

Opps N Kamole

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck, uh, fuck, fuck
Every time, every time, every time
Yeah, ooh, yeah, ooh, yeah, ooh
Yeah, ooh, yeah, ooh, yeah, ooh
What's the word, man?

If we double back, we ain't hit the first time (Double back, double back)
Double back, we ain't hit the first time (Frr, frr, frr)
Alleyway, I got blick out
Hot box at the hot spot
We been on your trail, I been in your trap
Nigga talkin' 'bout they gon' into me, nigga, cap
Any way we get in, we come through the window
Suburban neighborhood, I ride with my kinfolk
The back of my whip, I got her brain, dental (Brain, brain)
I swear that twin gon' bump fire, he mental
I give you what you pay for, simple
Drive that ho whip like her whip a rental
Stop sign, burnin' out with me (Burnout, burnout)
Nigga hatin', that my opposition (That my opp)
Nigga know LAZER gon' slam with the blickies (Slam, slam)
Binary trigger shoot twice as tricky
Nigga get popped, then poof, I'm a magician
Who the fuck called 12? They heard three switches
Nigga ass tripped out, you reach for my necklace
I'm from the trenches, I ain't gotta wear Giuseppes
Niggas be shrimp, they think they the biggest
I got a trench coat just for the Drakey
Pay a ho to beat that ho up, man, she played me
In the trap, your face card ain't good
Bob Marley, gotta stop rollin' 'Woods
Ed Hardy, need to LAZER the collab (LAZER the collab)
Jeep Wrangler, need a LAZER collab (That Jeep Wrangler)
Opps burn they feet, they spooked, they get blammed (Spooked, spooked)
Nigga not gamblin', they failed the exam
Put down my money, I put up my scam
Nigga don't even wanna gamble for real
Make that bitch pull up with friend or two
Nigga cut out, won't gamble with you
Castaway, I'm in backseat
We ain't gotta text, we know where to link
Better not trip, boy, you know she a freak
Three drugs, got me off of my feet
Withdrawal, I can mix it with lean
Why the fuck a nigga be hatin' on green?
Enough green in it to put me to sleep
Fake thot, this bitch talkin' 'bout she free
Big spook just to push up on me (Push up on me)
Nigga hatin', just go get you some relish
Real trench, I don't know nothin' 'bout no Zellin'
New racks comin', nigga, can smell it
Kicked out, he got gang rejected (Gang, gang)
Real aim, boy, my aim selective
Never know, nigga might be detective
Fuck nigga come back for redemption (What you on?)
I can tell you what's gon' happen like The Simpsons (Frr)
Fakin' like he got green screen (Frr)

Drac', no attachment, I still get a beam
Nigga not on shit, he just fuss at the screen
I'll really bring my drip out
What the fuck these niggas on?
Came back, I went and put that shit on (What you wear?)
Sticked up, I got a gun for each song (What? What?)
Nigga feel like you opted out, you gone (Opted out, opted out, opted out)

Every time, every time, every time, every time
Fuck, fuck
Fuck, fuck, fuck