

# Shooters

K-Trap

Shooters shooters we some number 9's  
I like bad bitches I ain't got no type  
Didn't see them the first time, I slid round there twice  
Guys getting left, for not moving right  
On the way to that mil' with no lifelines  
I don't know black timing, I'm with my shots from time  
My cat's on the hinges, she ain't got 9 lives  
Still serve cats food, I ain't round no mice

I'm no soldier boy, I'm really from the hood  
Made bands from the block, my guys know that I'm good  
I could never fall off, get that understood  
I still step round on violence, like I know I should  
Opp block coming like jheez, I still roll on dry fumes  
And my bro's ride from his cell, cah that's the right thing to do  
I ain't stabbing no arms, I had my jail for a fluke  
The opps like bitches, they're workrate dead and they rude  
I took that loss, but I make that back  
Fed took mans prof', that's a light few bags  
Stepped out them cells, minor setback  
Got my simcards again, then got back to the trap  
I get them green lights, when it's time to go  
Cah they know I'm on the pitch, tryna score them goals  
I could never switch sides, I'm feeling giggs and scholes  
They talk about get man down, and they slid with poles

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Back on my bullshit  
Ten toes ting with a manbag, black trench coat and a full clip  
Them boys ain't on piss just doing up nose they force it  
Man still lurk in the field, ai tryna ride out like horses  
Got a long ting looking all grim, touch mans skin that's corpses  
I been down there with the something, on the opp block like [?]  
My handting looking all Russian, I block down squares and quarters  
I need that whip concussion I aim for the dome that's normal  
I step with the stepping  
My ting filled all grimmish man know I kweff with the kweffing  
I snap off the dots one handed man crash corn we catch it  
I still serve food like banquet man get chef with the cheffer  
I steal man's juice they're wet up  
Straight up juug it  
The packs them came in rapid but I do the trapline kicking  
Four door skrrt in traffic manna just skrrt and whip it  
Still do road with the package I get hands on with the digits  
Broke niggas dem move like bitches

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I'm doing library with this whizzer long  
Silent shootings tryna switch man off  
Two waps in a four door, we take risks a lot  
Do it up close like a penalty, know I can't miss this shot  
Getting to the money like two ways, and I won't miss this guap  
Hit the plug back in two days, when before I couldn't fit this box  
Next pack came needy, now I gotta switch this box  
Fucked with the barrel on the twelve gauge, now I gotta switch this dot  
But it's bout time that we switched it  
Bro weren't gentle with the clip and the sand all day if the [?]  
Step on badness soon as I spot man I see bare man just sprinting  
My young boy just grabbed his sawn off back out his hand he's limping  
I got bored off packing it twice now I got six inna [?]  
On 9 with a Russian 9, have you ever seen drillers on bikes  
Man let sky from a 1-2-5  
Selection of waps we ain't got no type  
Shooters with some number 9

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