Exposing Me

King Von

Steve Chea on the beat
Steve Drive (What? What?)
Stretch Gang
Steve Drive (Huh?)
Stretch Gang
(What? What? What?)
Steve Chea on the beat
(Von)

Ain't got no hoes with me (Ain't got no hoes)
I be quick to run up, let it pop, that's just the O in me
(Boom, boom)
Rest in peace to Silk from Ada Park, that was the older me
(That was the older me, huh?)
Goofy got shot right up in his top
(What?), his brother told on me
(Bitch)
Couldn't get a bond, I sat it out, they put that hold on me (Huh?)
Four-five (What?), XDs (Huh?), fifty shot (What?) glizzies (Huh?)
Peace treaty, bitch, please
You know I grew up on that violence (For real)
D.O.A., turn off them sirens (D.O.A., what?)
I be thirsty on his ass from Cicero to Stoney Island, huh? (Come here)
'Cause Von get on your ass, send you with them birds (For real)
Your preacher all in church, reading off proverbs (Ha)
And folks 'nem mad at me, I put in too much work (What?)
They saying, "Von, sit back" 'cause Get Back Gang, they got my back (What?)
But I'm still strapped, can't go like that (Huh?)
I'm still a killer before the rap (Huh?)
I swear I killed her, broke her back (Yeah)
Your homie die, I'm smoking that (What?)
I'm tired of smelling Tooka and Lil Marc, and I'm tired of Scrapp (I'm tired of that)
I'm thinking 'bout creating a new pack
Ay, DQ, who is that? (Boom, boom, boom)

Ain't no exposing me (Nah)
I be in them trenches where a nigga say he 'posed to be (Dummy)
Foenem wet a nigga ass up (Boom), he can't get close to me
Fye a nigga ass up (Boom), he gon' need surgery (Grr)
Ambulance get his ass up, he sold his soul to me
He a ho, he a bitch (Nah), he a rat, he a snitch (Nah)
I'm Six-O, I won't switch (Six-O)
I got fifty shots in this glizzy and I promise I won't miss (Steve Drive)
Before I let her alley-oop me, put this .40 to her shit

It's gon' be a murder
Smoking Scrapp and I got my strap
Long live Burger
Tough as hell on the 'net, but on they block, unheard of (Nah, nah)
Pour a four of Poppie Juice, what's that? That's that syrup
Lil Dee in the kitchen with them pots, he gon' stir up
Twelve get up on this bitch, it's that, we gon', skrrt, skrrt
Long live Headshot HEC, don't disrespect, your face on a shirt
Off that Zeko, Tooka, and that Fatz, we gon' put in work
Sneaky talking, saying this and that, just gon' get 'em murked
You don't want them shells from that MAC (MAC)

Chase a nigga down, like Ricky, shoot your back (Back)
We shoot up your kickback ('Back), then it's back to the 'Met ('Met)
I'ma die for my set (Set), D Block where it's at (Steve Drive)

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Steve Chea on the beat

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