

Gave It Back

EST Gee

Flexin' on that bitch, hol' up
It's either us or them
And we would never fuck again

Ten-thousand, and beat two-hunnid off in a Ford
Five-hunnid cash, no rent, baby, it's yours
Jet to the moon, I can board
You still got your rose Patek, dawg? Well, of course
Twelve-hunnid, the horse
Nine-hunnid to twerk (Skrtrt)
Lights have the pedal and watch this bitch twerk
Lot of shit niggas doin', I'm going in first
Like putting niggas on shirts, sell a nigga like it's merch
Free GottiBandz 'till dirt, no I don't fuck with no percs
Niggas wanna buy a bag but niggas'll buy a purse
I guess 'cause I'm turnt, I'm 'posed to go through the worst
Forever got me in church, co-signing the servers
All my swipes dirty, twenty-three with a .30
No attempts for me, I've only been doing murders
Timing went through the weed and money went through the garden
He ain't with us to search him, strip him, fuck niggas
Promethazine in my soul like "Fuck liquor"

Yeah, half a ticket on my neck, this a Lamb, not a Vette
She want to be my bitch, nigga, sit on that, have sex
And tell your friends, group-text, doggy up next
And we was beefing with him 'till we seen he was a rat
And last opp died during niggas slidin' jets
And last opp cried, whole squads got wet
I heard niggas words' when that shit on my block
I really run my city if I'm rapping or I'm not

Yeah, I see a dumb nigga, make him move on out the pot
A six-figure nigga, I ain't sleeping on no cot
I have a million in kiillers, come get it while it's hot
And me and your nigga more than different, babe, he an opp
And he don't know the feeling 200K on a watch
He only know the feeling Tru want to play on his-
I'm 'posed to believe y'all killas all in the trenches?
I make sure he listen, I watch him come in with riches
I heard about the water mouth, you can stop a magician
He puttin' him in danger, you livin' with all them bitches
I told her I got five grand, "Here you go, start a business"
And say we got it with you, that should let you know she did it
Don't care how many chances I gave him, he not official
Get every single drop you can find, I got a ticket

Yeah, have a ticket on my neck, this a Lamb, not a Vet
She want to be my bitch, nigga, sit on that, have sex
And tell your friends, group-text, doggy up next
And we was beefing with him 'till we seen he was a rat
And last shop died during niggas slidin' jets
And last shop cried, whole squads got wet
I heard niggas words' when that shit on my block
I really run my city whether I'm rapping or I'm not