

Ice Talk

EST Gee

Who got the ups on us
Strap across your shirt
Like nigga buckle up
You came in
So I send you on that hit
Might die you fuck it up
Clip hold got like T trimmers
Real street nigga
My money up
Wave this bitch
Like hey what's up
Soon as fat boy
Get close enough
Niggas don't want bums
They punks
On IG
Up I post em up
I'll talk to them bodies late at night
When I be rollin' up

They know it's us
Go with all that flaggin'
Bitch you braggin' now
Choke on bruh
40 that's the caliber
The magazine the 17
I got this from Medallin
18 times 33
I hope he ain't sellin' dreams
Might go back to mailin' keys
I don't want no good bitch
Make Dugg bitch a felon please

Maurey's Methamphetamine
You know this that ice talk
Cop I don't fool that pipe off
Yellow tape
White chalk
OT gettin' this ice off
400 hundred mounds
Every country town around
We beat it down
Used to bag up pieces
Sittin' up east
Listenin' to 'Wipe Me Down'

I know they don't like me
All your brothers, sisters, cousins
Feds ever hit the house
Put my shit in the oven
They get cheaper by the dozen
Roster
Grew to a monster
We blow them choppers bitch
I don't know my after bitch
Tell me what come after rich
Play with us we whackin' shit

Claimin' shit and stampin' shit
Fuck y'all

Yeah, yeah,
Yeah these niggas
Don't want beef with us
They IG killers
We bendin blocks
And 3 rentals
I don't see niggas
Keep drillin'
Bitch we breed killers
We elite spinners
Big Shiner
Keep his heat with him
Eat and sleep with it

Wake up
Bitch wanna fuck the youngin' from the front
Go get that makeup
To make sure all my niggas had a piece
I took a pay cut
Hoe gon' put this apartment in her name
You need some pay stubs
I'm crankin' off fake drugs
400 in 8 months
10 with me like they stuck
The driver like my idol
That's the only bitch I can't touch
These niggas is not me
These niggas is not G
Got blow pack
Got roxys
Got weed stems
Some boxed gin
I'm top 10

Go cash one and get locked in
Got outta line and get knocked in
In my city I'm top 10
I'm 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9
With a white boy snortin' H lines
In the side county
Niggas can't find
With a 4-5 on my waistline
Like fuck next
I'm lit now
Cross door I'm big slime
I'm still slidin'
I'm rich now
Everybody gotta pick sides
Took a risk to hold up my wrist high
My lil brother took 6 lives
He a lil nigga but look 6'5
Can't the ops say
That they didn't hide
Yeah