

## Close Range

Glokk40Spaz

I'm finna take off with an eighth on these niggas (Alright)  
Trap jumpin', now I'm ballin' like the Mavericks (Wait)  
Walkin' down Crystal Lakes, gettin' tragic (Tragic)  
Nothin' active but this shit can get dramatic (Static)  
Steady rockin' with the semi-automatic (Yeah)  
Say he was real, he a bitch and we knew it (We knew)  
Say he gon' kill me, so why he ain't do it (They knew)  
My niggas pop out with sticks and get to it (We do)  
We knock your block off, now we leavin' em clueless (Clueless)  
(I love DJ GREN8DE)

Oh yeah  
(Huh? Huh?)  
They don't know nun' 'bout this shit, nigga  
(Fuck nigga, twin Glocks, nigga, 709 shit, nigga)  
Twin Glock shit, nigga  
(Big nino)  
With that nina, for real  
(COA to the death of me, on God)  
Oh yeah  
COA

Two Glocks, walk down, won't play (Play)  
Three deep, two Glocks, one K (K)  
Close range, knock a nigga toupee ('pee)  
Don't run, walk down, too late (On God)  
I don't got time to go play with these niggas (Hell nah)  
Fuck it, let's load up the K on these niggas (Let's load)  
Stompin' on that, bitch, I stay on these niggas (Okay)  
I'm finna take off with an eighth on these niggas (Alright)  
Trap jumpin', now I'm ballin' like the Mavericks (Wait)  
Walkin' down Crystal Lakes, gettin' tragic (Tragic)  
Nothin' active but this shit can get dramatic (Static)  
Steady rockin' with the semi-automatic (Yeah)  
Say he was real, he a bitch and we knew it (We knew)  
Say he gon' kill me, so why he ain't do it (They knew)  
My niggas pop out with sticks and get to it (We do)  
We knock your block off, now we leavin' em clueless (Clueless)

Semi-automatic ('matic)  
Come to Crystal Lakes, this shit can get tragic (On God)  
Got my own way and my money be stackin' (It's havin')  
Rubber band man and my pockets, I'm havin' (I'm havin')  
All of my niggas, the gang, yeah, the faction (Faction)  
Rock life fit, so I'm trappin' in fashion (The fashion)  
If you want a verse or a pack then I'm taxin' (Ya' lackin')  
Your life wasn't for me, I just had to pass ya' (On God)  
Yeah, we them better guys, fuck Berretta guys  
Bang the glizzy as exercise (On God)  
And the shit that we do, we don't televise (Why not)  
Why the fuck are these rap niggas tellin' lies? (Lies)  
Kick the hoes out the trap, they was gettin' high (High)  
Tryna fuck for a gram, bitch, you gettin' by (By)  
These niggas want me dead, why I grip the fire (Fire)  
Said you takin' me off, you a fuckin' lie (Lie)  
I'm makin' money, they thinkin' it's funny  
You know that this trappin' ain't never stop (It ain't never stop)

Double G, glizzy, gangster, you know that I'm glidin' (Glidin')  
Tell a nigga what's crackin', let's get it poppin' (Let's pop)  
Got a drum in a pole I can't wait to cock (On God)  
Clean fit, but the dirty stick in my pocket (What's goin')  
They like, "What type of pole you got in your pocket?"  
I can't wait to show 'em it's a fuckin' rocket

Two Glocks, walk down, won't play (Play)  
Three deep, two Glocks, one K (K)  
Close range, knock a nigga toupee ('pee)  
Don't run, walk down, too late (On God)  
I don't got time to go play with these niggas (Hell nah)  
Fuck it, let's load up the K on these niggas (Lah-lay)  
Stompin' on that, bitch, I stay on these niggas (Okay)  
I'm finna take off with an eighth on these niggas (Alright)  
Trap jumpin', now I'm ballin' like the Mavericks (Wait)  
Walkin' down Crystal Lakes, gettin' tragic (Tragic)  
Nothin' active but this shit can get dramatic (Static)  
Steady rockin' with the semi-automatic (Yeah)  
Say he was real, he a bitch and we knew it (We knew)  
Say he gon' kill me, so why he ain't do it (They knew)  
My niggas pop out with sticks and get to it (We do)  
(It's DJ GREN8DE)  
We knock your block off, now we leavin' em clueless (Clueless)

Pull out that fire and go stupid (Whoa)  
We put 'em up to be [?] (Whoa)  
Slap 'em with the fire, these pussy niggas goofy (Grr, Grr)  
Prolly finna cry 'cause I just banged my ruger (Grr, Grr)  
30 gang, pop out 'bout my whoa (Gang)  
I fuck different bitches, nigga, this Old Soul (Soul, nigga)  
Pull out the Glock, pop a nigga, they get low (Low, nigga)  
Pull up, pocket rocket, nigga, we on go (Bang, bang)  
Shoot a bitch close range, 'cause we with Sumo (Bang)  
Lil' boy get a million views and steal my flow (Mili')  
Free Lil' BJ, I call him G.I. Joe (BJ)  
I pop out 'bout 30, know I'm in my mode (Grr)  
Bitch I hang with the gang, you know we got that road (Grr, Grr)  
Shawty washed up, can't even fuck that pole (Grr)  
Real don dada, or the real Old Soul (Grr)  
She call me her papa but I move like pope (Grr)  
We poppin' at pussy niggas, ain't no joke (Joke)  
(It's DJ GREN8DE)  
I'm the real vampire, and we shoot at goats (Vampire)  
Screamin' out "Glokk", crackers just like "Go" (Scram)  
Shoot at that boy just to see his soul float (Soul, float)