

OXY

LAZER DIM 700

(Wake up, F1LTHY)

MP5

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Geek shit, fast shit, leave you in the past tense
Equipped with this fifty-round, I'll go ballistic
Why the fuck she keep lyin' to me on the opp nigga?
Nigga better not get on side my fuckin' whip
When I bump down, clutchin' up my grip
Lil' twin got the lick, on his shoulder, it's a chip
These speakers gon' blow out
Tell everything that you know 'bout
I seen that shit, but I got no eyes
Nigga think my fuckin' ProMag gon' jam
Try that shit, I bet it blam
Big truck, pull up in the Ram
On that fuck shit at the function
Zoom in on my fuckin' scope, carve your pumpkin
Lil' ho keep tryna give me throat, tell her I'm straight
Pop out with this shit on me like I robbed a bank
Your hood dead, we rode through it the other day
High as fuck, I just throw the pills away
Ain't tryna fuck, I told that ho I want some face
Get out that box, soon as it's over, it's burned up
Only reason why she wanna fuck 'cause we turnt up
Everybody cryin' when you up, I just learned that
Ain't walk in the store by the gun, I heard that
Damn, I need my fuckin' cup, I relapsed
Whole city on them drugs, we need that
Turnt shit only at the fuckin' box
Burned up my first load, that's no cap
Every time them pussies move, we get the drop
Plug give me the bags first, I get 'em off
Different kind of plug, havin' different sauce
These niggas parrots, copy all my thoughts
Lookin' like a Terminator walkin' through the mall
See the opps at the show, we start a brawl
Do a spread, got these racks on my arm
I ain't buy no ho no necklace, fuck a charm
Why the fuck this ho keep textin', what she on?
Trash the MAC, collectin' my score streak
Three different classes, switch the bitch every week
If you try to test, ain't spendin' my money
This smoke be practice, I'm jumpin' one hundred
I'm holdin' grudges, smoke permanent
Geeked up, fits tailored, makin' turns and shit
Bitch hit my cellular on that other shit
Get you for Taylor Park, he on that drunk shit
I really be on the court, I'm out here dunkin' shit
Hit you with this flame and you ain't even functionin'
I'm havin' Glock, havin' fire by my underwear
Lil' twin want on the news, he don't even care
Bitch always tryna post, put me on the 'Gram
Everybody already know when I'm in the town
On that block right now, we be hangin' out
Went to sleep in that box, they tappin' out
I been keepin' it real from the jump start

Then you havin' that lottery ticket
They gon' chase you through the hood like Lorenzo
When you jump in your whip, put your seatbelt on
On that fuck-ass shit, you on spook shit
He gon' spray a whole group, he don't know who he hit
I just ran out my racks, now I'm too legit
These fuck boys don't even know who they fuckin' with
Yeah, I'm comin' through
Come through in a BP truck
And my blunt is motherfuckin' stuffed
I got Glock, I'm not tryna tussle
At the show, they pull on my T-shirt
Big bank roll, it makin' my feet hurt
Drop the pack out the dock and we skeet off
Got a lil' SMG and it fast as fuck
Gotta drop the window 'fore you pull up
I can't wait for no pape', I go get it
Make your ho tat the gang on her titties
I been tryna this bitch out on the back porch
You fuck niggas rats, feel like G-Force
I don't pay for no tats, I get wrote on
I serve, I boost my dinero
Your table gon' turn, they gon' turn on you
Gon' set you aflame, they gon' burn you
Nigga not my fuckin' enemy, cap
Pour the whole pint, I still ain't reach my limit
Every day, I'm chasin' racks, nigga, gettin' it
Run through the stop sign, you better hit it
Set the trap up like a regular high
Gang ties
The bando boarded up right now too