

Drill Time

Duwap Kaine

Posted up on the mop block, wit' the thirty tucked re-real tight
Gun smoke go to his face 'cause I don't do no fights
I'm po'd up, I'm throwed off, you niggas be so soft
I was right there, you was right there
You was wit' a gun, It didn't go off
I got this Glock 40 on my hip, I saw the police so I had to dip
I got that Mac wit' that extended clip
I'm on the block, I'ma make a flip
Dr-Drive by in that black van
Got a new chopper straight from Japan
I'm off the lean, off the Codeine and I'm leanin' like a kickst and
Break down these Backwoods 'cause I'm rollin' gas, I'm smokin' gas
Let a nigga talk about me, I'ma roll him up, I'ma smoke his ass
In the field wit' a chrome, dressed in all black
And I'm gon' off the drugs, I'm gone off the Act'
My niggas down to ride, you better be outside
'Cause you was talkin' 'bout me but you not ready to die
Shootin' all these guns, my bullets gonna glide
These niggas scary, always wanna hide
My choppa talkin' to yo' face, open wide
You always do that Twitter talkin', come and slide
These niggas made because I took they guns and took they hoes
These niggas mad because I got that money and got the dough
These niggas made because I'm up next and they next do'
And if a nigga take my things then I ain't 'bout to go
Got a pole, let it blow, pockets swole, money do not fold
Pistol show the pleasure, ayy, bullets show the measure, ayy
I am a trendsetter, ayy, I will show you terror, ayy
No, I ain't no teller, ayy, but shout-out my bank-teller, ayy
Pistol to ya head, we want answers, that's that pressure, ayy