

# Spooky

Jay Critch

(AXL...)

Hey!

Ayy

He turned his back on gang for a lil' small change, that boy is  
a sellout

I go on private planes, go right to the stage, and the shows al  
l sell out

Life is a movie, still in the shootin', my brothers and we neve  
r fell out

Pull up in spooky, them bitches eyes get wide like get out

She wipe me down like Boosie after I get in her mind, 'ight I'm  
a head out

Feel like Biggie with the Coogi, big body leave with all the ho  
's from the let out

All these toys and tools, when we see the boys in blue, see six  
we yell out

If the boy confused, my shooter don't let shit slide, he lettin  
' the lead out

Gettin' greasy on them, Broadie told me never take it easy on t  
hem

Get the chicken like Fridays, set him straight, he was talkin'  
on sideways

30s gonna hunt you down, big straps they'll punch you out

All they do is run they mouth, send brother, "Go calm that down  
"

More cheques clearin' up in the checkings

I got a whole lotta blessings

Got a cheque, started movin' too reckless

Nigga, you should've invested

If it's static, then we tryna go wet shit

We tryna send you a message

Shit got hot, and them niggas was stressin', started chattin' w  
ith detectives

I'm in Lint, up in my section, mixin' D'USSÉ in my beverage

Drive the whip, like it's a stoley, niggas really from the tren  
ches

Hood fave, my city love me like I went and won the election

She got ass, ain't got no figures, they just groupies, they not  
with us

Shit get spooky

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