

ROLLIN N CONTROLLIN FREESTYLE

DUSTY LOCANE

Grrt, pow-pow-pow-pow
Yeah, y'all know the vibes
It's that six times ten shit
Neighbors don't need no favors
Them ends don't need no friends
Get me? Look (CP did it baby)
Huh, look, look
Listen

I walk in the spot, thirty on me and some chops
All my niggas really rock, roll, control
Shout my 'Layos, you know how my niggas move
But I ain't movin', I'm rollin' and I'm shootin'
I said, "Baby, it's crazy," hahahahaha
I be really wit' them killin' niggas and them drillin' niggas and we back
In the Floss, get you offed
I don't do this too much, I just talk that talk
Gimme talk back too, what's the word? What y'all wanna do?
Empty out the clip, I'm wit' the Crips, neighborhood shit
All of my niggas, they on shit, I ain't gotta be on, bitch
Hol' on, I be so gone
Call up that boy YJ grippin' on the tool
He gon' break the rules, boy, you a fool, you a fool
I said, "Mad Max, he a demon, he let llamas fly"
Soso, one call, that boy built for homicide
I am war ready, stay steady, don't gotta say too much
I was in the pen' wit' a couple killer niggas and I stay tooled up
I could get you shot, get you packed up, huh, that's on the set
I ain't gotta say too much, and I just let that bitch, let that bitch off
Stupid nigga, what you talking for?
I am really in these streets, and I won't say no more
Hol' on, shake it, huh, just, I said, "Just shake it"
All this money that I'm makin', bad bitches and they cakin'
Ass fat, huh, heard that bad bitch was Jamaican
Put her in her place, put it in her face, hol' on
She was so wet, haha, grabbed on the TEC
Now I gotta lift a nigga up, leave his brother upset
Heard that lil' nigga tellin', huh, I'm a felon
But I ain't even gonna act like I'm playin' wit' a nigga, I'ma get em
Rr, I'm nasty, bad bitches and they classy, they ain't trashy
Ask me, anything you really want
I'ma let em up, I'ma go dumb, huh
I do this shit for fun
Tell 'em niggas, "Check in with me 'cause I keep a gun"
Huh? You can not play, .38, let it spray
That nine milli', thirty clip, let 'em
This is all I gotta say, I do it all for the gang
Me and you is not the same, stay in your place
Boy, you a lame, I'll carry the tool
And I'm still on the Fifth, wit' an eighth

Woo, woo, woo
Grrt, pow-pow-pow-pow