

Me

FBG Duck

Me and MVP
We gone R.I.P
If he try to tweak
12 behind me, sheesh
S.R.T, skeet
They not catching me
Got my pipe on me
Might throw life at me
Turn my flex up, oh
Run my check up, oh
I might fuck yo bitch
With my leg up, oh
I only pack the tool
Cuz I'll clap the tool
Might not look like it's on me
Til I clap the tool

Aye who's mans is this?
You need to check ya boy
Before them shooters have to slide through and check ya boy
Bitch the guns we got loud so killings extra noise
Niggas say they want some smoke but we got cancer for 'em
Bitch I'm Louie'd down
I look like a checker board
Wanna know who up?
Then go and check the board
And I heard you broke as hell
You need a check lil' boy
And you let ya mans get whooped
Why you ain't help the boy

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I got my feet on niggas
It's gone get ugly for 'em
Playing with the gang
I wish a mothafucker would
Pussy ass niggas not allowed in the hood
Shootas looking for him
Hell nawl, he not good
Pew, pew, pew
Get a rapper killed like I'm Suge

Got my homie smoking on
His ass out of wood
Take his last breath
Hell yeah, wish he could
Imma take his last breath
When I hit this wood

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