

Mister Glock 2

Key Glock

(Yo, Mannie)

(Let the Band Play)

Glizock

Yeah

Yeah

Wockhardt all in my kidneys (Wock', Wock')

I'm one hustling-

ass young nigga, I got racks stuffed all in my denim (Yup, yup)

I'm one money-getting-

ass lil' nigga, you know that I keep me a pistol (Baow)

Yeah, I stayed down and my money got bigger, now they calling my Mister (Who?)

Glock

Yeah, yeah, Mister Shit On All His Opps

Yeah, bitch, I'm Mister Flex a Lot

Yeah, Mister Stack It 'Til It Rot

Yeah, Mister Don't Care What It Cost

Yeah, Mister Let that Chopper Talk

Yeah, Mister Spend That Shit and Get That Shit Right Back 'Cause It Ain't No thin' (Yeah)

Play with Glizock, then you're done

Where I'm from, we shoot shit for fun

Fourteen, smoking dope, shooting guns

Yeah, fifteen, flipping Os or onions

Sixteen, taking niggas' money

Seventeen, had juggers jumping

Eighteen, got locked up for hustling

Nineteen, made a milli', motherfucker

Paper Route business, motherfucker

I handle my business, motherfucker

Yeah, I get busy, motherfucker

Just mind your business, motherfucker

Run me my digits, motherfucker

Can't sign no dealy, motherfucker

Nah, I can't sign shit unless it's eight figures, motherfucker (The fuck?)

Yeah, fuck all that, I ain't selling my soul

I'll just go back to selling them 'bows

I'm sticking to the code

I'll never put a bitch before my dough, no

This on my soul

Everybody know that I keep this shit on and I keep one on me (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Everybody know Glock don't give a fuck about a nigga or his homie

Self-made nigga, yeah, I'm a loner

Who want smoke? Yeah, bitch, I'm a stoner

Ayy, come get your bitch, man, you must don't want her

Yeah, I beat that thing up and you know I boned her

Hit it out the park, yeah, I'm talking 'bout a home run

Now I got this bitch here gone-gone

She said that she love me long-long

Time is money, bitch

I am addicted to hustling, bitch

Remember them days I was struggling, bitch

Fast-forward that, now I'm having it, bitch

Yeah, winning, having this shit

Money, choppers and choppers and shit
I keep me a bad-ass addicted lil' bitch
Keep somethin' on my hip and somethin' to sip, nigga, I got

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thin' (The fuck?)

Wockhardt all in my kidneys (Wock', Wock')
I'm one hustling-
ass young nigga, I got racks stuffed all in my denim (Yup, yup)
Shit, for real, though
Yup, yup
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah