

# Out On Bail

EBK Jaaybo

Algo en tu cara me facina  
That's on y'all brother I'm known...  
Algo en tu cara me da vida  
When you niggas from the hood? A lot of niggas brother  
¿Será tu sonrisa?  
¿Será tu sonrisa?  
Not from the hood? Niggas can't say a nigga not from the G  
Niggas for surely not EBK, two-one, Js

Aye, aye, aye  
Baby I get jiggy, fell in love with pink fifties and them green dubs  
And you could lose your whole damn arm for throwin' threes up  
I pop niggas too, ain't trippin' off that lil' mean mug  
Don't instigate a fight cause I'm gon', ah  
Turned the fully to a lock  
Out on bail, the feds hot  
Four nickle jump, I gotta aim it at his chest to hit his top  
A couple killers coming home, they need free my nigga Ra  
From Jordan Court to Seventh Street, they know who really bendin' blocks  
Head taps, he got a glass fade, come make a dub off rappin' on a bad day  
I know he cappin' in them songs, they got no bag, that nigga had to pay  
Threw rubix cube on baby drac, aye lil' nigga, what's your mag game?  
Fat nigga, but I still can do that dance and make my back break  
You know my gang or wire taps, don't hit my phone about no bodies  
The case was closed, I can't believe you told the police that we popped him  
Don't say the homie name bitch, over bro I'm kamikaze  
Sendin' bitches still my hobby  
Walked up close before I dropped him  
AMG, slap that thing in sport mode it drive faster  
Keep yo gleek close when it's time to go, it might matter  
This bitch know better than to raise her voice at a life snatcher  
I just turned my lil' nigga to a fly exterminator  
You must've lost your damn mind, you think that I ain't gettin' paper  
Eliminate a opp with malice, slowly breathin' with his face up  
Can't let no bitch play with my time like I'm a simp, hoe I'm a playa  
Gave me the bag, I send her down in Baltimore with the Ravens  
Drac thang ain't pullin' up with nothin' smaller  
Say bout' the bitch? I heard the pain in his voice when he called her  
I'm really present when it's funk, ain't going back and forth with blogger  
I know it hurt, AH HA! Your brother died, try harder  
Ain't nun' less than a spartan  
Gzzz, I was sendin' hits at seventeen  
Free my twin, they tryna say my brother clipped a nigga wings  
Loadin' up the arsenal  
Jaaybo spinnin' when it's beef  
He made a song 'bout Slobe, I catch the bitch, I'm kickin' in his teeth  
GLE six-three, I might just grab the Porsche truck  
He makin' songs like we ain't spinnin' for our bro, the score up  
Don't say Slo-Be name in vain, I'm really trippin' 'bout my blood  
Free B from the dub, Nightingale, Gs up  
I ain't gotta act like I'on got it on me, cause I do  
Just me and Maxx, we ain't on separate type of times, we tryna hoop  
You think you under, nigga fuckin' with them snitches, you ain't bool  
I get the lo' and spin through  
On Phelps Street, just me and Tuce  
The label came and drop that bag, yeah I got it goin' on  
Hit up my plug in AZ, I need them Glocks for the low

If you ain't terrorize the opp, then I would not put him on  
It look like fifty in the chopper, but that's not what it hold  
Hunnit rounds in that bitch, it's a switchy inside  
Since Play introduced him to me, I need switchies on mine  
Used to need ten for the feature  
Now I'm switchin' the price  
And get her, issue whole time I was down, she need dick in her life  
Famous nigga, but I'm still finna slide  
Play with bands, I can spot a hunnit bands with one eye  
Think I'm pussy? Push up on me, It's gon' be a gun fight  
You fuck with suckas, then you that blood, I ain't lettin' nun' slide  
Three hoes in my load, this finna be a fun ride  
I got evil thoughts, was death on my sucka, then he died  
At times I turn in to the reaper, still been on that type of time  
My opp ain't got no legs, but walkin' shit down when he on live, two-one, Js

Free Poopy, Free Maxx, Free Leek, Free Play