

Peaky Blinders

Germ

Shameless money gang man
You know how I'm fuckin' rockin' man
Ayy, ayy

Who the fuck is at my window?
These niggas lucky I'm in this bitch with my kinfolk
Bitch we slidin', holdin' stick with them big scopes
So if you talk down your bitch ass gon' get smoked
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Who the fuck is at my window dog?
We be slidin' round holdin' rod
I swear to God, pussy nigga boy I'll pull ya card, SRT supercharged
Bitch I'm flexin' hundred large
Creepin' while you sleepin' and we geekin' right on top of that
.308's is what I'm tuckin', boy we where your noggin at
Foreign back to back
Hellcats back to back, holdin' strap
Bently back to back
Culli' back to back, holdin' pack
Runts is what I'm smokin', I'm a backpack boy
Man fuck all these niggas, I'ma smack that boy
Slidin' with them choppa's and them sticks and them toys
Who they think they fuckin' with? SMG them boys

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Bitch ass don't get smoked, you big mad come get poked
Germ said he can't hold for 2 years, so I keep 2 poles
TP9's with big scopes, red dot is on your forehead
He thought he brought that pressure with him, now he on the floor dead
Lil' bitch I need me more bread, ran a milli up my stocks on top of that
80 plus a 60 ain't no game boy, ain't no stoppin' that
Rhino got no safety, ain't no hammer don't need to cock it back
They can't find my shells, plus it be hard to find his noggin at
I'm thinkin' someone at my window, keep a pistol in my pillow
If I see that silhouette then I'ma let it go
Big juice sippin' muddy water, got some money need a launder
Post traumatic stress disorder, PTR's XD's I hoard em