

Free Smoke

Foolio

Ayo, cutoff
Ayy
Hey, it's 2021 (Ayy) but we in 2022 already, ayy
Ooh, [?]
Big six, back on that same shit
1646 Brick Baby
Brr, bop
Ayy, nigga, ayy
What's goin' on? (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Six (Baow, baow)
Handin' out all smoke, nigga
'Dats rule one (Six)
You gon' respect these guns

I got Bibby on my mind, steppin' for that boy Osama
That nigga dropped a diss about me, but know I'm the one who shot 'em
Every time a new opp die, we hit the club and pop some bottles
Checkin' all these niggas temples 'till they claimin' that Impala
On the Six wit' them robbers, they the ones who rob the robbers
Point a finger and they drop 'em, I'm original Don Dada
Catchin' feelin's for my Glock, but still in love with this new choppa
Ask the city, know we litty, we the ones who catchin' bodies
The other side, they ain't on shit
Dissin' A, he got me pissed
Swang on me, he shot and missed
I'm shootin' back, he dropped his stick
I put a Carti' on my wrist
I put some bundles on yo' bitch
My shooter told me, "Drop a bag,"
He takin' each and every hit
Glock 23 in arm reach
Got 23's on my feet
You can duck from everything, but you can't duck this ARP
Bro watch that cut, watch that street
On that car, on that Jeep
Hit a boss in a Hellcat, I damn near wrecked the SRT
Quarter million worth of diamonds, this shit cost yo' life insurance
Every Glock come wit' a switch, you know I like my bitches foreign
I heard the boss tried to run, they left his head all on a horse
I ain't checkin' in no city, why you think we buyin' guns?
Bitch, I'm runnin' to that loot
Like Tupac, I got the juice
I heard you talkin' like these hoes, outchere lackin', movin' loose
Rap cappin' in the booth
Hoppin' out that two-door coupe
All I wear is hangin' out then sendin' shots all out the roof

Joke, givin' out free smoke
That hoe just dropped yo' lo'
And my killas on go

Nigga, it's smoke
Rule one, don't try to beef if y'ain't got no guns
Rule two, don't start no war if y'ain't got no funds
Rule three, be loyal to yo' loved ones
Rule four, nigga, get the job done

Jump-Out Gang
Blitz Gang
Drench Gang
No Limit Gang
Pistol Gang
No high sound when that switch flame
Dead opps, which names?
Full court press, they switch gangs
All through the 'Raq, know I do my thing
Still pop out with like six chains
Catch 'em outside, flip 'em frown, what?
Harold's, chicken wing
Talkin' 'bout slidin', knowin' they dyin'
Fuck niggas rap 'bout anything
Dissin' the guys, know we gon' find 'em
Hoes droppin' lo's, we know where they hidin'
Go wait in line, it's a matter of time
Catch niggas right where they momma residin', uh

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I ain't beefin' wit' no rats
Get that bag, I drop them racks
Told lil' bro, "Go catch a hat"
Nigga know I'm speakin' facts
Bibby died, it wasn't no sleep
Out all week, slidin' back to back
I was losin' focus, like, "Fuck rap
Until I get a fuck nigga smacked"
Nigga, I ain't catchin' no feelin's
Shootin' up the whole city
Murda' one for lil' Bibby
Nigga know I'm a villain
Committin' all these killin's
Prayin', God forgive me
I know he see me sinnin'
At the same time, I'm winnin'

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