Yesterday

Doe Boy

Yeah, they, they know who run the state (Yeah, yeah, haha, big 14, know what the fuck goin' on, bitch)
They know who a hundred on lock, for real, for real (Gang, gang, 1400/800)
None of that cap ass shit, nigga (Big Doe Beezy), it's up on our end
You dig? (I'm with that money gang, Freebandz)

I don't want that ho, that bitch was yesterday (Let's go, yesterday)
Heard your ass got lit up, that was just the other day (Brr, other day)
Pussy, throw your shit up if you rep the damn gang (Gang, gang)
I been gettin' to that chicken in the trenches, Raising Cane's (Oh, really? Rasing Cane)
I ain't gon' say nothing (Nothing), bet my wrist, it take his man (Man)
Shoot y'all on the main street, stay up in your lane (Boom, boom, boom, skrrt-skkrt-skkrt)
Boy, you hang with anybody, you kick it with lames (Fools)
Killin' all his homies, got him wanna switch his gang (Let's go, let's go, pussy)

Bitch, go get your big homie (Go get him), ain't gon' do a thing (Ain't gon' do a thing)
Your lil' homies ain't gon' die about it, you should be ashamed (Ha, yeah, on the gang)
Got some killers that's gon' slide 'bout it, hit you in your brain (Yeah, yeah, on the gang)
Try 'em, we gon' shoot this bitch up, Tory Lanez (Boom, boom, boom)
Act like he want smoke today, oh, he must want his death today (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Told you we ain't playing games, oh, that thought must ain't registrate
I just popped a perky and forgot to hit you up yesterday
I straight drop to daddy now my body's gonna levitate
Feels good, livin' great, everyday a holiday (Yeah, yeah, holiday)
You lovin' that bitch and you callin' her "Bae" (Callin' her "Bae")
She swallowin' dick, I might cum on her face (Cum on her face)
Fuckin' that bitch by the end of the day (End of the day)
Double G and Chanel, I just bought a new Wraith (Yeah, bought a new Wraith, Skrrt)
Double G and Chanel, I just bought a new Wraith (Bought a new Wraith)
Let's go, keep the poles, life is great
Been with since like second grade
Fuck my ABC's, I want a K, you wanna die today? (Brrt, brrt-brrt)
Terrorize the city, man (Yeah, yeah), in Ohio with Trippie, man (Yeah)
Tryna stomp them big ass ho, look like a "O," like my "Oh, really?" chain (Oh, really?)
Aim at his top, no, I ain't tryna box (Brr)
Pop out on an opp like Jack in the Box (Brr)
Came with his gang, they all left in a box (Pussy ass boys)
'Cause we hit they ass with mops (Brr)
Mops (Brr), mops (Brr), mops (Brr)
Shoot that F&N, bitch, that bitch'll kill a cop (Brr)
Told her bend over she takin' that dick (Yeah)
I'm killin' this thot (Yeah)
Pull up to your hood and we takin' your shit (Bah)
Murder, rasin' Glocks, the main goal to murder opps (Opps)
Bankroll, havin' knots (Woah)
You cap a lot (Bitch, cap a lot), all these rappers act a lot, ayy

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