

Play

Kodak Black

He on a plate, he ate
Niggas keep dyin' that way, keep fryin' that way
Niggas gettin' fried like chicken and shit
KFC, nigga, we kill 'em for Crix
Hit a nigga ass with a three-piece combo, his mom, his bro, his sis
Got an opp bitch in the back of the Rolls
I better not see a nigga crackin' no fours (Let's go)

Give me a play, I bet I'ma flip that
I'm in the hood, ridin' 'round with a six-pack
I got a Glock with a beam
If I catch an opp, he gon' scream
I got them zoes on my team
Just made six hundred off streams
Just made six hundred off streams (And we throwin' that bitch to the trap, o
n gang)
Let's go

It's crazy, I came here from nothin', now I walk around, I'm the motherfucki
n' man in my city
I show a nigga no pity, your mama, your brother, your sister, your kids, you
r bitties
I don't give a fuck who you call, a nigga can never say that Lil Crix assed
out
I drop an opp like he passed out
Two kids and his hoes, throw his ass in a blunt, gassed out (Let's go)
When I'm all in public, that heater tucked
On Blood, y'all know how I give it up
I don't give a fuck who you with
I ain't sparinn' shit
Cashin' that bag like Allstate
Burn like some plastic in broad day
Bullets make you sing like Rod Wave
M16, they all spray
New Versaces, all suede
Ten Piguets, they all ways
Six thots, they all slay, ayy

They ask me, like, why I don't be social
Like, why I don't be talkin'
I told they ass, "Man, [?] shit for sure"
These peons will know what a six pack is, that's seventy-two ounces
But, gang, let's get it piped up
On gang (Gang)
Let's go

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I don't even cap on no beat, on blood, you payin' for this fee
What I look like payin' for a fee?

Nine Trey, don't get put on a tee
Lil' bro in your bush like a bee
This MAC have you shot like a tree, yeah
Tag beat a bitch, Ray Rice, don't play with your life like dice, nigga
You better think twice, nigga, 'cause I'll pay the price, nigga
Know some young niggas that's itchin' for bodies, when they see you, it's on sight
Fifteen, seen my first body, I ain't never look back, that's why I keep a strap on my hip
Diss, get shot on your lip
I'm blowin' shit off the rip (Ayy)
Got twenty in this clip
Never catch me in no zip
I can get bag like new chips or flip the new whip
I'm puttin' crackers on watch 'cause I keep a gun
This drill shit ain't fun, nigga