

Exposing Me

EBK Jaaybo

This all facts, this ain't no fairytale
Punched on Zay in the pen, niggas be scared in jail
While niggas was gettin' inside the car, I was yankin' still
Day Day had a thousand dollar bond and couldn't pay the bail

Exposin' niggas on these Pro Tools
Just was in the pen' with Boy Boy, that niggas was off the spice and ain't have no food
Smokin' niggas I used to be close to
Ayy, I'm into hittin' niggas blocks and doin' that one dance, you ain't got no moves

Bounced out on Lil Boog and chased him up the street
Got nothin' against him, just was tryna get him gone 'cause he from 3z
Punched on Nano face, I had him in the county coppin' pleas
I had him like, "I'm from the North, I ain't from Flys, that's they beef"

Yeah, no white flags, put belt to ass if you fuck with niggas
Benzo, you better step with Waunte, you was runnin' with him
They call me "Draks", but I put fully on a couple niggas
Maxx said, "Fuck Sutter," so I slid and dropped a hunnid with him

Spanked on D Money 'fore he died, had him gettin' low
Dracy in my pants, got me walkin' like I'm pigeon-toed
Slo-be Mode, I'm on that time, that's who I'm spinnin' for
I popped him six times, had him squirmin', crawlin' on the floor

I love them baby ARPs and how the bitch shoot
And the Gen don't even matter, it's gon' get used
Told Dada play the back seat and watch me get through
And Jefe was a donkey from they side, know they gon' miss dude

BNice got popped and started rappin', that's a real victim
Make it make sense, why would y'all say my name if I ain't kill niggas?
If he run from you, make sure when you chase him, you put your heels in it
Perc' make me feel different, I think Sauce still livin'

But fuck Quaccey, how you die from a bat?
A niggas gotta earn this B, I ain't goin' out like that
Waunte another victim of the Hotz, we put that belt to ass
Had him crawlin' under cars prayin' that the fully jam

Back to 2020 Jaaybo, I been on niggas
Free my twin Play, got scenes with him, that's my clone, niggas
Snowwy pimpin' minors, check the ID of your ho bitches
And we the real new money, you niggas ain't gettin' no chicken

Hit they block, bounce out, put switchy on like four niggas
Since I was sixteen, I've puttin' belt on old niggas
He was tryna make it home from court, we put them holes in him
And won't pull that Draco 'less I'm tryna take a soul with it
Uh, I can't walk out my front door without my pole with me
You know we not locked in, you never got out here and stole with me
I been on plenty missions, he's not official if he ain't rode with me
I'm on an opp block tryna cook a niggas, but I ain't got no stove with me
Stop all that dissin', niggas, come and pick your mans up
Dude tried to run, them 7.62s ate his pants up

They think I'm not gon' spin 'cause I done went and got my bands up
Tried to swing my door, but it was locked, it fucked my hand up
He was talkin' like he was gangster, he got booked and gave his mans up
Postin' all them guns on Instagram, that shit ain't scarin' us
You say you keep your gun, so when you see us, what you ran for?
You was talkin' crazy on that song, that got his mans clucked