

## Shane Battier

Glokk40Spaz

Yeah, bad bitch with me she like Rolling Stone  
Shoot up your damn block, party get postponed  
Took that boy damn wock, bust it down two tone  
I measure the wock, with the ceiling cone  
Can't pay attention, I'm too gone  
Y'all niggas too [?] stop calling my phone  
Both sides, we shot that fire right at the dome  
Fore, my shooters shot, hit that damn lick then I'm gone  
Pussy, do you want roast beef?  
If I catch that boy slipping leave him dead meat  
I ain't billie but I put this Glock in my jean  
Free baby EBG my nigga just a teen  
Take that boy off cause he green  
I tote sticks and I drink lean  
Taking fuck niggas off since I'm 15  
I ain't goin for nothin try to blitz me  
Baby whoa, and don sensei  
Me and Sito free ain't no more free Jefe  
Bust a nut on her face said it look like leche  
Can the band gang go out bad, nigga it's no way  
Slit my damn throat, fore I talk to jakes  
Made seven bands nigga last May  
Four bad bitches, that'll last me  
Drag him by his hair, [?] shake  
Shoot a fuck nigga like Shane Battier  
He play with the mob get him outta here  
Baby life knock him off we don't play fair  
I'm gon finish that job, they can stay here