

41 Bop

Jenn Carter

(KayArchon)

Grrah, grrah, grrah

Walk down gang, we gon' leave him to pieces (Grrah, like, what?)
Spot a opp, I might up it and fire (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Pass me the Jiggy, I'm tryna get higher (Like, what? Like, what?)
Put a O in his face, he's a tire (Grrah)
Three deep, I'm with Jenny and Miah (Yeah, gang)
Opp thot, she get hit through the wig (Like, what?)
Like, I'ma up, I don't need an assist
Big EBK, like, I did what I did (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Like, no
Where he go? (Where he go?)
Don't run, red beam on his throat (Like what?)
And the shit that I tote can't fit in my coat (Can't fit in my coat)
B-Big gun, it can't fit in my sweater (Grrah, grrah)
On that scene, .30s in leather (Grrah, grrah)
She a thot, she on top with her legs up (Grrah, grrah)
I'm a demon on court, I'ma threat (Like, what? Like, what?)
Suck my dick, EK, you next (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Grrah, she a thot, 41 boppin'
Oh my God, what happened to Wayne? (Grrah, grrah)
How you tough, you don't do what you claim (Claim)
He not a 'ooter, he don't put in pain (Pain, grrah, grrah, grrah)
How you tough, too deep, and you copped it (Like, what? Like, what?)
I was 13 with a switch in my pocket (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
She a freak, so I beat up the box (Like, what? Like, what?)
Like, she get nasty, she know how to slop (Grrah)

How you tryna be something you not? (You not)
And I'm big EOS nigga, every opp shot (Every opp shot)
Like a package, put 'em in a box (In a box)
And they call me Dwyane 'cause I'm nice with the rock
Me and Mellz too deep, two beams, two knocks (Grrah, grrah)
In the V gettin' diddy off 'Dot (He dead)
Ain't no case, and yeah I did a lot
They gon' think ima janitor I came with a mop (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
He ain't tough when his back is a battery (On bro)
Yeah these niggas be livin' in fantasies (What?)
These niggas not really outside, put the beam to his face, he gotta face rea
lity (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
Don't run
Where he go?
He gon' get shot if he throw up a O
Everything deady, yeah, everybody know (On bro), and he look like a clown, r
ed beam on his nose (On bro, on bro)
Don't run
Don't trip (Don't trip), Mr. Everything Deady walkin' through they shit (Don
't run, don't run)
Oh, they mad, 'cause they mans in a spliff? (Grrah, grrah)
All of the opp niggas suck my dick (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Grrah, wassup
Then it's lit
Suck my dick Lefty, you a bitch (On bro)
Spinnin' through Courtland, I'm bumpin' my shit (Brr)
If he throw up a O then somebody get hit (Grrah, grrah, woo)

She a thotty, she bittin' the sheet (What? Damn)
He tried to run but I already peep (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Runnin' and dumpin', he think it's a dream
I can not fuck if that bitch is a keet (Grrah, grrah, boom)
Send a choppa it's hittin' his spleen (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Bullets are nice, so they makin' him lean (Like, what?), grrah
Now that dummy asleep (Grrah, grrah)
Ballin' on court, 41 is a team (Grrah, grrah, boom)
She tryna pull up, she don't need a license (Like, damn)
I said, "Dotty is punchin' like Tyson"
Spin in the morning I see the horizon (Horizon)
Like, I'm a sun 'cause the demon is rising (rising)
And the bullets can never be rising (Grrah, grrah)
Spin in a V, I don't care 'bout a permit (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Said that boy, he got washed, detergent (Grrah)
Like, if I get me a dono, I earned it (Grrah, grrah, grrah, boom)
I'm a dolo, like I am a threat (Grrah)
And the beam is a chain like it stay on his chest (Grrah, grrah, boom)
I get bigger, don't get me upset (Grrah)
And these niggas is mad they can't run up a check (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
In the field, I'm playin' soccer (Soccer)
She a baddie she tote on the knocker (The knocker)
He tried to run, he get turned into grabba (Like, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
Like, on the scene make it hot, like lava

