

Satanic

EBK Jaaybo

(Ayy, Ecko, turn it up)
Yeah, yeah
Ayy, Gales, this shit
This shit can get so satanic, yeah
Yeah, this shit can get so satanic, I've been through shit that
you can't manage, huh
Yeah, Gzzz
Yeah, yeah (Ayy, Ecko, turn this beat off if I ain't trippin' o
n it)
Yeah, yeah

This shit can get so satanic, I've been through shit that you c
an't manage
He from the Sukka's side, it's only right that I face tap him,
yeah
Ayy, I keep Nicki on me daily, but send Drac' at him
Cause in the house, don't make us wiggle through and spank Gran
ny
I'm a soul stripper, there ain't no soul in us (Yeah)
Step down them niggas' block, we standin' on business
They still outside after we slid, they just don't get it
Ayy, free The Reaper, I'll be home, nigga

Yeah, Mad Maxx, you can't feel like him if you ain't caught one
Maneuver through the section that they at and leave it chalked
up
Gangsters move in silence, so I don't talk much
Every drill I did, Jzzz, I walked up
Baby, leave that nigga and come boss up
Don't know what goin' on that block, but niggas aren't thugs
Drac' thing, sendin' shots his way, lift his car up
Gales makin' songs like he a stepper, he ain't marched once
Can't watch the bro get on when we slide and I know what I'm do
in'
My opps never bend the block, they don't like shoes
Beat they block with hella different straps like I let a dyke d
o it
This that murder shit, Moms tryna slide when she hear my music
They ain't outside, but I feel the vibes when I ride through it
You say I'm cappin' in my songs, when I slide, you gon' die to
it
When I slither, turn on Mr. EBK
Ain't off no Percs, I was sober when I slid the other day
Can't speak on that, but you know what I'm tryna say (What you
say?)

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an't manage

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