

# Kill Switch

Foolio

6 Block

Man MOB shit, 079 COB

Big 6 nigga, 1646 brick baby

Free Slick

From Chicago to Florida man, you know what time it is man

Free, Free Jim

Straight hats

Free da gang man

Niggas said they shootin' at G's but I'm a different type of G (Aye)

Run up, I'mma spray this micro like it's Money Mike with me (Brr, bow)

Sticks and drums up in this foreign, let's see if nigga make this beat

Don't miss a step when playin' with me

Miss a step I bet you'll see

The way I shoot these riffs up out this clip, I practice Curry means (Come here)

Only 'cause I score for threes, if I don't score don't talk to me (Sike)

I be hot just like the Heat, not the team you fucking geeks

I'm talking 'bout the black four [?], SIG Sauer, lemon squeezer (Bow, bow, bow)

This the G law

I don't fuck with rats, SpottemGottem, Draco BeatBox

At the city nigga, we the ones who got them streets hot

Hanging out the window, shoot this bitch until it decock (Rah)

Kitchen water whippin' in this bitch until my wrist rot

Left-right, shoot, if you catch them, then he whacked (He dead)

Put your Glock in the air, if you caught a hat (Hat)

This my third shootout this week, I'm just tryna make a pack

If bro don't, I shoot, we like Kobe Bryant & Shaq

I just heard her tell him breathe, but she don't know he left with me (Damn)

[?] gave his name to weed, and honestly he really stink (Ha)

It's hardly that he don't reek, and part of me still hear him scream (God damn)

It's mostly when I'm off the lean, tryna enjoy the finer things

Like getting neck, from a vet

Bad bitch looking like Yvette

Maybach what we call her neck

Catch a opp, he getting stretched

Folks'nem slide with Glizzy MACs

Can't forget 'bout Smith & Wess'

All-black in Hellcats

Hoodies on with stolen vests

Shoot back, shoot them by the neck

They said we hit the face and neck

FSC we stand on that

FreeSlick clique, we stand on that

Guwop told on dude, and then marked it with the penmanship (Rat)

Lil bro's ruling the same as him, chain up boy don't let him leave

Dirty Glock and SRT (Aye)

Tryna put them on TV (Come here)

Hop out with that .223 (Rah)

Make that fuck boy use his feet

Park the car, bitch I'mma stop

V-Mone he gone shoot for me (Bow, bow, bow)

Nigga I'mma shoot for him  
Tryna catch a first-degree  
I see dead niggas walking (God damn)  
I'm so hot  
I see dead niggas talking (God damn)  
Great on feet, he tryna run then we hoppin' (Huh, come here)  
Put a hole in his head like a dolphin, that boy a dolphin