

Hey, Chris

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Mm, big dog, I'm the general
We play that ho like instrumental
He think he a dog, he get put in a kennel
These bitches get passed to the swoop like they pebbles
Glock 19, that bih' act like the devil
Glock 26, this bitch wan' be the devil
I scoop that lil' bitch, she gon' call me a shovel
Ten bitch-ass niggas, they get ate like Ruffles
Two Glocks on me, I'm twice, double
Told my whoa, "Come to the team to come get in this huddle"
.48 on me, I don't wanna hear no rebuttal
Shot that boy, lay that lil' boy in a shed
He wanna die, come touch these racks
Racks on me, junkies, they hooked, I call that shit crack
Said he want smoke, then he dead
7/11, bitch, I shoot craps
I ain't Kevin, I'm lovin' this MAC
Feel like I'm Devin, bookin' these hoes, it ain't nothin'
Pop that boy with the XD, said, "I'm hot like the sun"
The real Oso ain't goin' for nothin'
You ain't finna pop nothin', fuck your gun
Can't even buy a Drac', buy a shell lung
Call me Baby Whoa, nigga, I'm a don
Spin the block again, nigga, I ain't done
Chase him with that fire, look like Temple Run
Said I'm Baby Life, she think she my mom
Want smoke with the opps, ain't tryna bring no bong
Got locked up, I had paid that bond
I ain't playin', nigga know what goin' on
Knock a pussy nigga out, take his phone

Bee, bee, I pull up, I'm on that, yeah
Tell him, "Get his phone back"
I'm in Chrome, like, where the Chrome at?
Slime my brother, get on your ass
ARP, best believe I'm gon' crash
I'm in a two door, geeked up, goin' fast
I want Percs, huh, lean, green beam, huh, green
I'll never sip the green
Up all, up all night, off two damn beans
"W-why there two seats?" Fuck you mean?
R-r-rob your plug, he too damn green
Slime, slime tryna see red
Brand new bag, drop it on your head
And free my shooter, he gon' catch that hat

Whoa, whoa, whoa
Nigga, kick, kick the front door, yeah
Whip the pot with my elbow
Mm, would I cuff a bitch? Nigga, hell no
You wanna cop a bitch? Nigga, let go
Jump out the window, nigga, it's a pillow case on this stick
His bitch looking at me, nigga, might double back and fuck your bitch
Nigga gave me fifty rounds, I bet he missed

Nigga fell asleep, I walked out with the Tris
Smokin Backwoods, nigga, with Lil Chris
Nigga think he Mobb, nigga, who this is?
Nigga think he Mobb, nigga, I ain't playin', nigga
Up that fire, nigga, he gon' die
You ain't off a million, see that in your eye
Know my whoa Rick wit' me, he gon' slide
I told that bitch, "Stop takin' niggas off," nigga, I tried
Uh, Glock got a beam, nigga, fuck you mean?
Try me, I'm not shy, pop the nigga, left the scene
Wore the Giuseppes, stepped in ice cream
All my opps gon' be dead when I'm nineteen
He scared, pop that nigga in his knee
Come try somethin', double dare, nigga, you off lean