Facetime

King Von

Yeah
We high speeding all lights (Bitch ass nigga)
Hitmaka
Ain't no stop (Bitch ass)
Von

Pull up on these niggas acting tough out here (Acting tough)
He a bitch, have him bleeding for a month out here (For a month)
Niggas heated 'cause they bitches acting up out here? (They acting, what?)
Boy, you tweaking if you thinking we give a fuck out here (Huh? What? What? What?)
Thirty round extendo sound like ropes, hang time (Boom, boom, boom)
Nigga tried to play me close (What? What?), end up on Dateline (Boom, boom)
Hundreds shooters with a hundred drums (Yeah, yeah), I got the base line (Graah, graah)
That FN ring in your face (Damn), that's a FaceTime (Boom, boom)

My gun automatic (Yeah), shooting been a habit (Uh-huh)
Niggas claiming that they savage (Who?)
Fuck it, let him have it (Grrah, grrah)
He was lacking, all on traffic (Yeah)
Fuck it, I'ma clap him (Boom, boom)
They asked me, I don't know what happened (Uh-huh)
I don't know what happened (Nah)
All these Drac's up on my mind (Uh-
huh), shoot 'em all the time (Grrah, grrah)
If I get caught I do the time (I do), I am not 6ix9ine (Nah, nah)
He got killed at 25 (Damn), diss me, that's suicide (Huh?)
He tried Von and he ain't die? Nigga, you a lie (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

Pull up on these niggas acting tough out here (Boom, boom, huh?)
He a bitch, have him bleeding for a month out here (For a month, huh?)
Niggas heated 'cause they bitches acting up out here? (They acting up)
Boy, you tweaking if you thinking we give a fuck out here (Huh? What? What? What? Boom, boom, boom)
Thirty round extendo sound like ropes, hang time (Boom, boom)
Nigga tried to play me close (What? What?), end up on Dateline (Boom, boom)
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Let a fifty blow (Brr), niggas sorry now but fuck we gon' show pity for? (Drench 'em)
Hand this bitch to bro, he let go, that's a give and go
We lowkey but everywhere I go they know No Limit though (No Limit)
Fuck the opps, we give 'em smoke
Before COVID mask (Ayy), already did that (You know that)
We been blowing mags, stand over his ass (Boom)
Fill up body bags, we don't give out a pass (Uh-uh)
Fuck jail, my killers make bails 'cause I got a lot of cash
I don't bap in my raps, that's on Cap
Orientation, I was a freshman, Von upped the chrome .357 (On foenem)
Right in school, I'm like, "Fuck it, now I'm coming with my shit too (On foenem)
Nigga, we gave our blocks blessings, savages 'posed to go to Heaven (Go to Heaven)

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