

Everybody Shot

Jenn Carter

Glah
Glah, glah, glah
(Josh)
(Elvis)
Glah, like what? Like what? Bitch, glah, glah, glah
Like what? Like what? Bitch, glah, glah, glah
Yo YP
Glah
Let 'em know it's Carter, dickhead

Said it's K with the K, no Flocka
Spot 'em, we got 'em [?] (Glah, glah, glah)
Too deep, I'ma empty the what?
He tried to run, caught the shots to the butt (Glah)
Red beam when I turn him to runtz
If he jackin' this K put a hole in his gut
Better duck when I reload the chopper
Hang out the V, like dump that knocker
Better run if you runnin' at me (Like what? Like what?)
And double trunk he get trunked with the roster
Spin through, click 'til it's empty
Bitch, I'm on court, niggas know not to bench me (Like what?)
Niggas see me they switch up they energy (Like, damn)
Like what, she a thot out the Hennessy
I do the most, every trip they remember me
Run down, put the beam on his shh
No remorse when I bend through their strip
Totties get shot, don't get flocked with your bitch (Treesha)
Oh, she a thot? She on top of my dick (Like what?)
He tried to creep, caught the shots at his rib, what?
Shit-shit, I know a nigga that act like he talk, but he fled (He what?)
And these niggas not smokin' my dead (Like what?)
Ma-man got dropped, he was yellin' "My head"

Call me crazy, I'm throwin' the rock (Gang, gang, gang)
Fuck everybody, it's everyone shot
Sturdy aim 'cause I shoot like a cop
Bitch on my body, she totin' the knocks
Call me FedEx, I beat up the box
Move like a baddie, she tickin' on top
She a dancer, she tickin' the top
Like, I be geekin' and not can I stop
Like on the block, I send forty-one shots
We be geekin' we do it for fun and if she is a demon, I pass her gun
Like he a shooter only in my blunt
And if I am with Carter we bend through
If he 41K, he get sent to the sun
'Cause of what? Fuck up his mental
Talkin' my shit and know I am not dumb
Said you niggas is scary, that boy on my dick
Wearin' fake Amiri's, I'm totin' the grip and singin' like it's Carey
Like, big EBK got me feelin' like [?]
All the thotties be deady on deady, they all on my body
Won't party with Jenny
And the party, I'm ready to tweak
And I'm ready to geek, so this shit can get heavy, gang

Niggas like "Where's Mo Kartii" (Like)
Well Kartii is here
Bitch I don't stop, but I ain't goin' nowhere
These niggas be dumb, they ain't puttin' in fear
Totin' on knocks, swear I don't care (I don't care)
Twenty-four shots to the air
Tell 'em to give 'em the drop
But, if they keep missin', we lettin' it flare (Glah, glah, glah)
But now he just tested his luck, like
Now it's just up and it's stuck, what?
Everything boomed better duck
You big or you small man, I don't give a fuck, like
You ain't a shooter, you suck, fu-fuck it
Now we gon' bend both ways, fu-fuck it
Now we gon' shoot both ways
Gi-give him a reason to look both ways
I'm runnin' from who? (Who?)
Nigga, suck my dick
Cocked me a beam when I shoot with that blick
[?] a heart and I'm pleadin' the fitfh
All ya' niggas be cap, bit'
When I step on the field, we actin'
They ain't steppin' for real, they cappin'
And It's Kartii, lil' bitch, who askin'?

I'm smokin' that boy in a blunt
Don't need nobody, but me and my gun
Smokin' Dotty, he turned into runtz
When I spin out, we load through out
Ba-back door, you can get in a blunt
Shoot like a Giannis, let's keep it a buck
Droppin' two fingers, I don't give a fuck
GBG when I shoot, better duck
Sippin' on muddy, it's green in my cup
How you a demon but talk to the cops?
That's your bitch? She settin' the drop
You don't know me for real, I'm on hots
If you run then my knocker gon' dump
Yo-your're dead and that spliff in my punch
Talk on 4-1 and that boy in a blunt
KR gon' spot him, that nigga gon' run