

# Can't Save Me

EBK Jaaybo

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
(Chris Bone)

Yeah, The Preacher seen me and he walked the other way, He know he can't save me  
Speak to my niggas like they donkeys from the G, My niggas ain't baby  
This big bitch hit everybody by herself, Guess I ain't aiming  
It sound like, "Harrrah rauu" when Drac shakin' (Yeah)  
Gon' pop an opp before a perc, Gales my mind gone  
You know these niggas 5-0, It's fucked up we still gon' slide more  
Wish death upon him, Nigga die slow  
He sleep peacefully at night, Until his eyes close (Yeah)

I do walk throughs with Satan, They are not Godly  
Step through, For surely with some mainey shit, If I popped him  
Bend a right and let me out right here, I think that I spot him  
Opp nigga, Hit me 'bout a fade, He think that I'm Rocky  
Aye, Clap it up, This nigga made me mad as fuck  
It ain't hard to get a "B" on yo belt, Grab you one  
We popped his kid, Now he don't exist, He never had a son  
Pop a opp, Switch fits, Hit the crib, Then laugh it up  
Act like I ain't tag him up, But I don't need the credit for it  
Almost got put to sleep, This faggot ass ain't have his weapon on him  
Floppin' like a fish, Took every shot when I was steppin' on him  
Ain't ever slid with me, So Gales ain't ever smoking what I'm smoking  
Pick Rose or Rob bub, Cause we done bent the block before  
I had to cut the homie off, Cause he ain't sending shots no more  
How she run off with the trap, And you penalize the ho  
I treat the bitch like the opps, Do my doug, Then get on  
Homicides and kick doors, This a murder operation  
He talkin' like he Demon Gales, He ain't ever talk to Satan  
These shots meant to kill, God can't help the paramedics save him  
Then swap 'em for another pole before they trace it  
Reckless when we chase people, We don't want him here no more  
Left the house, Ready to shoot but when he died, Then get to blow  
Can't funk with these niggas no more, They talking too much on these phones  
On the gram talking 'bout a nigga, That you know we popped, What the fuck you niggas on?

(Yeah, yeah)  
It's fucked up I'm still gon' slide on  
Mad as fuck I left the Drac, But I can't dwell on that right now  
I slid and put the 9 on him, I put that fire on him  
Think he that man that's flyin' shit, I put that iron on him  
Got his bro callin' 911 like, "Help me, Bleezy's dyin' on me"  
If that body ain't somebody, Then nigga I don't want it  
But it ain't shit, Just strap them cleats, Hit they block they can't find it  
donk

Yeah, yeah, I might just hang my jersey up, When I finally smoke him  
This stupid ho smoke too much dope, And I can't ride with Smokey  
Yeah, I'm smirkin' slap my sukka music, When I'm ridin' on him  
Sometimes I wish my Pops was here, When I slide it get lonely  
My guys even phony, I can't trust these niggas  
Gon' fuck him over with fully, Before I fuck with niggas  
Yeah, And I done put the Grim Reaper on a couple niggas

Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah

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