Assault

FBG Duck

I just bough a box of bullets so don't pull it
My AK always on fullly, got my scope right on yo skully
So don't make me do you dirty, my AK don't go no kick
100 shots up in this clip so when it spit you better dip

We gon' lean on em, screen on em
Set a pick, scream on em
Beam on em, green on em
Infrared at his head now he dead
Things on him
Drop shit, mop stick
Pop shit, hot shit
Steam on em
Pop pop pop, pop pop pop
Sing on em

SLT Tooka Ville we be having rap niggas shook up
On Tooka grave we was going extra cray
We had niggas put up
That big ass choppa under my couch might need help with it
Kickback so retarded, damn near shot myself with it

Face shot, neck shot, back shot
Shoot till the tec hot
No de-cock, big Glock on lock
Fuck a stash spot
Head shot, head pop, operation dead opp
Leg shot, can't run, bleed out, every shot

I am not for nothing, try me if you wanna
Just me and my glizzy will politely pull up on ya
And I'ma clear the scene when theses bullets ring
I don't think you can run from this AR15

I'm from the S and the E
Have yo ass resting in peace
Might put this tec to yo teeth
Now ya ass stretched, you deceased
Semi-auto, semi-auto tuning niggas right up
Foenem, man pulling right up
Hit you right up, then get right up
Outta there

Heard my ex-bitch was fucking with one of my enemies
So what, I don't care
Bitch
No I do not go inside of no mufucking club
I can't get my gun in there
Niggas be bitches
We make niggas shut the fuck up when they talking to us
We do not shoot out of cars, wanna see yo ass drop
So we walking right up

I'm riding with 30 for Durk 30
30 more if I see Reese first
Recklezz suck dick for a verse
Dumping you dead in a hearse

I'm on the block with the work
First to the third
Never in school like Phineas and Ferb
Aye what you need my boy
12, 12, jump the curb

I just put 100 shots up in my choppa
Think its sweet until I pull up on you knocking
Once I start I guarantee you I'm not stopping
Until I see you and ya patnas get to dropping

On Folks, Yup
All my boys smoke tops
We'll come through yo block
Killing shit like Pol Pot
Tryin' make them poles rock
Tryin' make ya foes drop
Tryin' make his nose drop
You know how the Folks rock

Don't get the top of yo fucking head opened, soda pop
Niggas scared, so they acting like they ain't got no opp
Put a silencer on my shit, so you won't hear no shots
12 get behind me, they gon' have to set a road block

Do-do-do do-do-do da-da-da-dahh
That a new choppa fresh out of the box
Aim and load then its off with you top
Yup, I flood my wrist with them rocks
Yup, my cup dirtier than opps
Yup, hit ya block with the choop
Yup
Do-do-do do-do-do da-da-da-dahh
Do-do-do do-do-do da-da-da-dahh

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