

# Rambo

Joyner Lucas

I got the sniper on top of the roof (Roof, ayy)  
You'll never hear when I shoot (Shoot)  
Bitch, you know I got nothin' to lose (Lose, shh, uh)  
Don't ever hear when I shoot (Ayy, pew, ayy)  
I'm finna shoot out this bitch like I'm Rambo (Rambo)  
They can't see me, I blend in like camo (Yeah, yeah)  
Fully loaded, won't run out of ammo (Bah)  
Ain't no problem that I couldn't handle (Bah, bah, bah)  
I got the sniper on top of the roof (Top of the roof, top of the roof, ayy, yeah, yeah)  
You'll never hear when I shoot (Shoot, they'll never hear when I shoot)

Yeah

This a double-barreled shotgun, fully loaded (Ayy)  
Loyalty, you should've showed it  
I got a rap book full of Covid (Ayy, ayy)  
Nigga, you bite, then you could expose it (Ayy, ayy)  
This is a typo, couldn't focus (Focus, focus)  
I cannot tell if your shit watered down or it's sugar-coated  
Your shit trash, I should've wrote it (Ayy, ayy)  
My shit crack, y'all coulda sold it (Sold it, woo)  
I had your girl so high, lil' bitch could've floated  
I'ma just roll up, get unfolded  
Dick so big, bitch, couldn't hol' it  
She wanna keep it so I had to Molly  
This ain't no rap shit, I'm a poet  
This ain't no cap shit, this a moment (Yeah, yeah)  
Wishin' infatuation  
She say she wanna know how I fuck, bitch, use your imagination  
Nigga, my crib so big, I need me a navigation (Ayy)  
I got bullets and clips and they ain't got no name  
I let go on the bitch, had to run in that shit  
Be like, "Hold up, lil' bitch, where you goin'?" (Bah, bah-bah, bah, bah-bah)

I keep the stick where I'm at  
I'm player so I keep a bitch where I'm at (Yeah, yeah)  
And when I'm outside, it's a blick where I'm at (Bah, bah)  
And if we at war, you can't sit/see where I'm at (Grrah, grrah)  
This cash on your head, you can never relax  
I used to lock out for the drink  
I used to abuse it, I'm mad, I have to relapse  
I'm ridin' millions on millions and I'm from the streets, I had to adapt  
That's why I keep a MAC in the back  
Can't turn my back on the trap  
Listen, watch how they breathe, nigga, they catch a asthma attacks  
I know I got them [?] on my lap  
I remember them days I was traffickin' crack  
Cops on my dick, we was catchin' some flack  
I ain't never had much, I just happen to rap  
Niggas hate on me, I c-c-cap on they ass  
I can bet that I  
Won't be around when the murders increase  
Stayin' a hundred of years in peace  
Ain't have a bag, I went half on the lease  
If you my brother ain't gotta keep reachin', no (Yeah)  
And I'ma need more than a piece (Yeah)

Can't trust a ho, 'cause these hoes for the streets (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Just tell that boy, "Keep that ho on a leash"  
Bitch, I had enough, she don't know when to leave (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)  
I've been on my motherfuckin' business way (Yeah, yeah)  
Talkin' like a motherfuckin' business man (Yeah)  
All these niggas know that I done been this way  
I'm a fuckin' menace, you never can [?] (Yeah, yeah)  
Pedal to metal, my metal can end a nigga life  
Leave a nigga dead in the ghetto, I hit him with the pipe  
Maybe lay your head in the pillow, I stick with a knife  
You ain't on my level, you never can live up to the hype, alright  
I, I, I gave a hundred to niggas in jail  
You want a lawyer, just hit me, it's here  
The 'Raq on my back even though I was frail  
Count it up, I had to climb them stairs  
This for my niggas locked down in a cell  
Countin' them days, no one's writing you mail  
Me and my pistol like Kenan and Kel  
Bitch, I'm all that, you can see for yourself

That Glock go, "Boom" (That Glock go, "Boom")  
But that switch go, "Frrtt" (Yeah, yeah)  
When I'm in that room (When I'm in that room)  
Money counter go, "Frrtt" (Hey, hey)  
She gon' suck dick 'til I pee (Ayy)  
She like, "Why you so mad at me?" (Ayy)  
When this shot go off, you bleed

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