

300 Raccs

Drakeo The Ruler

Grab the suit n tie had to do it to 'em
I ain't givin out my time to a goofy nigga
Drop a hunnid K on a loser nigga (Laudiano)
The first nigga send a mug imma crucify 'em
When you with the team, know it's do or die
Hope you keep the same energy when it's you and I
Water on my neck I went scuba divin'
This nina fuckin' everybody, put the coochie on 'em
Kamikaze thoughts but the doors are suicidal
If Rami did yo' pieces why you always gotta ask sizin'?
Don't got the same check, when I flex I remind niggas
Back up off my jewelry it'll blind niggas, I'm different
If we hoopin' she get stupid, is you high nigga?
Pull up at a nigga school and 'Calabrine niggas
Shooters in the cut with shy glizzy
The mac's supersized a nigga up and fried em
I'm buddies with Tom, I need My Space
Find me boostin' up the crime rate if crime pays
The last nigga lost his head talkin' bout " I'm gay "
Shots fired hittin' hard as Bombay
The streets I got the key to, nigga santé
My flu flammer niggas know my feng shui
Double D's on the chop shit get naughty
Put the beam on a nigga ask scotty
Here put this bag in your stomach, nigga potty
.223 shells ain't carryin' no shotty
Got Shanaynay in the whip, she's a hottie
Bitch I'm Drakeo, I am not no role model
I'm hot headed, Can a dog get a bone?
Pipi long made him drop dead
I ain't even finna play with a stock clip
Catch me beatin' on his head with this chop rounds
He tried to eat a two piece, and got knocked down
Heard my presence in the room, make the spot hot
I ain't worried 'bout these niggas I got my chop
Foreigns on the corner, bitch this is my block
Confirmed kills, we ain't sending out no pop shots
Couple mops in the car I'm with the shottas
If you go against the team you don't dada
Talk beef, we gon' turn it into lobster
Ruth Chris', I just caught another body
I'm partying with lil meech we at Papi's
That's the mob bitch I feel like John Gotti
All I need is Ben Frank and let her sign me
Bruce Lee kicks, this chopper know karate
Work him out, nigga shoulda knew pilates
You's a bitch and them niggas you with caca
Two chains on I'm finna start a riot
Get the uchie, now my insta goin' private
Never speak on what you really do in private
Any nigga can get touched with the midas
From California, in my city I'ma icon
Los scandalous, I grew up with the pythons
I get dough I be kickin' it with Tyquan
He portrayin' he a killer 'cause his mic on
Bygones be bygones, I'm not that guy
I can't be that high, gold bottles, baptize 'em

Niggas get wrapped for me, FN's and macs on me
Do I really gotta say 300 Racks by me?
Niggas get wrapped for me, FN's and macs on me
Do I really gotta say 300 Racks on me?
Ugh, shit we know the truth