

DEAD OPPTS

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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