't never worried, bitch, I'm richer than my enemies
He in the grave, they know who dug that
Let me shut up, gotta hold my tongue back
Pistol get to wylin', tweakin', need to hold my gun back
I'm big homie, I ain't worried 'bout no lil' bitty rugrat
I fuck with the scammers, bro can't wait to punch that
And I fuck with the robbers, trappers and killers pushin' skulls back

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On the lot, they forty shots, heavy day two-twenty
He keep talkin' with his fingers, do him like they did Sunny
Paid in full like I'm Mitch but my nose not runny
So a nigga can't wipe it, other words, can't slime me
Other words, can't snake me
Like I do line and there leaves on they block
I'ma pull up, get the huh, huh, get to blowin'
Like I play ball and they street full of hoops
I'ma pull up, get the huh, huh, get to scorin'
Pull up the number before five and the letter after N
Everybody look surprised and say, "Who the fuck is him?"
Once that money on your mind, killers, ain't no stoppin' them

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Bro know he got static in the 'Raq, call Swerv
He got money, he get niggas whacked, that's what y'all heard
Lot of stashes through the trenches, put a safe house in the 'burbs
Keep the windows up, we hoppin' out, the driver jump the curb, some nerve
Opps ain't on they block, somehow they speakin' words
Fuck Herb, must ain't hear what happened, he said somethin' to Herb
Spin for thirty days straight, you hit his face, you get a curve
Hunnid K before the first, I give you fifty by the third
Ayy, Doe, what you finna do? See them niggas shoot
I'm with villains, I be drillin' too, know that feelin' too
Ain't on pills so I be chillin', boolin', I be feelin' cool
I get angry, I be in the mood, watch a nigga ooze on his shoes

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