

Bad Luck

Drexthejoint

(Pull up, Sinji)

Got these niggas mad, huh? Tryna find me, I'm on the back, huh?
Fuckin' with them J-boys, nigga, man, that shit bad luck
Niggas poppin' hot shit on the 'Gram and they just act tough
I got the thumper on me, that'll make a nigga back up
Back, back, bitch for the birds, just like she Aflac
Nigga want smoke with dead homies, we can match that
Been a stepper, on my big homies, they can stamp that
You wanna beef, ain't no squashin' it, can't get past that

Bleed 'em, I cut a bitch off 'cause I don't need her
I ain't like that in person, they only do it for the media
The grimy-ass J-sign, nigga, nothin' between me
Keep it in the streets, 'cause when I see you, man, you gon' feel it
Feel that, all that poppin' it, you better kill that
Niggas wanna do what I do, but they can't steal that
Nigga probably mad 'cause he ain't gon' get his bitch back
I ain't shiesty, I fuck your bitch, but I'll give her back
Stop it, think your Macho Man, get you shot quick
I think I'm Asian, that's why I'm playin' with these chopsticks
Seen them in the comments, nigga, I got they block lit
And, nigga, from my hood, that's the reason why I pop it
Stop that, nigga better stay up in the podcasts
Name a time they got up on me and I ain't shot back
Nigga say you JK, well, go and get my flack backs
Nigga think he Heem, lil' nigga, but y'all is not that

These niggas mad, huh? Tryna find me, I'm on the back, huh?
Fuckin' with them J-boys, nigga, man, that shit bad luck
Niggas poppin' hot shit on the 'Gram and they just act tough
I got the thumper on me, that'll make a nigga back up
Back, back, bitch for the birds, just like she Aflac
Nigga want smoke with dead homies, we can match that
Been a stepper, on my big homies, they can stamp that
You wanna beef, ain't no squashin' it, can't get past that

I can't trust nobody, man, I don't even do no friends
When you hear this shit, just know it's that fly Mexican
I do this shit for real, man, ain't no need for pretend
Got the opps pressured up, man, these niggas hold their hands
The way these niggas hold hands, that shit embarrassin'
Catch an opp lackin', lil' nigga, man, ain't no sparin' him
Nigga made a diss track, ain't even heard of him
Go against the team, my niggas finna go and bury you
Niggas finna bury that nigga if he wan' funk
My niggas all grimy, don't do no one-on-ones
Say, if you come and diss me, you better keep a gun
'Cause beef ain't nothin' to me, this shit for fun
I don't take bitches serious, I just want 'em to just match it
Keep it player with these hoes, to the team, I'ma pass 'em, smack 'em
Nigga think a gangster, was braggin'
I'm so FK, you know I fake it, sike, blah

Got these niggas mad, huh? Tryna find me, I'm on the back, huh?
Fuckin' with them J-boys, nigga, man, that shit bad luck
Niggas poppin' hot shit on the 'Gram and they just act tough

I got the thumper on me, that'll make a nigga back up
Back, back, bitch for the birds, just like she Aflac
Nigga want smoke with dead homies, we can match that
Been a stepper, on my big homies, they can stamp that
You wanna beef, ain't no squashin' it, can't get past that

Nigga