

Studied this shit, that's how I know buddy a bitch
He putty this shit, get bloodier
Niggas get money and switch, you ain't come from this shit
You ain't covered just 'cause your buddy is
My boy cuddle with clips, he'll cut him and dip
I'm subtle but still gon' cover him
Caught my plug on a lick
We can stuff your cut in his shit but we ain't gon' cut him in

I'm in Mechanicsville where the mechanics live
Bruh got that cannon filled and he know how to film
All my abandonment made me connect with the savages
Met my connect, now I'm having it
I got to have a lil' Glock, I'm in Adamsville
Last time I seen him, my partner was after him
Don't know what happen and no, I'm not askin' him
Niggas ain't had a meal, don't want no Happy Meal
Swear to God, I can tell by his eyes he ain't scared of God
I can tell the whole time it was hella flawed
I can tell he was frightened but played it off
I can tell the whole nine to meet at ya' job
I can tell 'em what time to be at the clock
I was careful designing the execution
No electrocution, I know they was shocked
I can walk through the fire, won't sweat a drop
Everybody outside gotta carry Glocks
If some angels don't walk with you, better jog
'Cause the gate ain't that tall, any pet can hop
I was raised in the jungle like George, Atlanta, Georgia
No, it ain't Compton, but, boy, it can get gory
I got a lot of recorded scary stories
I got a...

Who the fuck is he, bruh? He don't live on my street (Bruh)
I know he's sweet, bruh, nigga 'round here gon' eat, bruh
Sweat in my sleep from PTSD, huh
PTSD, huh, PTSD, huh

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