

Shock!

Jenn Carter

(Mmm, nah, turn that up, Young Madz)

He wanna tazer, he left me in shock
Like why wouldn't you tote on a knock
If that bitch on my dick, then she settin' a drop
So you better be cautious of thots
I cannot come if she want me to see her
You tried to diss, he got sent to the reaper
Like a slender, the way that I creep up
She ain't no rapper then she-

EBK 41, they gon' follow the leader
Hoodie on, and creep up like a reaper
He tried to play and got popped with no meter
Bullets hit him, give that boy a seizure
Ima call him shifty with the rock
Dummy boy thinkin' we 'bout to box
Like why wouldn't you tote on the knocks
And my bitch is a baddie, she settin' the drop

Beam on my dick, boy was runnin' like [?]
Opp in the sky like the Statue of Liberty
I can't run with this heavy artillery
It's a new boy tryna diss, is you shittin' me?
I could pull up and clean the vicinity
[?] make the bullets deliveries
Oh, he thought he was lit on the grip
Homie do not forgive I'm a foolish like [?]

Everyday I'm just hearin' 'em diss
Niggas keep talkin', like "Is you shittin' me"
Boy, that nigga not tough, he a bitch
I can see why he beat on his bitch
He with that bitch, he gon' die with the bitch
He was tough, now he dead in a ditch
Like Osama, I'm takin' that risk
We gon' aim for his head and make him do a flip
Totin' the knocker, I'm doin' it properly
No roller coaster, then shorty is ridin' me
Me, my money don't play with economy
All on my dick, man these niggas be kind to me
He not a demon, that shit be mythology
I love green, now they talkin' on brocolli
After I nut, she gon' walk away wobbly
Niggas my sons, they owe me an apology

Get to the money like it was monopoly
Now that I'm up do not tell me you proud of me
I'm a star, I ain't talkin' astrology
This one for all the niggas who doubted me
Like, I be busy, travellin' to banks
Dummy boy, how you spinnin' a tank
And you know I can't be there for stank
Like all these opps got me throwin' the racks
And he told me spin back, okay
.40 gon' clap, both ways
Move tact', don't play

I'm in a renty, we spin broad day
Two knocks, beam on each
I got a baddie, she all in my sheets
Say you know Ima tweak on a beat
And I cannot be messin' with none of you sketches

Lonely nigga from rags to riches
Now a nigga like bags of bitches
Fuck a bitch, I'm in love with by blick
He got hit in the face with the choppa
All in the trench tryna find me a -
No referee, but I bet you I blow
How you say you smokin' my deads
And I don't got no deads, that nigga gotta go
Max in the spot and they all sayin' yes
She in the spot screamin' "Everything deady"
Mr. Everything Deady, I'm ready nigga
I can't lack, I'm walkin' round with becky
Only been 5 months, now I'm rich
Handy Mandy, that boy gettin' fixed
Dummy boy, he got turnt to a lick
And I'm smokin' that boy who got shot in his shit