

Engineer Scared

Drakeo The Ruler

I pulled up to the club with a drum (Low the Great)
A mean guy, but we turned him to a nun
He peace treatin' 'cause we gave him what he want (Is that Trey?)
Just checked an Oompa Loompa, now we want Willy Wonka
We ain't finna do that, clown
Just slid his block quiet lettin' off MAC rounds
How you do it? I put a muzzle on it, bitch
You know my name, I ain't tusslin' with niggas

Put a silence on the K, you hear it muzzlin'
I'm finna really show out, he got his son in here
You hear him stutterin', these niggas mumblin'
We got the engineer scared, too many guns in here
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Shit, hundiddy chop
Mei Ling just bumped on me, that's a hundiddy bop
It's a Mickey Mouse
Hit him with the chop ten times, made him Diddy Bop
Half a hundiddy in the chop, it's a Minnie Mouse
Ten chops, that's a proud family up at Penny house
Tell a nigga, "Eat these, it'll make you skinny, watch"
You got the engineer scared, put all the glizzies down
Silly billys 'round, nigga, that'll get you got
Nigga's talkin' like a killer, but he really not
Put a drum on the glizzy, I ain't into stocks
All these niggas holdin' dick, where the bitches at? Ugh

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Shootin' this bitch hurt, it threw my shoulder out of place
Glock on the dresser while I'm fuckin', I'm condom safe
I make her suck me with the rubber, how that condom taste?
You with a buster, so I guess you kind of safe
They call me a G.O.A.T., but I'm some kind of wizard
Pssh pssh on the K like it's tryna whistle
I don't even fuck your bitch, just make her do the dishes
You was cryin' in the county, you ain't even make it to prison
The box got a weird shape, it's shaped like a prism
I'm startin' to think these niggas vegan, 'cause they don't want no chicken
Slide on the opps' crib and knock out they kitchen
If I don't see dude with the Stinc Team, we ain't fuckin' with him

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We got the engineer scared, too many guns around
A nigga pull up to the stu' fake tough, gon' have to gun him down
Fuck the cameras, I pull up bareface just to paint a clown
I got water on my neck, my drip make these hoes drown
Anybody want smoke'll turn this bitch to a hookah lounge
Got a chop, beat up the opp block, now they Milly Rockin'
Heavy metal, rock and roll on niggas while I'm Perc' poppin'
Niggas gay, they sweet like Willy Wonka, plus they work with cops
Krispy hit him with a glizzy, now he crispy, fried him with a Glock
Nigga think he Suge, Drakeo do him like Pac
Feed him shots, he don't bang, but he be hangin' with the opps
He's a clown, a jester, I hit him with the Heckler Koch

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Shit, man, I be tryna chill out
Like, I'm like damn, bro, like
Fuck, I had the pole out, nigga, all in the booth, nigga
Engineer in there shakin' and all that
Like, I was just like chill out, bro
Put the poles up, put the sticks up, put the drums up
Like nigga, nobody even in here, nigga, we in Beverly Hills, nigga, nigga
Niggas ain't worried 'bout nothin', man
But again that nigga was taxin' and shit, he might be on some shit, I don't
know
Shit, man, well, put the guns down, ugh
Know what I'm, know what I'm sayin'?
Alright, really, though, we gon' put 'em down, we gon' put 'em down