

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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