

MTM, hit 'em with the heat

All these losers be quitting, these percocets got me trippin'  
They duck and ask you to switch 'em like frr, hit 'em, he flip  
it

West [?] these corners, they pushing rovers and show for it  
The choppa hurting my shoulder, can't feel my face, I turn over  
I been on these drugs for long enough, my inside be turning  
Wake up in the morning light a dark, keep it burning  
[?] to convert 'em, this KOD got me flurrin'  
I'ma spin on this molly, I'm talking faded and choppy  
Hit the blunt when I wake up, just smoking, I'm pushing sit ups  
Pint inside my liter, it's fizzin', I got the hiccups  
When I walk I'ma dough, I'll never forget my heater  
This a nine-milli drillas, just bouncing, I got my stick up

I love my pistols, got switches  
I love my bitches, got bitches  
I've been leaning way too hard, I think my vision still trippin  
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She said, "Baby, love your [?] steppin'"  
I'm too faded off the percies, God damn, I be sweating  
Bad bitch flexin', Montclair steppa'  
We don't keep them Glocks but I need me a real missile  
Real drank sippa', Rolls-Royce whippa'  
Who that fat boy, made a number one, trend setta'?  
That Rolly in the sky, we be balling a lot  
Put that pistol by your side if you gon' hit up the block  
If you not fucking on no bad bitch, you not in my squad  
Made a million off the rap shit but I need me my knots