

# Spin

EST Gee

Forever on it  
Free Ric

Tell my brother  
If I'm missing  
I got set up by a bitch  
Oh what  
Hands all in the kitchen  
I don't think I hit the tan enough  
Young dog throw them bands for nothing  
I got 200 pants for nothing  
Rick ain't whack your mans for nothing  
Bitch you know he had that coming  
I still sell them gram 200  
I might move to Houston Monday  
I don't pay my shooters nothing  
They all do that shit for free  
Exotic how them bricks is cheap  
They front me 4  
Bout' 6 a week  
That pape for AP  
Them pics for Ric  
She suckin' dick  
You cuffed the bitch  
All in niggas dms  
We know I said you couldn't trust a bitch  
My nigga lie  
We beefin' now  
I told him not to hit my line

Yeah I still  
Be fuckin' with them pills  
Yeah we, spin  
I'll spin your shit again  
Nigga fuck will  
And everybody told  
R.I.P to all my niggas  
Free my mother-fuckin' bros

Yeah I still  
Be fuckin' with them pills  
Niggas we, spin  
I'll spin your shit again  
Nigga fuck will  
And everybody yeah  
Free my mother-fuckin' bros  
Doin' life up in the feds

Put a red beam on the dred  
Need em dead  
What's the price I paid  
It's love  
I ain't even gotta say it  
Steppin' long as he got legs  
Step in the name of Lil Ded  
Preppin' myself how to play it  
These niggas must think I'm playin'

Cameron catch the place we sped  
Flowers, teddy bears  
He dead  
Bang a tester in his leg  
Noddin' slobbin'  
Drop his head  
Happy that I spin my last  
I drop bags and put em on your ass  
This shit clear as glass  
Last time tinted yellow  
Said it tasted bad  
If it ain't bout cash then what it is  
On an island  
You see fish  
Choppers glocks and six  
Sure hope you can swim  
Coke and brand  
And we like where he live  
Take him we ain't' spin  
Park the car hop out on land  
Head, masks, gloves, hands  
Just to get back from my mans

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