

With Them

Jay Critch

(Kilo made this)
(JD On Tha Track)
Hey
Ayy

Shooter tryna up that pole, he said it's smoke, but that boy don't want it w
ith them
Lot of niggas act like hoes and that's the reason I can't get money with the
m (Hey)
Soon as I started to run it up, all of my bitches say I'm moving funny with
them
She give me head like a dummy or something
She left her friend, but she wanted to come
Thirty clip on me, I wanted the drum
Drive the foreign like I'm wanted or something
See the boys and hit the gas in the whip, heater on me like I'm under the su
n
Ayy, brodie scoring like he play for the Suns
When we catch him, we put him in the blunt
Action movie, I just came in to stunt

Niggas ain't real, shit shows, I gotta get to the top, call it reaching my g
oals
No, I can't work no pole, fuck around, that shit'll take a nigga out his glo
,
Rolling up the opps, free bro, niggas can say what they want, they already k
now
Y'all better stick to the code, bodies dropping, like eleven niggas in a row
I keep it on me, don't pass that
Run up on me, you gon' leave with a hashtag
Boy, you a lame, where your bag at?
I had your bitch, I was makin' her gag-gag
And I know what they mad at
Caught a opp by his doley, his melon splazzat
I keep having these flashbacks
Kind of filled up with pain, everything I see matte black

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See the boys and hit the gas in the whip, heater on me like I'm under the su
n (Graow, baow)
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Hood Fav, no, this ain't what you want (Hey)
Let the flame off, turn 'em to Runtz (Baow, baow)
Niggas hate to see you up in the front
Drive the foreign with the trunk in the front

Young niggas gotta get it and we gotta put on for the city, though (On for the city, though)
Where I'm from, they move dirty with it, catch a body, they got it on video (Boom, boom, boom)
Don't got no love for these dirty bitches, I don't even want them in my videos (Them in my videos)
Pouring drank in the morning like cereal (Like cereal)
I can't fuck with these niggas, they flip-flop (They flip-flop)
This is real nigga music, not hip-hop (Not hip-hop)
Diamonds dancing like they making TikToks (They making TikToks)
From the bottom, went up to the tip-top (Up to the tip-top)
Don't pull up on me wrong, get your shit popped (Graow, baow)

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She give me head like a dummy or something
She left her friend, but she wanted to come
Thirty clip on me, I wanted the drum
Drive the foreign like I'm wanted or something
See the boys and hit the gas in the whip, heater on me like I'm under the sun
Ayy, brodie scoring like he play for the Suns
When we catch him, we put him in the blunt
Action movie, I just came in to stunt (Hey)