

H1K made this

G19, I wish we had three .19s (Three of them)
SK in a jeep, I'm still tryna look for these two .23s (Where are they?)
See the 762s? (Mm?), that's separate tee (Separate ones)
I just left the hill and they're still tryna S-A-D (Search and destroy)
I'm on a next hill and they're still tryna G-I-D (Get it all done)
I'm on a next hill and they scream, "LT, LT" (LT, LT)
I'm on Gipsy Hill and you know we still grippin' heat (Yeah, yeah)
Two hands on in a party, now I got spinner in bleach (Shh)

Four in a door in a pot (Pot)
Four or more in a slot
The .12s one hell of a dotts (Yuck)
Stuff these .9mms, Henny gonna pour or not? (Stuff it)
I see bro put a man in the air, is he hittin' the floor or not? (Huh)
Check that bine (Bine)
Why them man always talkin' wicked, I told them in extra time (Yeah)
Done too much now he slept for life (Life)
Free M.A. and Sizz, I'll tell you about treacherous times (Free 'em)
How man get it twenty-
two times and still alive? He's stretchin' life (Stretchin', huh)
They ain't ever scored no serious goals (No)
I really wore Mike and Amiri to the boot out, could've burnt serious clothes
(Bap)
She had more followers than me on the 'Gram, I ran through serious hoes (Yea
h, yeah)
I sold four, a whole pies in a day, I really had a serious phone
Been on serious works, I walk with diggers, trust me they really on shirts (
Trust me)
You or me, trust me, I'm drillin' it first (Grrt, bap)
Fill that tank up, lean out the window, scratch man's head back like we tryn
a get out dandruff
Horrible settings out tryna teach man horrible lessons (Yeah, yeah)

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Let one of them stress man (Go on) and I'm campin' tryna address man (Bap)
Step with the blick, let that click like the F man (Bap-Bap)
.32 in my pocket, he won't even notice 'til its too late and I smoke him
Double life
It could be the dings or the double R I'm rollin'
Strollin', filled to the brim
If I am ever am postin', I ain't tryna lack without it
Turn pack without it
Bro made the scoreboard, high did I brag about it? (No)
Bricks comin' in and they better be sealed (Sealed, sealed)
I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm tryna reach me Beverly Hills, but I bought that Beverly back
for the drill (Nyuum)
I bought that 'Retta and .4 for the war and bought that whoosh even though I

weren't sure
All this Louis I got the from the store, it's mad 'cause I still want more (Yeah)
Similar to the hammers (Hammers)
Chat too much, similar to the badders (Huh)
Can't mix me with the rappers (Mm, mm), I really doin' what they put in their captions

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