

I know nine hundred and sixty two reasons  
Why you can't come up these  
We condone in chipes I know these sticks gone sweep him off his  
feet  
EST the streets they know we get money and killing beef  
All my opps is rappers ain't no shit they tryna kill a beat  
[?] on several links you with us or against us  
Burning bridges niggas in the middle get left in the riff a gli  
zzy  
With the switches it take like four seconds to shoot 50  
And refresh they inside I hope they see me dead or going to pri  
son  
Refreshing all my pictures icy like December winter  
Sliding with my niggas we don't see our opps and drop the windo  
w  
We gone hop out get em' got yo fastest man now running semi  
We in parties tripping please don't walk up asking for no pictu  
res  
I turned up the city all the killers wanna lock in with me  
They see bop ins in spinners see yo big dog [?]  
Big bro pop them slows and get on bull shit with his choppa  
We gone shoot regardless don't get caught out with yo momma  
And we still throw up C's for Con Gang home of the robbers  
And niggas know they gambling with they life coming down poppin  
g  
And I drop off that guala make them come knock off yo custom  
And all ya'll know who shot ya'll tell the opps pick up they pa  
rtners  
A.I with the choppa shooting steady when you popping  
It always been bout money always been fuck all outsiders  
Big bro pop them slows and get on bull shit with his choppa  
We gone shoot regardless don't get caught out with yo momma  
And we still throw up C's for Con Gang home of the robbers  
And niggas know they gambling with they life coming down poppin  
g  
And I drop off that guala make them come knock off yo custom  
And all ya'll know who shot ya'll tell the opps pick up they pa  
rtners  
A.I with the choppa shooting steady when you popping  
It always been bout money always been fuck all outsiders