

Pho Hunnid Degrees

Don Trip

(DTdaKidd)
(Beat those drums)
Ayy, ayy
Let's do this
Four hundred degrees
Ayy, ayy, ayy
Four hundred degrees

Spot an opp, that's a headshot, yeah
And I dare a nigga touch a dreadlock, yeah, yeah
Where I'm from, we don't do leg shots, rraow, rraow
Rush you to the med doc, yeah
I'm fly as fuck on fed watch, timer's up, dead clock
You bitches actin' scared now, go'n and tuck your tail now
I'm givin' you bitches hell now, they say I'm hellbound (Woo)
Make a nigga pay up, if he don't weigh up, break the scale out
Chopper like a snare on Drumline, fucked off, cross that gun line (Rraow, rraow)
Young nigga headshot one time, nigga get gunned down sun up to sun down
And a fuck nigga say that we beefin', I don't believe him, it ain't secret
I don't get mad, bitch, I get even, won't catch me slow, slippin', or sleepin'
Got the heart of a lion, the eye of the eagle, my mama a pimp, my daddy deceased
Totin', no tuckin', flinchin', I'm uppin', if shit get ugly, you comin' for me
You niggas can't fuck with a picture of me
Damn, you cheap, I'm playin' for keeps
Makin' it hot, hope you stand the heat
I'm cold as ice and four hundred degrees, bitch

Yeah, I got a gun when I'm sleep
Just in case I need to dump on a chump in my dreams
Product of Parkway Village, it wasn't no walk in the park, we was runnin' the streets
Mama ain't know we was servin' 'em, maybe she did and she really ain't wanna believe
I'ma keep givin' 'em hell, they tell me it's better to give than it is to receive
My niggas servin' life, all that time in the cage for servin' white
Don't we deserve a slice? We tryna get us some bread like Jersey Mike's
He want a feature from me, start second guessin' the second he heard the price
He know revenge is sweet, I heard it taste even better when served with ice
We all know life ain't fair, if you lookin' for fair, then you better go hop in a cab
Plannin' on stoppin' my cash, you step right up, come get a colostomy bag
I like to get the money, imagine if niggas wasn't tryin' to block my path
Now I got rich-nigga problems, compared to your broke-nigga problems, it's not so bad
Fuck all that hooplah
Came with the stick, call shots like a pool shark
Me and my Goombas
Slide on a nigga like we learned to moonwalk
I check my comment section, it's filled with hatin'-ass niggas that underachieve
My dope sells itself, I'm back like cooked crack and four hundred degrees

Long live Pif
Four hundred degrees
Ayy, ayy, ayy (DTdaKidd)
My dope sells itself, I'm back like cooked crack and four hundred degrees (B
eat those drums)