

Fuck  
Shit

57 Joker, get out the box, lil' bro get him popped  
Red tips stuffed in 30 Glockes  
Lil' bro might run him down, lil' bro do him bad, you don't want  
t smoke with Fast  
Stick hold thirty-  
six, I got dirty blicks, I bet flame don't miss  
Baby 40 kick, but I got hella blicks  
Pour that shit up in a red juice  
Bitch, I ain't gotta rock out with La Flame  
Dump the 40, stick got range  
Might just walk down with lil' gang  
He was cappin', don't want smoke with Fast, rapid-fire blast  
We gon' jump out with a dirty MAC, tape on thirty mags  
Pussy cappin' like he finna make a call, pussy, make the call  
Bitch, I got ammos for some years, bitch, ain't no runnin' out  
Bitch, I been sleep for hella days, this drank, it got me down  
Think you gon' walk down with your fire? Bet you don't make it  
'round  
Freaky ho wan' invite me to telly, wanna sip on Crown  
Lil' Fast might pop out in my merch, got y'all dealin' shirts  
Promise I'ma dump my fuckin' fire, bet I go berserk  
Lil' bro won't even draw down on Lil' Fast, we pop out Sixth Avenue  
You ain't on no fuck shit when you pop out, better stay at home  
Bitch, I got thirty in my glizzy, plays on my phone

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Bitch, I'm really drippin', tailored jeans, pop out with a load  
We might draw down to a party blicked up, I can't lack at shows  
I thought buddy was gon' catch the kill, no way lil' bro froze  
Gotta do him bad, hit his drip, hit that lil' boy clothes  
Niggas post a caption, but in real life, they get exposed  
Buddy steady eatin' pills, I'm steady blowin' gas  
Bitch, I got zaza in my blunts, bitch, we blowin' thrax  
Lil' bro 'dem ready to smoke an opp just like a pack of Blacks

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