What, nigga, Black [censored] Fam Y'all don't fuckin want it, you heard Listen up

Bitch either ride or collide with me, this side right You don't wanna wait 'til the end of the night to step outside wit me You know the history of the guys with me? Extortion, kidnappin' Murder in the first, niggaz live to die Hungry and they blood thirst, my Dunn guns the worst We can get it to poppin' off like July the 4th On any day of the month bitch we get it to jump Black [censored] Fam, my niggaz ain't scared to dump So what the fuck you want beef for, you squeamish Start to hyperventilate you see a nigga start to hemorrhage [censored] Fam don't start shit, we regret the finish Bitch nigga, we really live this, we mean business We even got teachers in the school where your kids is Nannies inside where your cribs is Beautician doin hair where you Wiz is Black {*censored*}, secret society bitch You get found with the fishes

Aiyyo, who wanna know about the life story, it's like Corle's Blood all over the nice Mauries Stutterin' bitch, who you know spit more gutter than this? Smack a nigga with the butt of the fifth We guerillas and thugs in the midst Was cold before I flooded the wrist Big heist shit, blood on the bricks Bag it up, bubble the strip One days work, a couple of whips Then more than double the chips Supreme Queens nigga with a BK click You just a weak fake bitches whatever nigga the heat spray quick Y'all niggaz can't do shit but peep the gray wrist CGP in the face of your chick, comin' f'real with it Bring the cattle to the battlefield, we'll still spit it No matter who the fuck you are, you can still get it Count that off as a loss, go 'head and peal wit it Far as your corny-ass click, they gotta deal wit it

[Chorus]

We the Black {*censored*} gangsta click (gangsta gangsta)
Put your hands to the streets for this gangsta shit (gangsta gangsta)
You a nigga or a bitch keep it gangsta kid (gangsta gangsta)
Black {*censored*} Fam, you know how these fuckin gangstas get

Aiyyo sex money and drugs, that's my life
Shrimp shooter with the red light, that's my wife
Bitch prism on the late night, that's my type of hustle
Shit make dough, that's my bubble
No one's project beef, that's my struggle
I never been shot - that blood there, that's your puddle
Who the fuck wanna fire at me?
For every shot a nigga shoot, my mac-11 firin three
You got wars, nores, lazy {?}
Et cetera, Black Fam, we bang harder

Bandana Montana streetsweep carver
Shots connect, your bones I disconnect
Bring your skull back home like I bone collect
One year under dirt you'll be bones in bed
Tasmania, Brooklyn that's my set
Stop screamin out Guerilla 'fore I break yo' neck

I dare anybody play like Lazy Mike Not blaze like half of your block in broad daylight Take flight to Queens with your fake ice Pull you out the back of the trunk And put your face in the brake light You six deep, so what? Me I'm by myself But you know what? I cut one of y'all real bad Pops is my pops but my moms my real dad You runnin' round with the same heart that Steel had I'm the best, I don't give a fuck who said so Have you dope fiend like Lazy, let go Don't get your head gassed off my nice chain, word to my mother I done lost half your life in a dice game I don't brag shit, I'm a hustler; I don't wanna be seen I want the green the fame shit is for suckers I'm a Guerilla, so it ain't nuttin' to touch ya Bitch nigga recognize that or learn to suffer

[Chorus x3]