

Both Arms

EST Gee

Send 'em, send 'em, I need all threats (Yeah, yeah)
You can't get 'em gone in the same day, don't call my phone back (Yeah)
Spinnin', spinnin', get his soul snatched (Yeah, yeah)
Said I'm playin', if you take the bread, leave the back door cracked (Yeah)
Sippin', sippin', and throw a fo' back (Yeah, yeah)
Soda cream part the red lean like it's Moses (Yeah)
Whip it, whip it, get in that bowl, dawg (Yeah, yeah)
Icin' up my wrist, spray from that whip, six figures, both arms (Yeah)

Real trap nigga, I serve plenty, I don't know y'all
Thirty-six, I flip thirty-six yo' kick, but you a show off
That's what's on my hoe arm and she don't even show y'all
Safe sex on the sofa, the arm rest, I sit my pole on
Any trick that get a trick from me, I make her go long
G6 bottle water in that Rolls, gettin' my roll on
Bitch kept gettin' my pants wet, when she faced me, told her, "Hold on"
Green grass, space for all the snakes, I make them grown on
My brother passed, choppa in his hand, he was a soldier
Green-tipped 556, bend him out like cobras
Blank X, perc'd up behind tent, you gettin' in mode, huh?
Yeah, he stretched, work, can't rest, this a whole one
Went back to my old plug, we even, I didn't owe him
Front a nigga, I need every digit to his social
Only way you ain't get what I gave you, is if you sold 'em
If they flick you, just don't tell 'em where you get the load from, yeah

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What you mean rest? I'm off 3 X
Stuffin' bags to the seem rip
He gotta seed pack, this a clean batch
I been knockin' bows since gas was train wreckin' and green crack
Trackhawks and Hellcats, we already did that
Drippin' through the trenches, niggas slippin' where I spilled at
People missin', opposition tippin' sayin' we did that
I ain't trippin', shouldn't have took them bitches where he lived at
Wait a second, someone bring a beverage, throw this pill back
Make a section, teddy bears, few presents, where he killed at
Ain't no pressure, he know I'ma stretch 'em when he relax, it fill cap
Every time you rap, nobody feel that, bring it back
Freezer, let it sit like it's a meal prep, closer bros
Three of em' back to back, like I'm Field Jack, come and go
Ain't no hats, only holes, this a real trap, local hoes
I use all they loads to send the weed back, yeah, yeah