

Get Bacc Part 2

Icewear Vezzo

Yeah, yeah
(June, you're a genius)

Fuck the hood you claim, I'm on that off the rip
Straight out the gate I ain't no rat, I ain't no ho or bitch, huh
Them niggas playin', ain't never blow no sticks
Got tired of totin' F&N 'cause it don't hold no switch
Pop out at yo' show, yeah we want dog
You know that shit you did, stop coppin' pleas up on them calls
I told lil' bro 'nem chill, we got the lo' on they whole squad
They gon' post 'em on the news, and in the blogs
We dump with kids in their cars
My shorty on the run, I be with hot niggas
That OG pack, this shit hit stronger when it's opps in it
The hood is way too turnt, so I just pop in it
Met that boy outside, right at the store, cause' up them drugs and le
ft some shots in him
That's my baby, know we steppin' for big cuddy
You know that's brother, treat his momma like my mother
Before I shed a tear, we up the sco', that's how we comin'
Givin' statements, niggas tellin' and be hoes when they in public

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Ain't fuckin' with no nigga if he told
I had a few homies I used to love, turned into hoes
That money bring envy, these niggas pussy playin' roles
For that clout they sell their soul, ain't no code
Seen real niggas turn to trolls
I miss my nigga GG, we on hunt though
Put that on gang, ain't sayin' names, you know it's up though
Boss of my city, I'm really cut, watch who you come for
Ain't tryna talk to no big homies, bitch it's up, don't give a fuck,
them niggas done for
Catch them niggas lackin', we got action
Pop out in your city, Ski up that ratchet, we in traffic
Got choppers and glizzies, Drac' hold a hundred, that's a Patek
Free lil' Rello, bitch we active
I'm with steppers, they gon' whack shit for them Jacksons
I was fucked up now I'm good, I grind it out
Ain't doin' no talkin', that kind of paper make yo' cause' slime you
out
They got my baby for a M, I bond him out
Give the lawyer thirty racks to slide it out
These niggas rats, be hidin' out

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