Shoot

Fredo Bang

This that shit that got the block scared
This the reason why your pops dead
I might pull up in a drop-head
Spin on him, tomato paste, I paint his shirt red

Uh, yeah, bitch, I'm a dawg, call me Blues Clues
Put it to his head, call it BlueTooth
He say that he a killer, nigga, me too
Fuck homicide, we don't leave clues
I might go and put a fifty on a bitch nigga
I'm on the Foreign Boulevard, free a real nigga
Bought a Glock fresh out the store, it hold a lucky seven
I got niggas crashin' out to kill you, 9/11

What you gon' do when karma come around?
Some niggas tuck they tail and go to copping out
What you gon' do when karma come around?
Some niggas tuck they tail and go to copping out

I'ma shoot
I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot
(What you gon' do? Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'ma shoot
I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot
I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot, I'ma shoot

My partner clutching on a nine but I like mine bigger
Pull his chopper, not the chain, but call 'em baby tiggers
He got a bag on his head, that's like five figures
When it's beef, nobody safe, even rich niggas
They like to internet beef, please don't bring it my way
Niggas sweet as fuck, I call 'em sprinkles on a cupcake
I'm a shooter getting money, shout out to Lil Dumb Way
I went to church but still'll take your soul on a Sunday

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This that shit that got the block scared
This the reason why your pops dead
I might pull up in a drop-head
Spin on him, tomato paste, I paint his shirt red, uh, yeah, yeah

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