

Ayy, Rvssian

We can do it one on one
We can do it one on three
Lil' bro hop out with the—, shh (Boom)
And a mask on his face like he ski
That tough shit not gon' fly (Why?)
We all know you not like me
Boy, you gon' run into him, run into him
Run into him, 'fore you run into me, like— (Boom)

Yeah, jump in your face, like— (Huh, hmm-hmm)
Yeah, stomp in your face like— (Hmm-hmm)
Yeah, big gun let off, like— (Hmm)
Yeah, shots fly at the boy, like— (Boom, hmm)
Swing on the boy, like— (Huh, hmm-hmm)
Beat up the boy, like— (Huh, hmm-hmm)
Yeah, shots fly at the boy, like— (Boom, boom, boom)

Jump out the car, just me and my guns (Skrtrt)
Don't twitch, don't move, don't run (Never)
You don't fight back, then it ain't no fun
I don't care who you call, 'cause he ain't gon' come
I took a perk, I don't feel no pressure (Nah)
Huh, don't kill my effort (Ha)
My ex wanna fuck and I still might let her
But I'm still gon' leave, she don't feel no better (Look)
I caught a new kill with two homies
I got a few drills I did doley
We get caught, then I got two co-d's
He called to hit the lawyer cost me a Rollie' (Baow)
Been too fly, I don't sag my pants
I don't lift my shirt, my gun gon' show (Baow, baow)
I see an opp, I'll look to the left
I tap his shoulder, my son gon' blow (Grrt, baow)

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Huh