

# Exposing Me

FBG Duck

That's the way it go  
Ima hit this cut, you hit that cut  
Betta know which way to go  
Got some information that you bitch niggas would hate to know  
Niggas talk that shit but they don't even know who made the O  
Drop a bag on your head, my shootas get paid to blow

Fuck around and slide through the O, like I'm from the O  
Let off 23 then 7 more, that's how I come for bro  
T. Roy ain't get shot inside his head but he ain't make it though  
They got so many dead niggas, bitch I don't know who to smoke

I don't know who to smoke, but I'll take Lil Boo to go  
I can see him through the smoke  
Caught his ass comin' out yo crib, shot him through the door  
Tweakin' off the mids, I think Lil Steve comin' through the floor

He got caught in traffic, Waldo ain't get to finish his status  
He on the internet laughin', cappin', then got caught without it  
Fuck yo homie dead, you heard what I said  
Fuck Sheroid, fuck Odee, fuck D-Thang, and fuck Tire Head

You niggas hoes to me, you couldn't even get close to me  
I keep my heater, It's right by my side, so watch how you walk when approach  
in' me  
Baldy got smoked by a tree, run up on him with the stick and smoked him like  
a leaf  
Now they chalkin' up the street, for walkin' up the street, please stop talk  
in' up the beef

J Money got it the worst of me, that's how it's supposed to be  
It's a lot of niggas that I'm not even gon' mention but they where they supposed to be  
Niggas be thinkin' they killas, you look like a ghost to me  
Boy I been smokin' your homie, this shit chokin' me

Mentioning Scrapp ain't gon' get you shit but a new grave  
We do it for Scrapp, we done fucked around and made 600 change blocks  
I'm fresh off a hit, might switch up the clothes, but I got the same Glock  
You know what it is, we comin' for more, might shoot up the same block

These niggas mentionin' Tooka, I'll fuck around, send you to meet him  
I don't got my Glock, when I see an opp, on bro Ima beat 'em  
I'm smokin' Lil Steve can't breath, I'm thinkin' its over  
I wish I was right there when Lil Boo got smoked, I woulda ran his shit over

Pass him to me, we just add him to the family tree  
Smacked his ass with the back of the heat  
Stello got hit from the back of the seat  
Damn, the back of the seat?  
He tried to get up from the back of the seat  
They left his head in the back of the seat

Murda? Who you murdered?  
Talkin' about you flippin' shit, what? A burger?  
Boy you nervous, you ain't never shot no one in person

You niggas bitches, where y'all purses?  
Man you niggas went and dyed y'all hair on purpose  
But was it worth it? How that's workin'?  
Man I wouldn't be surprised if they start twerkin'

Told 'em stay in tune bitch I'm workin'  
Please don't think shit chicken, this ain't Church's  
Tired of puttin' niggas in these hearses  
I should get a million for these verses