

BLAMMER

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck (Nigga)
Shit

This a blammer, you get blammed tryna run down
Uh, I got titties on a AR, this a hunnid round (Welcome to Clayton County, money, money on-, bitch!)

Lil gang want the kill, now you can't even escape
Spread racks on my arm, this shit on display
Fuck spread racks, new money, this shit I just made
Call the fuckin' playback, what they want? They get skipped anyway
Pussy nigga ran last week, we catch him anyday
You pussy but you havin' pounds, lil' gang might run you down
Buddy got the zaza, where the strains, where the fuckin' pack?
Think you finna walk down on lil' Fast, better be on attack
I was in some real shit, I had to fuckin' think
Gang'nem know we pop the ATM's, and then we pour up drink
Think you finna try this shit? I'on know what lil' buddy think
Came in with racks, came in with drip, what the fuck you on?
I got hella plays, jugs on my phone
Run that shit, run yo' fuckin' sack, run yo' fuckin' load
Better get down wit' the fuckin' fye, or get out the road
I got fire for a pussy boy, pussy nigga know, we gon'...
(Welcome to Clayton County, money, money on, bitch!)

Gang mix moonrocks, we on moonrocks
Buddy draw down wit' a big ass gun, run him out his socks
We can't lack inside the fuckin' dark, blickies already caught
If you see it 'bout your fuckin' business, drop the fuckin' dot
We gon' end smoke wit' mystery, when Fast poppin' out
I might put this shit on Fast, put this shit on me
Lil' bro said he's scared for his life, that's why he stay on beat
I can't go nowhere wit' that glizzy, like it's glued to me
Anytime lil flame pop out, bitch, I got a tool or three
Ain't 'een gotta cock it back, know we smokin' rocket pack
Gun down, tired of fuckin' tryna scam a bank, they givin' me one rounds
He done tapped in wit' a villain, pussy this a villain-boy
I done put attachments on ARP's, I'm havin' different toys
Pull out pape', adjust this shit
We got zaza in the bricks
Keeping all my fuckin' sticks
Lil boy, I can't sell you shit
(Welcome to Clayton County, money, money on, bitch!)

This the real zaza pack, not no regular weed
Promise I might walk a nigga down in Top Villan-tee's
I might bring this shit out early, on the newest day
Lil' buddy tryna be a opp, or gon' be my newest plate
Put me on a dummy list, bet I make it out
It's a drought inside the fuckin' hood, run inside yo' house
I forgot to bring my ski today, but I'm poppin' out
On the drank, it got me feelin' down, got me leanin' down
You gon' catch lil Lazer trimming 'round, catch me out of bounds
Niggas know lil' fast fuckin' step, walk down and you left
You get blowed down, twelve poppin' out, ain't no more stuntin' 'round
Do a dirty crime, we in the trench, we in the dirty bricks
Pussy boy ain't gettin' no fuckin' money, they doin' dirty shit
I got Chromes on my scale, he think this a fairytale

Walk down wit' some shit, everybody gon' back-back
Phew, phew

(Welcome to Clayton County, money, money on, bitch!)
Fuck, shit