

Slide

FBG Duck

Ay Ewell, I don't want no autotune
Yeah you know lately
Fuck all that shit
We been on a whole 'lot of gang shit you know, never lane switch
That's how I'm comin'
Gang gang since potty train, all that shit
Oh this how you comin' too?
Naw for real

This a real nigga party, you cannot get in (in)
Bussin' out the mid (mid), foenem off the Xans (Xans)
I can't shake your hand (hand), no, I'm not your friend (friend)
I don't fuck with rappers (nah), no I'm not a fan (fan), damn (damn)
Niggas really shoot, no accident (for real)
I can't make this shit up, I cannot pretend, damn
And I heard you know who shot ya mans (for real?)
You ain't tryna slide so don't be actin' like you is (pussy)
'Cause if you gon' slide, pussy nigga then slide then (yeah)
Let me see some fuckin' shots fired then (rrah, rrah, rrah)
Make me shoot that crib up you hidin' in
Don't wanna hear them loud sounds, then be quiet then

You don't wanna hear that frrtpt then shhh
'Fore I sneak up on you with that pew pew pew (ugh)
Ridin' with that wish-a-nigga-would (uh)
This right here'll turn a nigga name to a hood
Bumped into a bitch I knew in high school
Look, been tried to fuck you, bitch, you past due
Remember you was dissin' in the classroom
Now you tryna top me in the bathroom
You wasn't out here with the gang bitch you lyin'
You wasn't duckin from the 12 totin' the iron
I can't trust you bitch if you not one of mine
We don't need no new niggas, yeah, bitch we fine

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'Cause if you gon' slide, pussy nigga then slide then (yeah)
Let me see some fuckin' shots fired then (rrah, rrah, rrah)
Ayy, let me tell y'all a little somethin'
Make me shoot that crib up you hidin' in
I'ma talk my shit
Don't wanna hear them loud sounds, then be quiet then

Let me see you slide (straight up)
Sixth grade, on my kids, I had a deuce fire (on god)
Slaughter Gang, rep that dagger, don't get crucified (on god)
Glock 33 with the 30 hangin' out, I swear my trigger finger itchin'
After the candle light, we pushin' up, shoot the funeral up
You think cause you went and tatted your face, that shit make you tough?
Saiga-12 and I fill it with slugs, thotty got hit with a bust

This bitch trippin' tryna face time, I'm tryna catch me a nut
Roll the window down, stick the choppers out
Fuck a diss song, nigga let's shoot it out
Lace my boots up, put the coupes up
Grab a hotbox, time to shoot stuff
Savage from the 6 where they tote a lot of big shit
Savage pop a lot of shit, like that nigga foreign clip
Hit his car so many times, that Draco made a sunroof
Fuck a fistfight I'ma show you what these guns do (21, 21)
The streets raised me, I'm a bastard (straight up)
All these bodies wanna hire me a pastor (yeah-yeah)
Mossberg, hit his chest and gave that nigga asthma (21)
Middle school to high school, I was stealin' plasmas

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Let me see some fuckin' shots fired then (rrah, rrah, rrah)
Make me shoot that crib up you hidin' in
Don't wanna hear them loud sounds, then be quiet then (loud)