

# CopperHead

Glokk40Spaz

(Wake up—)

Hm, it get dangerous when I'm with vampires  
Hm, we pop the score, man, this shit 0-9  
Hm, we popped the boy, left 'em dead flies  
Hm, 'bout them dead opps, I would never cry  
Fuck yo' dead homies, say yo' goodbyes

Hm, lil bro gonna take 'em on that ride  
Hm. These niggas is scared don't come outside  
Hm, everything changed my life, GL4, I'ma pop mine  
I took his bih', I wasn't even tryin'  
Play all my opps like Uno  
If I got to, I'll do a kickdoor, hm  
I be blowin' things, and she don't know, hm

Hm, BLS, real OSO  
Slide on that block with them beans on me, hm  
I got shot with .15 on me  
Six-hundred on my jeans homie  
Do whatever I want, I can't fuck with homie  
He can say what he want, still chopped baloney  
I'll take you to war, nigga, fuck Jacobe  
Ain't goin' out bad, and you know that, homie  
I'll take yo' paper, rollin', Rolie Polie  
It ain't my fault, she wanna fuck 40

Finna lash out, and this BL, I got some young niggas that ready to crash out  
Hm, and that bih' that do it and pass out  
Hm, my bih' walkin' round with her ass out  
All these labels callin', where the cash at? Hm  
I'm fuckin' for free, don't do Cash App, hm  
My bih' walkin' 'round with her ass out, hm  
I'm on house arrest, gotta do the dash now  
And I'm fuckin' on MILFs from the jail now

Been playin' with the mob, been around town  
Hm, and I got this shit goin' on with a whole pound  
When I think about Kyra, I look down  
Break in the car, kilo, lookin' out  
If he tellin' on the gang we gotta put 'em down  
Hm, if you lookin' at me, I'm gon' air it out

I'm aware about my whereabouts  
I do some things that I don't care about  
I told my momma I'm a man now  
And I owe my bitch how well the plans are  
Hm, and I walk in the mall and start splurgin'  
Ready to blow, I'm not nervous, huh  
I take his wheels, I take his derby, huh  
It's whatever with it, I be on go  
I know some niggas say they sell for a huncho

I send a fuck nigga back in the bundle (Wake up—)  
Slap his ass out if he lie and he mumble  
How many niggas? Bitch, you done fucked many more than a couple  
BLS, I ain't goin' for nothin', I'm stuck in that bubble

Whenever I want, I went out on my baby, I took out that rubber  
All them licks that we hit wasn't nun', mm  
I be on demon mode, I'll be 'round every killer  
If you make a diss on me, I kill his children  
Babylife OSO, man, it get wicked  
He walked out with no pole, that bad decision  
He sing to the police, like New Edition  
I'm ready to rob, so that's how I'm feelin'

Hm, this 7.62 not no airsoft  
Hm, and I'm ready to pop 'em, he been soft  
I count the shots and it hit like I'm Adolf  
Hole in one on the opp, I don't even play golf  
I be on ten-six, think he a know it all  
And I'm hittin' bitches just like softball  
When I get on, I can't fall off  
Hm, I just pop a nigga with the whoas  
That boy be like "Whoa, no, I can't fold"  
GF, ten toes, can't go like no hoe

Vampire on the east side  
Babylife shit, me and kilo'll take 'em on that ride  
He was talking crazy 'to lil' Glokk, man, that boy done lost his mind, uh, h  
uh  
Hit him with a 5.56, man, get his ass sittin', start sighin'  
Huh, get his ass sittin', start sighin'  
Hit 'em in the face, now that fuck nigga blind  
Copperhead Glock and I never drop a dime  
Hit the bank up and that boy got chimed, huh

You believe in demons? Pocket four season  
Niggas fake as fuck and I don't need 'em  
And these niggas can't see me like John Cena  
She done fucked the whole gang, She a real eater  
I be losin' it, I be seein' people  
And we sell the white, call it Justin Bieber  
Watch yo' momma cry 'cause I'm so evil  
They can all die, it get real lethal  
Got a Widebody, this is not a Demon  
This a draco, you'll never see it  
Got a micro, yeah, for every season  
I'm a vampire, we'll leave 'em bleedin'

Uh, frr, yeah  
The block too hot, gotta take a break off it  
Play with BL, then ya' better pick ya' coffin  
Blowin' good gas and it got Lil' Glokk coughin'  
Bought a new Glock so yo' ass better pop it  
I shoot this fire and they call me Jarrod Wallace  
Hm, on the east side, I'm tryna sell somethin'  
Can't talk to Sumo, I'ma miss him  
When I get these racks, I'm 'a bail 'em out  
I'ma give JuGliz' a lil' Samsung

Don't even ask me that, "Do we got ammo?"  
I be on top line just like I'm Rambo  
I eat the plate like I'm a cannibal  
Huh, I'm a vampire but I go animal

Huh, he was talkin' crazy, I gotta handle it  
Yeah, GL, this 3rd World shit  
Everything I ain't stole, I earned it  
Call up Chap', I need a perky

Huh, I think about KyKy, and stop workin'  
I can hit the block later, knock out these verses  
I got these niggas duckin' like they Bernie  
I pull a Machete then I go start purgin'

It's cold outside, I ride with this burner  
I'm Dolo outside I never get nervous  
I'm Dolo outside I never get nervous