

ADHD

Glokk40Spaz

I'm on frontline, with that Glock-19
Gotta go hit that lick, I got ADHD
These nigga dick-riding, be on every screen
I can't see that money, I squint like Chinese
Fifty ball on me, ya' boy got sesame seed
Fifty round drum, pop his ass, watch him bleed
Watch him bleed
Make him lean
Face-card good, when I'm in your hood

Bitch I'm GF, don't get it misunderstood
I really got opp, y'all tote it 'cause it look good
Micro-Draco with the wood, I ain't fucking with these pussy ass niggas they
some dubs
Twelve knock on the front door, I slide the drug under the rug
Put the switches on the Glock, then it's green
I chase my opp down with this brand new beam
I ain't stunt nobody, I got hella bodies
I fake kick shit with the opps, just like karate
And these niggas gay, they ride the gang, they like Dolly
She a gold digger, I can't give that bitch no dollar
Baby-life shit, playing with the vamp, pop his noggin
Up the Vamps, brought them thirties in
Oh it's going down, I'm going down
Got these damn Glock, huh, these bitch make every sound
I'm tryna impress her, do you like my hunnid round?
Baby I'm gon' dub her, after I count my round
Say you pull up, we ain't stunting' when that boy got no aim
The way we did that boy, maybe change that boy name
Really Baby-life vamp, this a dangerous game
Juglizz said stop that bitching, catch your man, stop doing that dissing
Talking about the Mob, nigga ain't playing, I go to war with any henchman
Ain't got nothin' to lose my nigga, on god, I go risk it
And it's two guns up, I do that job in a jiffy
Spaz nigga, hmm, I'm 'a go spaz, nigga
I do that job hmm, and do that dash yah
These bitches mad as fuck, walk to the bank and laugh, hah
And these niggas scared as fuck, and they scared of gun sounds

I bet the Draco pop when little slime come 'round
Pussy niggas broke as fuck, ain't got no funds (How?)
Got hella sticks up in the trap, I'm into guns now
Put yo- put your stick up, or you get gunned down
Hol' up, I don't like how you looking
I ain't no killer but don't push me
Highspeed, finna' drift, I cannot look back, I'm still pushing
Thumbing' through three hunnid racks
Tell your mans to get his bands up
Bad bitch want me to fuck her, what a fan, yeah
ARP leave him in a room, like pick your mans up
Fuck security, I came in with that blam tucked, yeah
Slime tryna land sum', in a Lamb' truck
Cream soda full of lean, pour my mans up
Three phones, I don't fucking answer, yeah
Fucked a couple hoes I don't know the name of
Hella sticks in this bitch, we go out with a bangout

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