

Yeah, you bitches got me fucked up, fucked up (With they weak ass)
They know they got Glorilla fucked up (Fuck you mean)
Ayy, Carter (What's up?)
What's up with it, B? (Hah)
(Macaroni made it)
Then what?

Money, head, clothes and bags
Heard we got some bitches mad
Took her ho, take your man
If I pop my shit, nigga pop them bands
Got me fucked up, got me fucked up
And they let us in the party, they done fucked up
Posted like a thug that got a mug like I was stuck up
Don't fear none of you bitches, better know you gettin' touched up
Thinkin' that we soft, lil' bitch gon' fuck around, get roughed up
Carbon in the party, got the carbine, that bitch tucked up
Got that loud smoke that'll make a nigga hush up
Blow it in his face and tell a nigga ass to puff up

They know they got me fucked up, please don't get me pumped up
Unless the money talkin', tell them bitches shut the fuck up
Ho, we know you soft, so why the fuck you actin' tough for?
Turn you to a lick, he brung him up like when he lucked up
And we on that turnt shit, hit the club, we turnt, bitch
Flexin' 'cause I want, just because I earned it
Playin' with this fire, you gon' fuck around, get burnt, bitch
Chopper got a dick, don't fuck around and let that sperm hit, bitch
I ain't never been fucked with, but I'll make a nigga bust quick
I ain't the bitch you wanna fuck with
Just come see what's up with it
Yeah, come try your luck, bitch
Fuck around, get drug
And your nigga that you trust, bitch
I got him right here on the fuck shit
I thought he was in love, bitch
Put Gorilla Glue on him, now he on stuck shit, goddamn
Yeah, you bitches got me fucked up, you niggas got me fucked up too
Don't come for me, lil' bitch, if I didn't motherfuckin' send for you
Gang 'nem get to ridin' like gorillas in the fuckin' zoo
Pull up with that action like Glorilla in the fuckin' coupe

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Got a PSA for all you hoes who discuss me
Slime never hidin', so I guess I'm where the opps be

Never lackin' artillery, I'm where the Glocks be
Choppa Gang clean up crew, so, bitch, I'm where the mops be
You a peon, lil' bitch, you don't want no smoke
Don't like none of you bitches, so watch your approach
Quick to clean up your nose
Keep Glo on my side and she rockin' that roll
Body bags and toe tags, we'll do his ass really bad
White chalk and yellow tape, Choppa Gang gon' close the case
No evidence, a cold case, scope the scene and play it safe
Mask up and don't show your face, bitch ever play, she gon' lay
Broke bitches look pissy, they throwin' some shots and they constantly missin'
ng
Take off an arm if I feel like she reachin', ho
See me and you bitches speakin', ayy
Got Glocks for opps (Got me fucked up)
CG hit your block (You get touched up)
This shit'll get messy (Ho)
7.62, these lil' bitches, they deadly (Brrt)
Left the scene in a stretcher
He play, so I bless him
Shout out to Dev, my young nigga, he reckless
I'm totin' a carbine, lil' bitch, don't you test me
Come get your nigga the fuck out my messages

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Glorilla
Y'all know what the fuck goin' on
Y'all got me fucked up, for real, though
You bitches, you niggas, all y'all got me fucked up
Fuck wrong with a nigga ass?