

Got My Tool On Me

HoodRich Pablo Juan

I got fifty rounds on me, you can see it hanging
Little boy, don't give no fuck about you gangbangin'
You can see the bands on me plus I'm armed and dangerous
The fuck you looking at, nigga? Oh, I forgot I'm famous
Got my tool on, yeah, I got my tool on me
Got my tool on, yeah, I got my tool on me
I got my tool on, yeah, I got my tool on me
I got the tool on, gotta keep the tool on me

I started serving two-for-five with the 38
Got a call from a country nigga that was out of state
He was steak, I had to eat his plate
I've got to keep the tool on me, might remember face
Keep the AK 'cause I ain't going out like Trayvon Martin
Red 223 tucked in his leg, got him barely walking
Kill will keep the sawed off pump and still across
Got some killers waiting on me, she get in there to come and

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You can have this shit, nigga, you catch me slipping, nigga
Eleven times out of ten, I got my pistol, nigga
Bulldogs, I bet if death kissed you, nigga
Let my young nigga get him, he'll be somewhere, Mississippi River
Rap beef, nigga, end up on the milk carton, nigga
Gotta free my nigga Guwop, that's my favorite real nigga
Banana clips get to peeling all you monkey ass niggas
What the fuck you got a pistol for and ain't gon' pull the trigger?
Fuck nigga

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I got the tool on me, don't make a move, homie
Run up on me, leave them stiff, wrap them like a mummy
50K, all hundreds, all blue on me
My shooter hold the 40 while I'm out serving dummies
I'm Frank Lucas of the trap, I can't serve you with no strap
Me and Pablo, four wins back to back, strap in every lap
Proceed with caution, I got killers in Slauson, I finessed a nigga from Bost
on
I whipped up the brick, I got the wheel of fortune

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