

Wish Em Well

Glokk40Spaz

(D-D-D-DJ Gren8de)

Band gang fuck yo' block up they cock up yah
Band gang shoot yo' block up and start blockin' up
Empty the thirty clip they talk about robbin' us
Baby life with me, nigga this ain't all of us
Glizzy get to singin' like that ho Don Toliver
Pop out and start swinging on that neck he tried it
[?] I'm drinking and she fuck it up
They drink the whole bottle, bitches they start throwing up
Said he called a blitz on me, boy got me fucked up
Bitch I got epiphany if I drink that double cup
You still in that plan no pussy you need hustle up
Take the whole gang down, nigga, like a juggernaut
My bit' keep on asking me if I'm gon' jug or not

Put that fy on a nigga told thirty he hot
Stunna you hot, like a Crockpot
Shooting that fuck nigga like a jot
Go 'head shoot a fuck nigga like why not
Bitch I'm like a star, shootin like a lock
Imma fuck that bit' later, finger fuck that Glock
Put a switch on the bitch, and a crop top
No aluminum top, this a real wok
Shell catch on a stick, took off that boy socks
Huh, just bought a brand new fy, nigga, fuck I look like fighting
Zip up these jungle rocks, bitch I'm gliding
Took that boy through the swamp, the world then think he tried it
Wet that boy just like Aquaman without no trident
Suppressed on that pistol nigga this hit silent
I pop all these beanstalk without no giant
12 fucked up my motion, losing all my clients
This stick beneficial, nigga, hit too little
Find out where that nigga stay without no riddles
Made a deal with a Mexican who don't like pickles
Don't call my cell, nigga, like I'm sickle
I was locked in that cell, nigga, for a little
Different color clips, they fruity like pebbles
You better wish 'em well, the choppa don't drizzle
Choppa hit stick a nigga
Choppa hit stick a fuck nigga, get 'em
7-6 'til I die give a fuck if they feel it
Mob shit, pussy you can feel it
Raw shit, leave that nigga missing
Hundred bands for that damn drop, nigga it get wicked
If I can knock that nigga off, tell him you gon' miss him
Punchin' for real God in my life, nigga I'm just driftin'
Come with that mil, partner got no lawyer, promise I'm gon' flip it
Corny nigga got no bread, might as well that boy Jiffy
Shoot that diamond back drop, I'm not drunk, bitch, I'm just tipsy
Walk down with that Glock like Lizzy McGuire
15 shots up in it, you den tote that 'stire
I'm just finna pop his ass cause I'm not tired
When you get locked up, you might wanna drop the bar, why
In my head I'm mad as fuck, why the fuck did I just send out that flyer
In my head I'm sad as fuck, pistol garner got no iron
Gimme yo' Glock, nigga that shit mine
Pistol whip that pussy nigga cus he keep lying

Hm, I broke bread with motherfuckers that den took me off
I want head, bitch we in the back come top me off
Tote guns on the 'gram, nigga that's on God we gon' knock you off
Bitch is for the team, I only fuck you once cause you made my dick soft
Pour up the syrup 'til I can't hear nothin', I'm tryna get rid of that cough
Pull out that stick, put that bitch all on him, I'm tryna not go with that T
op Golf
I need a lil muzzle cause I'm the big dog
New pinky ring on me, that sit like Jack Frost
(New pinky ring on me that sit like Jack Frost)
(New Pinky ring on me that sit like Jack frost)