

(Brrt, stick 'em, ha-ha-ha, stick 'em)

Ayy, just slide and do your doug', nigga, that's how you make the tea  
m

Nightingale, 2100, blood, this the place to be  
Walk him down, make sure he ain't breathin' when the Drakey speak  
Lash Gang, 12-7 bangin', baby, free the team  
Creep up on him broad day, send him where them bodies go  
When I slide, baby, ride passenger, don't lock the door  
Hit a nigga top, I'll think about it when I know he gone  
He pulled a move, blood know he wrong

Push up on him, get that nigga gone, that's what the homie said  
He said fuck who? That nigga know he dead  
Marley thought I said shoot, it's somethin' wrong with brodie head  
Spark the dodie, free the homies locked down in the feds  
If you ever see a sucker, better drop some shots  
Before I ever hugged a bitch, on gang, I hugged the block  
Don't get to tellin' your co-D when them cages lock  
That nigga disappointed team when them papers dropped  
Chopper light a nigga up like it's citrus in it  
I'm only seventeen ballin', blood, I been that nigga  
Flippin' niggas, hop in the foreign to get these niggas  
Just let me know if it's funk, 'cause we can drench these niggas  
My demons comin' back again, I need to shake 'em off  
Name a nigga with a chain I seen and I ain't break 'em off  
Take it off, you don't wanna die, just take it as a loss  
They popped bro and had to pay the cost

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