

Straight To Hell

EBK Jaaybo

(Wooskii, I think we got one)
Ayy, 2-1, Gzzz, huh, Jzzz, uh-huh
Yeah, yeah, 2-1, nigga
2-1, nigga, ayy

Ayy, I just left Scrib
Shotta with one hand, I damn near broke my left wrist
Pull up to my block unannounced, ain't gotta check in (Ain't gotta check in)
Yeah, Seventh Street baby
Hop out the porch with Smith & Wesson, not no .380
Not one human on this block, Blood, this street mainey
Yeah, don't slide down Seventh Street too fast, Blood, this street janky
All he heard was seven (Ah-rah) and three Drakeys
Yeah, that's a lot of shots
Was just an adolescent when they stretched him, ooh, his mama hot
Can't do what I wanna do to 'em, they gon' call the cops
Can't even lie, I'm hella bougie, threw a hundred shots in all my chops
Do 'em and all the Glock, dribbled on all my opps
Was on that block like it was good and they all got popped
Caught 'em loafin' right by M&Ms, I was on that with Ra
Yeah, but free Maxx and Baby Maxx
Tinted up, plus it's poles in here, can't drive Mercedes fast
Got too much bag to slide, but I could drop a payment on his ass
Used to be broke, but I'm dropping what he bangin', so it's bad
Yeah, yeah, suited up to go and suit and tie a nigga
Yeah, yeah, been told on, shit got me scared to slide with niggas
Could leave the Glock and bring the chop, it don't matter, it's my decision
The sucker called me with a rat, I think these niggas fine with snitchin'
Yeah, yeah, think I'm too paranoid, I heard a noise and damn near dropped shots
He making songs like he on that, really, I'm the top opp
That last opp that tried to pop it on the 'Gram got popped
On any type of time you niggas on, can't say the hots not
Fly straps when I mob
They ain't spinnin' over there, they got the ones that came before 'em disappointed
When it's twenty fullies comin' at one time, you can't avoid 'em
Straight to hell with my two ones, I know exactly where I'm going
Yeah, yeah, shit, all these voices in my head gettin' annoying
Yeah, yeah, G block baby, tell me we ain't scorin'
Yeah, yeah, bougie, I ain't in that load if it ain't foreign
Yeah, yeah, R.I.P., he KO'd without the snorin'
And be sure to pay attention when you spinnin', that's important
Look, ayy, I think I'm worse than Satan
Droppin' bodies in the streets, my mom stressin', been hurtin' her lately
Before I spin with goofy niggas, I'll purge with the babies
Too big to slide with lil' gadgets, I'm purgin' with Drakey
The first one outrageous
But when you catch that second one, you strong enough to take it
Don't bring my name up in no murders, Blood, I didn't spank him
They say I drove that young man to slide, I didn't take him
Nigga, free the thugs