

Fuck, fuck, fuck
Ayy, watch out
I got lil' Gox... I got lil' Gox... I got lil' Goxan on this motherfucker
Ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out
Ayy, watch out

You can't even see me, I got on that black shit
I just up fire, aim, I'm like a Maverick
Nigga tryna X out lil' gang, I ain't havin' it
Put your zip in a Ziploc, we packagin'
'Za got some push, this shit be extravagant
'Fore I left spot, got the blick off the mattress
Smoked the whole blunt, nah, I didn't even pass it
I ain't add no attachments, I left that bitch plastic
Do me a show, I ain't see nothin' but flashin'
Thought I was done with that 'za, but I'm back at it
Everybody step in my hood, we some jackrabbits
Come to the spot, this where everybody be at
We got the drop, where you fuck niggas be at?
Took down in NYC, I'm havin' drugs
Try to cross me out on that play, that's a dub
Nigga bumped down to your spot, where you was?
Too many ammo, I can't even run out
Havin' control in that whip, I won't spun out
Gotta have blick in my hood, keep your gun out
12 bumped down, made everybody run out
Got nothin' to do, I got up, got my feet in
You ain't a leader, these fuck niggas followin'
Shake shit first with the blick, I won't follow up
Black truck push, where we at? They gon' call it up
Nigga think everybody spooked 'cause he tall as fuck
Shit in my blick, hit your stummy, you ballin' up
Lil' twin turned to a baby, he crawlin' up
Went on that lick, I escape with your backend
Mini Uzi, MPA, this ain't no MAC-10
Skinny jeans, I don't need no play to put racks in
Fine shit link in LA, she got black friends
Travel back to the hood, I just did a show
Pull to the alleyway, I let the window low
Get in the mosh pit, they won't let me go
This ain't my jacket, these ain't even my clothes
Link with my fine shit, I park down the road
Put down that blick if you can't even control
Nigga tryna snake out the gang, switch the code
Clear out the spot, we can't bring no more zips in
12 back then cross the street tryna study us
Afraid I'ma make it out, feel like I lucked up
Went through a shortcut, I stepped in some mud
You thought it was that, but that's not what it was
Everybody trap at your spot if we get in
Too many guns in the whip, I got ten brands
Tryin' not to wig with that fire, it demolish you
Tryin' not to wig with that fire, it demolish you
Everybody lurk with they burners, they follow you
Run through the hood, that mean 12 gotta follow through
Loadout eat you up, loadout swallow you
This a new fire, a new blick, it is sindable

Sixty round on a stick, that shit roundable
Tap in with fine shit if fine shit got some push
Lil' twin throwed off, he sit in that bush

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