

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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