(Get stupid, childish, insane) (Bounce out, the skit don't matter you ain't tapped the nigga face) (Walk downs in all black, get aggressive with baby Drac) Get stupid, childish, insane Bounce out, the skit don't matter you ain't tapped the nigga face Walk downs in all black, get aggressive with baby Drac Built a ass Caught him on the southside, he got spanked I'm a hotboy Chains icy, where's the refrigerator? She forked over the trap but I ain't fuck it Ima hit you later I'll leave the house without my blick before I ever give a bitch some paper (Yeah, yeah, yeah) Said she got more than 5 for me. hoe I'm pulling up (Yeah) Gon' need more than them Track 2's when these bullets come Chase down Surviving these ain't likely, hope this bitch can run Can't judge him cause he just hopped off the porch he trynna get him one Another Fly just got squashed go pick that- Go pick that nigga up We turned that bitch to dust Keep fully on me this shit serious its not for fun I push the J like I'm from the court but I'm from 21 Ay, on Seventh St nigga Get stupid, childish, insane Bounce out, the skit don't matter you ain't tapped the nigga face Walk downs in all black, get aggressive with baby Drac Built a ass Caught him on the southside, he got spanked I'm a hotboy Chains icy, where's the refrigerator? She forked over the trap but I ain't fuck it Ima hit you later I'll leave the house without my blick before I ever give a bitch some paper (Yeah, yeah, yeah) Said she got more than 5 for me. hoe I'm pulling up Moncler to the  ${\tt G}$  we all bleed the same We just pulled up on they block where they people hang (Aye) I'm in there walking niggas down I don't need no aim We just floated down Scribner now we through the A Bitch my Glock a transgender it go both ways (Aye) I wouldn't claim that skit nigga it was no head tap Slide through this bitch looking too smirky that's a death trap (Aye) Caught him with the bitch and left him where he slept at Ain't a P but this shooter shit is what I'm best at Got Firenza' yellow tape a nigga where we left a mess at (Got Firenza's yellow tape a nigga where we left a mess at) Bitch wasn't talking 'bout no chips so I just got the lips Sucka niggas walking round the corner I'm walking doing hits Drop a body burn the fit its back to taking trips

Bitch, y'all do attempts y'all ain't doing hits Return the pole lil bro, you ain't used the shit Don't do the shooting out the lo we bouncing out the whip Geez baby since 13 I been pulling skitz

And let me send some weird shit I'm coming off the hip Pussy pulled that weird shi he in a bag for it

I was broke back then I made my bag for it

Bitch I'm nodding off a deuce I almost bagged foreign

Put the bitch on a flight got her war torn

And I been kicking off that wock I need to stop more

Said she got more than 5 for me. hoe I'm pulling up

Get stupid, childish, insane
Bounce out, the skit don't matter you ain't tapped the nigga face
Walk downs in all black, get aggressive with baby Drac
Built a ass
Caught him on the southside, he got spanked
I'm a hotboy
Chains icy, where's the refrigerator?
She forked over the trap but I ain't fuck it
Ima hit you later
I'll leave the house without my blick before I ever give a bitch some paper
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)