

# Wicked

Glokk40Spaz

K got the Draco and I got the Glizzy, you know we get psyched  
He don't want no beef and we popping out potato barrel on fye  
10 letter shit baby on go, we got all types of ties  
He a wanna be gangster, we caught the lil pussy boy with the disguise  
Huh, rushing the 'K, I'on really play games  
Young nigga, wit' me psyched, crash out about some stains  
Police tryna' say, that I'm the leader of my gang, but they lame  
I go rob about it, don't diss on T.K.  
Think my gang just look good walkin' out wit' Ks  
We left that boy off just like a toupee  
You play, catch a 50 round drum on the way  
Issa hunnid round drum, on the bottom of the Drac'

I did drug deals, wit' niggas I could've took off and they weren't gon have nothing  
I ain't gon' lie, I let bitches call me out and I ain't did nothin', yeah  
When I get off of house arrest, she betta cut the check  
Or that bitch, gon' need a new a lung  
I don't play wit' the disrespect, I put that on my set  
I catch you, better pull out yo' gun  
The band got a hunnid' checks, I get her pussy wet  
I'm gon' fuck that hoe 'cause I'm the don  
Hunnid' bands in the duffel bag, shit feel like a ton  
I don't do romance, will you take this dance  
We gon molly wap wit' the new gun  
Y'all niggas some kids, I treat you like a baby  
Spank yo' ass, just like my son  
We catch the opp lacking then we start laughing, that shit be so fun  
And them niggas ain't did shit to me, them boys peons  
Yall niggas a pussy, put that on my mom  
When I got that glizzy on me, I'm not wrong  
Cal had the Draco before I made this song  
Cal had the hunnid round, double drum  
Seventeen bands just to pay my bond

Yeah, I-I can do sum' witcha  
Cross you out the picture  
Brand new switch, still fuck my trigger  
I ain't gon' kick it no more  
This choppa got kick like Judo  
Perc 15, bitch, you know  
BL, slime you out for my woah  
Hella Ms, no Wallo  
Lambo truck fucked up a pothole  
Brand new pack that came in, Gelato  
Dra-draco go, wherever I go  
Walk down, this lil' play right here, let the lil' bitch shed a tear  
I love pourin' so much lean, finna geek the whole damn year  
Flexin', singing in the mirror  
Hellcat go too fast, can't steer  
Goin' broke nothing man, I just live the shit I fear  
This shit can get wicked, that's yo' main ho, slime tryna get wit' me  
Pour up, flex, sip and get wit' me  
Pour up, flex, sip and get wit' me

Me and Sumo, post up back of the Crystal Lake  
7.62, hit the boy stomach, he got a bellyache

2 body 1 pain, 'cause niggas keep talking bout' they renegade  
If I pop this Perc, on god I'm gon' levitate  
Bitch this the mob, walk in 30 deep  
GF, till I die, nigga, we don't play for keeps  
Grabbing my heat, catch me on the street  
You living that life, man that shit gon' get steep  
Cap or die man, we shoot Glock's out the Jeep  
Take him through the swamp, know that boy just peeped  
I'm with real shooters and them niggas elite  
Bought a 30. clip, went and shot a movie  
On twin, we gon' shoot that bitch, I'm too deep  
I fuck that ho, fuck the room up, ain't leaving neat  
Tryna' fuck the opp sister, she gon' eat  
When I was locked up, ain't nobody wanna talk to me  
Shawty a green bean, chop em' broccoli  
Feds tryna' pop it, they know it ain't no stopping me  
Glizzy in the attic, just for emergencies  
Stick on a nigga, know ain't no purging me  
Send the blicks on me, I'm waiting patiently  
Run in the trap, nigga, ain't no vacancy  
God the only one, that 'finna be taking me  
We havin' crack like the 80s