Yeahh

FBG Duck

You know what the fuck goin' on
We gang-gang
I just flamed up somebody dead homie
I ain't gotta talk too much
I don't want no autotune
He back
Uh, yeah, watch this
Yeah, uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh
Smokin' on Steve while I record that shit
Yeah, uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh, yeah

Duck, you really havin' shit? Yeah
Did you really fuck that nigga bitch? Yeah
Have you ever ran through a hunnit? Yeah (Fasho that)
That's a stupid ass question, you lil' dummy, yeah (You know that witcha stupid ass)
I been having shit since 2012, yeah (Facts)
And I spend that shit because I never cared, yeah (I never cared)
Duck, are ya opps really scared? Yeah
They know we got a lot of Glocks, bitch, we so prepared
Yeah, yeah, yeah
KG with me, he send you upstairs (Drrt)
Ayy, Dre so fuckin' accurate, he hit ya head (I swear to God)
Ayy, it ain't even Easter, but we'll crack a egg (Crack a egg)
We ain't gon' hit ya leg, bitch, we want ya dead, yeah
Duck you high? Duh, I do meds (Drugs)
It's 'bout 4:30 PM and bitch, I'm still in bed, yeah
You ain't talkin' money, I ain't heard none you said
They know I keep that stick with me
Lil' bitch, that my third leg (Brrt)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
That lil' 10 bands on me now, I put that on yo' head
If my shooter say he hungry, then he gone get fed (Eat)
They say I'm Mr. Disrespectful, 'cause I diss they dead homies (Fuck 'em)
They know I keep that bitch on me, I'm never by my lonely
If you don't see him with me no mo', he traded on me (I don't need 'em)
I don't need niggas, they phony (They pussy)
Ain't no motherfuckin' question if I got it on me (I keep it)
Boy, you a bitch, you ain't do shit when them niggas killed yo' homie
If you slid, it wasn't on us you posted pictures only (Pussy ass niggas)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
What you wanna do now? Let's have us a shootout
Pull up to yo' mama house, make mama move out, bitch (Brrt)
Awe, you think you slick? (Awe)
Niggas be talkin' 'bout money like they the only ones havin' that shit (Naw)
You keep on mentioning Brick, you will get hit with a stick
My shit sing like Roddy Rich, ouu you know it's a hit (You know it's a hit)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
It's up, it's stuck, it's up
It's stuck, it's up, it's stuck
It's up, he back

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