

Loyalty

Don Trip

Yeah

Uh

BEO status

Oh yeah (DTdaKidd)

(Beat those drums)

Yeah

Told my main bitch, "I'll do a hundred for you" (Do a hundred for you)

Told my homeboy, "I'll shoot a hundred for you" (Hundred shots)

I'll take a headshot if I'ma be loyal to you (Headshot)

If everybody snake, what the fuck I'ma do? (I'ma keep it real)

I'ma keep on keepin' it real, I can't chase the wave (Can't chase)

Can't be doin' flawed shit even though it get you paid (Get you paid)

I'm a lil' throwed, but 'bout to blow like a hand grenade (Hand grenade)

I tell the real ones stay dangerous, don't do nothin' safe (Do nothin' safe)

Uh, I just wanna step, step, step (Step)

Shoot the one-five 'til it melt, melt, melt (Carbon)

Pimpin' in my blood, make a bitch break herself (Break herself)

Look into the mirror, you the realest nigga left, uh (The realest nigga left)

Lotta lames winnin', game gettin' tricky (It's tricky)

Streets suckin' up my gang, got a lot of hickeys (Oh yeah)

I would say MOE, but I'm contradictin' (Uh)

Love and loyalty first, but that's kinda iffy (Huh?)

Heard they hit him with that fire, ooh, they left him crispy (He crispy)

If I let up off the gas, they gon' try to forget me (Oh yeah)

Shootin' four, five, six, fuck a head crack (Fuck the head crack)

Bro got jammed up on the road, we gotta run that back (Run that back)

My lil' brother got some get-back and he caught a century (A hundred)

That car behind him ran the light, he got to bustin' instantly (A gunner)

Finger fuckin' on this 40, yeah, we gettin' intimate (We intimate)

I'm from the city called Trenchis, I don't call it Memphis (BEO)

Told my main bitch, "I'll do a hundred for you" (Do a hundred for you)

Told my homeboy, "I'll shoot a hundred for you" (Hundred shots)

I'll take a headshot if I'ma be loyal to you (Headshot)

If everybody snake, what the fuck I'ma do?

Me, I'ma keep my distance

I can't trust a soul, but I can trust my intuition

Ain't no such thing as havin' too much ammunition

I look out my window, I don't see no competition

I know niggas hate me, don't know why, but I don't stress about it

Couldn't care less about it, niggas' feelings don't affect my profit

Hundred miles of runnin', a hundred mouths to feed

Told my wife that I'm the last man she gon' ever need, I stand on that

Magazine drippin' out the pistol like it's candle wax

My patience is thinner than the straw that broke the camel back (DTdaKidd)

Chefry play the beat, I get to snappin' like the camera app (Beat those drums)

And I keep the strap around my waist just like a fanny pack

I'm not into beefin' back and forth on the internet

I keep havin' babies, I should have a stock in Similac

Ridin' 'round with that thirty-round, bitch, I been a threat

All you niggas pussy, I got thirty ways to skin the cat

Please don't make me slaughter them, I'm tryna keep it positive

So what I had that Bobby by the pow? That's my prerogative
Feel like Charlie Manson, I got a cult following
And I'm here to stay, I think it's time to start remodeling, on Pif

Told my main bitch, "I'll do a hundred for you" (Long live Pif)
Told my homeboy, "I'll shoot a hundred for you" (Hundred shots)
I'll take a headshot if I'ma be loyal to you (Headshot)
If everybody snake, what the fuck I'ma do? (I'ma keep it real)

(DTdaKidd)

(Beat those drums)