

## 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