

8-808

Yeah, Glock 4-5
Sticks, and .9s

Treat that boy like a pair of pants, he gon' get hit with this iron
He was trippin' 'bout that bitch, I had my dick in her spine
I ain't worried about no bitch 'cause I know these bitches ain't mine
I got so many bitches on my dick, I made them hoes form a line
So many hoes, I stopped trying to fuck on these hoes
Bitch, I'm trying to count up that lo'
Get rich without tryin', boy, you can get smoked
Hit a stain, then rock out my show
Got your main bitch off of that blow
I'm totin' that K in a Louis tote

I'm totin' that K in a Louis coat
I catch me a M and I hop out the boat
He was talkin', now his body float
I guess murder was all that she wrote
I'm over 18 and I ain't never vote
But if I do, I'ma vote for myself
Lil' bitch, it's X-MAN for president, Homixide on my right and my left
I got a lil' bitch, hell nah, she ain't heaven-
sent, this bitch came straight from hell (What?)
I'm smokin' this Metro Bloomin out the bags (Fire)
I'm servin' my opps, bitch, I don't need no scale (What?)
Calm down, nigga, there go 12 (What?)
There they come, they lights on, I'ma peel (What?)
'Cause I'm already out on bond, bitch, I can't go back to jail
But shit, I might as well (What?)
Fuck that bitch, leave her right there (What?), Glock
.45 holdin' on my belt (What?)
Treat that bitch like a book, she left right on the shelf (What?)
And my stick bigger than a elf (Homixide)
I get money like Elon Musk (Homixide), I pay your bitch rent on the 12th (Wh
at?)
Yeah, me and my Gang just hit Saint Laurent (What?)
Everywhere I go, I got a blunt (What?)
Everything I do is for real (What?), bitch, I don't be doin' no stunts (What
?)
I got a bad bitch habit, I'm eatin' lil' shawty for lunch (What?)
Told that bitch I ain't nothin' like her daddy (What?), my bitch get whateve
r she want (What?)

Yeah, this choppa hold a ton (Choppa hold a ton)
We spinnin' them boys just for fun (Homixide, Homixide)
Fuckin' this ho, she say I'm the one (What?)
Just give me head, we could have some fun (Homixide, Homixide)
Anywhere I go, I'ma bring my five (Homixide, Homixide)
Gun on my side, so yo' ass gon' die (Homixide, Homixide)
Put him on fire, Homixide Gang, ready to rock (Homixide, Homixide), gang
I switch up my car, catch you runnin', bitch (Spin)
We backseat ridin', watch you hop out and get 'em (Spin)
5.56, Red Beam, gon' get him (Homixide, Homixide)
We smokin' lil' buddy, know yo' mama gon' miss him
Gang took a trip to Paris
Givenchy my feet, now I'm wearin' (Homixide, Homixide)

Gang took a trip to Paris
Givenchy my feet, now I'm wearin' (Homixide, Homixide)

VLONE on my fit, hm
Balenci' my bitch, hm
Swap the Timbs, I put my lady in Ricks (Homixide)
Only the gang, yeah, we snottin' opp friends (Gang)
Got bro in the trap, so he trap out the fence
Twenty-five hundred for a Oversized jacket
Got racks in my jeans so my pants a lil' baggy
Twenty-five hundred for a Oversized jacket
They said we was trippin', had blicks out in Paris

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