

PULLING UP

Germ

The murder rate in New Orleans has already surpassed last year, so the negativity that comes with the killings once again...

Pull the trigger Budd Dywer, hahahahahaha

Pulling up with a new vengeance

(Achoo)

\$licky so sickening

Enemies think that I trust 'em

Head in the clouds from the mushrooms

Isolated, I don't want discussion

Headlock a bitch while I fuck her

Losing my screws like I got a concussion

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck

Fuck you to your face, I ain't tryna wait

Hell was my home on the west side

Homies down to ride, let that chopper slide, representing that northside

I ain't got the time, crime after crime

Everyday I'm dying, here to terrorize

Devil afterlife, silence on the .9, triple six be my kind

Hear the second line, hear your momma cryin'

Violence what we 'bout, all on my side

Ticky ticky time, bitch it's \$uicide

Smoking your ash in my pine, ho

Pulling up with a new grind, folk

Do we fuck with your kind? Nope

I done been out my mind, so

I don't mind watching you die slow

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Aim my gun right at your throat

What was that shit you had spoke?

Fan away all of the smoke

Shatter the mirror, and sweep up the broken glass

Turn a Backwood into ash, flick it all over my path

Follow the cash

Syrup needs Sprite, just a splash

I am the wave, let me crash

Smoking that gas, steady snorting them blues

Blind as a bat, eyes rolled back, what a view

Ignoring my phone, tell your bitch to stay home

'Cause when Ruby is out, the town turn to a zoo

Mac from the south, back from the drought, gat in my mouth

Ain't no rat in the house, casually strapped up the casualty count

Every step I take is gasoline doused, pass me an ounce

Stacking accounts, keep talking shit, you'll get smacked in the mouth

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I think you bitches outta time (Yup)
Rolly too froze, caution, ice
I been on hunts for the right price
It's only right, I buy up all the pints
We ducking jakes, guns at the light
Rendevouz, meet with a lil' nigga wife
Rose gold Patek, I'm thinking no ice
I need a big body hottie in the bike
Rolling that dope up, she count up my moolah
That bitch a lil' shooter, I don't do the Rugers
That Glock like Usher, it's singing, type shooting
I move like a Bruin, my lifestyle is stupid
I gotta keep drank on me, nigga might lose it
Smokin' that stank, he thought he smelled manure
I been a big boss, ask 'bout me, watch me, I prove it
All of y'all niggas really out here losing

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