

# Shells Go Flyin

Glokk40Spaz

The Glock 27 pop loud like a siren  
Its lotta stains on the back street I ain't hidin'  
2 tone Glocks I'm hanging with the slime  
Pussy ass nigga snitchin' on his kind  
It's Stain Gang life, I'm takin' niggas diving  
Hundred band jugg, I'm taking niggas diamonds  
Real trap vibe will keep a nigga slidin- (No cap)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Glokk40  
I ain't goin' for nothing  
Yeah, grah, grah, gang

I shot 'em with the fye, the shells go flyin'  
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Yeah, yeah  
Fuck the police in the back with the needle  
This shit done got fishy, done turned to a schemer  
He fell in with the wrong crowd, he a cheater  
She piped the fuck up, I ain't even wanna beat her  
He ran the fuck up, I had to grab the heater  
I just got the drank, it turned 'em into a tweaker  
Smoke his ass out like the fucking trap reefer  
I ain't fuckin' with Amber, I'm fuckin with Keisha (Yeah, yeah)  
I used to kick doors but that was in Decatur  
I hate me a thot, I'm fucking with my hater  
I ain't wanna kiss her so I had to break her  
I don't wanna love her so I violate her  
He came to the hood and got popped, he a traitor  
EBG, RTK cut like a razor  
Serving the poppa choppas for a favor, yeah (No cap, I ain't running from no  
ne on God)  
12 pull me over, yeah, I make the bitch put my fye in her purse  
If you live by the gun, you gon' die when it hurt  
Keep the .30 on me, I ain't finna get hurt (Yeah, yeah)  
Ain't making no promises, I need a make  
I keep the Glock 5 cause my niggas so blended  
Ain't running away, drop his ass like a bungee  
I smoke the Tray 5 and got high like a puppy  
Lil Ki had to smoke 'em cause he finna touch it  
I'm wrapped the fuck up, I can't go like no dummy  
I'm strapped the fuck up, have this shit looking ugly  
I Popped his ass once I ain't tryna get cuffed

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Yeah, yeah  
Keep the 55 and Glocky on my hip  
He say he not Tray, he say he got the licks  
I had to go see about it then we dip  
That nigga tried to rob me, got his ass zipped  
This ain't ultimatum, get his ass ripped  
I ain't fallin' in love with no bitch off the rip  
I rather go take a money off of hits  
I'm tryna get rich with the Band Gang shit  
The Glock keep shooting, Glokk Land, lil' bitch  
I done ran threw the pack, had to go hit a flip  
And my youngins be thuggin', they begging for hits  
We just got the drop on you, we ran threw yo crib  
"Fa-fa-fa-fa" shoot it up then we dip  
"Fa-fa-fa-fa" we done popped 'em a quiz  
Don't come to the trap, we made it what it is  
The block got fat, I ain't talking 'bout Liz  
I'm a real ass nigga, I love adlibs  
These be snitching, just the way it is  
The trap stay toting, we done popped him a quiz  
Ain't popping no perky, I ain't had a 10  
EBG stay strapped up in the Benz  
The EBK killers come and spin the Benz  
I ain't had to rock him just to fill him in  
I ain't going out bad so I stay with the trill  
Try to reach in my pocket, you gon' light the wind  
Tryna reach for my wallet, we spinnin' the Benz  
Keep the .40 on me, niggas know I ain't scared

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