

(Slayer)
Fuck, shit
Oh

I know he smell the zaza man, got them fuckin' loads
Walk down wit' a dirty handgun, put glizzy on yo' clothes
Had to scam my last play, but I ain't even let them know
Drop the fuckin' map, S5 gang, Fast Gang pull up, get them clap
ped
I been hearin' shells droppin, yo' ammo, running out
Stick action, they runnin' now
Aim the fire up top, hit his neck, hit his Gucci collar
Niggas livin' rough, they livin' reckless, but I've been livin'
wilder
Think you finna take it, one to the brain, one to the fuckin' n
oggin
I got 8890's, I'm steady fuckin' droppin'
I'ma keep droppin' takes, Luh Flame steady poppin'
Where the fuck you keep yo' bags? Where yo' stash at? (Slayer)
Shit get real creepy in the fuckin' dark
Where the fuck yo' badge at? You workin' for the narcs
Had to get off wit' my blick, get off in stolen car
Stole a package, but it ain't what I want, so I took it back
Get up wit' me, I'm in sin city, pop out, stolen gats
You gon' get yo' whole body burned from shit you say in yo' rap
s
You even wan' smoke wit' Fast, You even wan' smoke wit' reaps
I bet Luh Flame gon' have the ups, I bet you beat yo' feet
Talkin' 'bout you walk down on Luh Flame, boy, you draw down on
reaps
I got a smelly-ass pack, pockets stuffed wit' racks
I got my hand on my lil' blicky, Luh Gang gon' stay on tact
If you ain't even got what I want, I won't purchase from yo' tr
ap
I can't pop out unless I'm dripped 'cause I'm a fuckin' rapper
I'm a fuckin' junkie, zaza head, I can't be no trapper
Draw down wit' some shit, this shit be horror, turn the hook, t
he door
I'm too, I'm too lit to be on dead end, too dripped to be on de
ad end
I'm still gon' dump my fire, I'm still gon' get on ammo

Fuck, shit