

Dammit

LAZER DIM 700

(I get wet)

Mp5, mp5

Test in my motherfuckin' brain
Your skull in my motherfuckin' pocket
Collect the boost, still havin' autis-
Run up to the chop, gotta reup
Talkin' bullshit get you beat up
Chase you through the hood, pick your feet up
The cap just wanna be gang
The plug, they talkin' too much
They taxin' just for a blunt
I practice, where my big gun?
We can link soon as the sun go down
I swerve the bitch, then I pop my arm out
[?] making plays in a burnt house
You feel it, aggressor, gon' take your anger out
Sound progressive before you pop out
Drippin' like dressy, your drip on the ground
This bitch keep testing, I tell him pull down
I know you heard gun smoke outside
His shots, you get on the floor
We got on skelly, we kick in yo' door
I'm a real [?], boy, I'll fuck a free ho
Hold the pint, I won't steal all my clothes
Drive the whip, got this bitch out control
When we walk through your spot, we gon' tip-toe
Told that boy he don't want smoke, we got C4
You get kicked out the box, should've kept it silent
808 made him whip shit like hydraulic
I won't set everything, might be wrapped around me
Took my chain to get cleaned, now I'm back shining
I'm like drop down, you gotta fuckin' die
Told that ho bring a friend or two
We sorry you feeling uncultured
I trap the bitch out, too
We gon' get out with fye, boy, I promise you
In the trench, shit really get real
That's the easy price, yeah, three mil'
In the same day, [?] three kills
Nowhere to go, we just runnin' 'round
I just got high, man, autopilot
And my bookbag filled with mags and artillery
Lil' LAZER run with these drugs, I can't even get rid of it
On the chase, I know who I phone, I'm gon' get away
She let the boy in, I got gang in her place
These niggas follow trends, they intention to fate
I switch up my skin, I wear black everyday
They already know lil' LAZER on that fuck shit
And he got no patience, hop out, I'm bussin'
Different locations, I still be clutchin'
Ain't gotta have a thousand niggas with me either
Race to the back, I'm a real backseater
Tacin on the pack, call this shit Peter Griffin
Big blunt in my hand, shit rolled up
Pre-rolled blunts got opps stuffed
Pull up in the truck and we parkin' yo' bus

You don't switch the gun, so it got dust, dust
You can see me out on a late night
Racks in my pocket, I'm a heavy-weight
Still geeked up from another day
Still cry, nigga baby walk the other way
You get shredded, get sent to that blender
This shit real just like a 3D printer
Takin' pills 'cause it ain't really in him

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck
Ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out