

Bad Relations

Glokk40Spaz

Yeah
Hm, hm
Woah
(Don't play with him)
Woah
(CHAPO)

We ain't havin' regular guns, nigga stop tryin' us
We ain't havin' regular drugs, niggas not high as us, hm, yeah
Nigga talkin' to police? Get killed, I don't give a fuck
Ya'll niggas ain't stepping on nun', this real za' fucked up my lungs
Yeah, we gon' catch his ass if he running from us, it ain't nun' to get him
Dropped a 20 ball it was nun' but like 5 figures
I be treatin' bitches like the spare tires on a bicycle
And you know you need me, I'm the only one that make you feel different
My name babywoah and I got real killa's
My life growin' up, I'm lookin' up to all the drug dealers
All the gun-poppers, all the real robbers
Baby life shit, I'm the shot caller
And I fuck the bitch and I had popped my collar
She gon' fuck for free, she won't give no dollar
My name GL4, it was my decision to go mob nigga when I was locked up
When I was locked up I had to get right, couldn't get boxed up
Told my woah if I saw him dead, then I'll prolly' go back to robbin'
Told my woah if I gotta' go on a killing spree, I'ma go and off 'em
Need a real milli', real offer
She got good head, a real topper
I know he fuck with 12, he talk to coppa's
I had gave the bitch 3 chances when she with me, like a genie in a fuckin' bottle
Lil' Glokk goin' full throttle
I'm dehydrated, where the agua?
This big G40, what's your problem?
And I know this shit ain't perfect, can't have a bad relationship with my momma
Every week I be touching more commas

Ya'll niggas scared of us and we see it in you
Got extensions on her, this a nice blicky
Blue hundreds in ma' pocket, not crippin'
Real deal woah, .76 stepper
And I shoot the Glock like airbender
I just live life and it get better
I had to real-right to send a real message
I don't do fights, heat in my leather
Balenciaga on my slides, shell catcher on a stick when that nigga slide
I never counted on you in the first place, I knew yo' ass wasn't gon' ride
When I was locked up nigga, I had a bad day
Look at the size of my knife
Fuck the system, I'm on HA
Stay yo' ass down, this shit gon' be fine

Ha
Yea, when I put the dracos on 'em, they be runnin' from 'em
Never sayin' nun', I'm in that dungeon, with them killers that be tryna' hang sum'
And my backyard is protected but my back, yea this shit Vlone

On my momma' gon' whack one if they touch us, pull the yhoppa out and they s
tart runnin'
When you smoke with baby, we beat a nigga ass in the corner
Yeah, all the woah's- we run his dorm
Hm, I been baby life before I was born
I couldn't fuck that ho no more, she was boring
Pop a perc at night, tre 5 in the morning
Geeked up off xanny bars, nigga be snoring