

# DEAD OPPS

Eem Triplin

I know why niggas hatin'  
I'm the shit, man I get it  
Get a lotta money, flip it then I go and spend it  
See the Opps dead on the gram  
Nigga good riddance  
Spin the block two times  
Wait fuck it, I ain't finished  
Focus and you lift this  
Spend no money, I ain't trickin'  
If you see my demon it's that dosé I've been sippin'  
Put that nigga on a shirt and he still missin'  
I said put that nigga on a shirt and he still missin'

G-g-get popped  
See your body lock  
I'ma fuck his thot  
Send you to the top  
Connect the dots  
I make these shells pop  
Catch him on the news  
We gon' shoot at you

Playin' with this money 'cause I can see that it's too face  
Can't fuck no Instagram thot, that bitch is too fake  
Stay up, I stay in the trap till it's a new day  
These niggas too busy runnin', think they don't get no pay  
I ain't from the hood, you can't step in ville  
See you at the light and I know you gon' peel  
You really want the beef then these palms will feel  
I'ma pop that bitch like I'm poppin' a seal  
Can't sign me, today's the deal  
I don't even ball, but I stay in the field  
Sleepin' on the floor, that tool got me my meals  
Been through this shit, give a fuck how you feel

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