

## Pints

LAZER DIM 700

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

These niggas ain't playin' with these guns  
These niggas ain't talkin' 'bout nothin'  
I come on they block, spin a ton  
These fuck boys, know they gon' run  
I'm havin' that drink in my cup  
I catch me a opp on the drugs, it's plugged  
I'm rollin' me a blunt right now, what the fuck? Uh, uh  
You call timeout when the smoke get real  
We call a airstrike, my partner on a kill streak  
Every time I come, I been had to walk away  
She say I be fuckin' with her energy  
I just re-up real quick, anniversary  
I'm havin' a dirty cup, I'm havin' a dirty drink  
I'm peepin' my old ho 'cause the bitch thirty-three  
Pull out your soul when the man got blick with him  
Twin got hundred-round drum in the party  
I advise you to stick with him  
Get the pack off like pronto  
Shoot me a music video and an interview  
Any pack so easy to get off  
'Fore you do anything, check in with the big dog  
Posin' like hoes, these niggas havin' drip offs  
Put on my drip, ain't even rip the tag on  
12 hit the lights, sometimes I might smash off  
How you scared of heights, but you takin' pills?  
I'm in apartment with a blick for real  
Nigga drop a diss, he get popped 'fore his dream fulfilled  
Drop the mag quick, switch it out in the drill  
Switchin' out my black pants, got a full pair  
Made the ho Batman, pull on her hair  
Nigga drop a track, gettin' spinned, that's your wishes  
My hood like a gun range, we really shoot blicky  
This ho just tried me, this bitch tried to charge me  
This ho just tried me, this bitch tried to charge me  
Roll me, I'll aim .40 up to his face  
I got hoes from New York to LA  
Niggas get stepped on, man, get out the way  
Big ARP, it'll blow out your face  
I don't even know how many drugs I'm on a day  
If I don't sleep in a box, shit my get spent  
I don't even know if you can mix the drink with the pill  
Tip-toe up through your grass in silence  
Nigga lift up your garage, we rob it  
Fuck boy ain't gettin' high than me, he the co-pilot  
A new ho move to the hood, her spot, we gon' trap out it  
Nigga, better not come to my block, we run laps 'round you  
12 don't even come through this block, we ran laps 'round 'em  
Nigga hit me up, talkin' 'bout his phone tapped  
Why the fuck would you even text me that?

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