Tata, 41 bop in this shit (41 bop)
Movin' iffy, I'm rockin' this shit (I'm ro-)
Runnin' plays like Popovich (Like what? Like, what?)
Shawty, she poppin' and lockin' it like (Grrah Grrah Grrah)
And the pussy, I'm beatin' it up (I'm beatin' it up)
And the dick, know she eatin' it up (She eatin' it up)
Tinted the V, can't see me in the truck (Can't see me in the what?)
Lato got the lotto', he readin' it up, like, damn (Readin', readin' it up)
Hold on, swear that I'll click (Swear that I'll click, like, damn)
KR, put the gun in her-, what? (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
They repo'd, then we knucklin' up (Like what)
Bro hop out, controllin' the cut, like- (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Two step, leanin' off the lean (Off the lean)
Damn, I got a knock with a beam (With a beam)
I just been waitin', I'm itchin' to creep (Itchin' to creep)
You feelin' froggy, nigga, better leave
Like woah, told bro, "Dump that pole" (Grrah, grrah)
Run up on me, I up that pole (Grrah, grrah)
And his bro got turned to a ghost (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
She a baddie, the dick in her throat
Drop down window (Grrah, grrah) click and click and click (Grrah)
Ima just click till it's empty (Go, go)
And she in the back of the renty (Like what, like, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
You know my bitch, I just fuck off the Henny

I called up Jay, told bro, "We slidin'" (Like, what?)
Where they at? Man, these niggas is hidin' (Where they at?)
Fuck that, spin back, rewind it (Like, what?)
Who that? I spot 'em (Grrah, grrah, damn, damn)
So I got 'em
And I drop 'em (Like, grrah)
On court, John Stockton (Keep playin', bitch)
Keep clickin' (Grrah)
Keep flockin' (Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah)
You a dub, man, this shit not a option

Like

Lato, he be totin' on the grip (Like, what?)
Drop that body-ody to the floor, like
Lotto done came through the door (Gang, gang)
40 start bangin', let a nigga know like (Like, damn, damn)
Like no, baby, lettin' it rip (Like, what?)
Told Lilo, he need a stitch (Damn, damn)
Toe-9tag gang out the whip
Boy think he drippin, if I see bullets, make 'em trip (Grrah, grrah)
Off the 'Migos, she fiendin' for hell (What?)
Off the Yerky, she holdin' it down (Holdin' it down, grrah)
Lil' baby wanna be down (Wanna be down)
Lato the barber, the king of the town (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Bro go toss, V flip (V flip)
D told ross, bully Rick (Grrah)
Got a baddie totin' on a stick (Grrah, grrah)
Nike keep tickin', tick it, I'ma click (Tote on what?)
Said I hope, "Yeah, these niggas not slick"
He don't know, hear Lato, make him hit (Grrah, grrah)
Shh, shit, sit on my hip (Grrah)
Know that shawty-awty got a kick (Grrah)
Up an O, put an O in this steam (O in this what?)
Why these lil' niggas steppin' for me? (Grrah, grrah)
I'm just gon' put 'em to sleep
Lato cuckoo with the ru', you get hit in your sleep (Grrah)
Jump a nigga's pants, pull them by the seam (Like)
His reaction when we in the scene, damn (Grrah)
Slap that up, I make it bleed, damn (Damn)
Muddy off Molly, I'm T, damn (Grrah, grrah)
You my dog, hang out the V (Grrah, grrah)
Puff a 'Y, he dug, ain't no heat (Grrah)
I might spin in a Bimmer with P (Grrah)
Fuck her up, put her dead on his tee (Grrah)

Mask on, but it's not for the virus

Boppin' a bitch, make her see the horizon (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Tough on the net, I'ma slide when they typin'
Stevie Wonder, I shoot with no guidance (Grrah, grrah)
Bodies on bodies, shit fuck up my focus
Everything dead once the demon has spoken (Has spoken, like, damn)
It's some bitches that's gon' meet they maker (Grrah)
Backed out my 9, and she backed out a taser (Backed out a taser)
Drop the addy, I spin til' I'm dizzy
Not letting up nothing, I'm staying on 50 (I'm staying on 50)
What's the point being somethin' you not
Catch a opp bitch in person, opp person get shot (Like, damn)
Know some bitches get right in the trap
Opp niggas drilled, and we know that's a fact (We know that's a fact)
Like, she was beefing, now she in a pack (Grrah)
Now he dead, miss his deady, y'all won't get him back (Notti)
'Bout my brothers, I'll bury a block (Grrah)
Just to fuck everybody (Grrah), it's everyone shot (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Like, ain't no love, we was sliming and shit (On bro)
If it's up and its lit, come and slide with a bitch (Come and slide with a p
ole)
Like, never lackin', attached to my grip (Like, damn)
Gotta watch who around me, they want me to slip (Like, damn, like-)
Everything dead, know your mans in a spliff (Like, damn)
And my niggas is here, that's why I never trip (Like, damn, like, damn)
How the fuck ya mans turn to a opp? (Opp)
Cause y'all bitches is funny, I stay on my block (My block)
EBK baby, don't care who get shot (Get shot)

Bitches sayin' it's up, but they know that it's not, bitch

Top two, and I'm not two, bitch

At me

Everything dead, all the opps is shot

Dotty dead