

super jump

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck
They what? They what?
They what?
People don't see my face
Fuck, fuck
Fuck, fuck

I flip out with my burner, I'm trippin'
Tired of buyin' weed, this shit gettin' expensive
Take out your shooter, you better not try send one
That ain't your blick in that Triller, that twin gun
You ain't been with me, you don't know what my hands done
Take down two and get one more, an and-one
Get in the back, I might sit where the tire at
I know what you thinkin', why the fuck you won't try that shit?
I'm stealing my next zip, I'm not tryna' buy that shit
You know how I am, why the fuck would you lie to me?
I know that shit cap, I know you not proud of me
Lil' twin eat the Perc' just like a vitamin
What's in the trap? It's work in the kitchen
I remember 'cause my twin had bought it
Scary ass nigga, boy, you don't gotta walk with me
Scammed my fine shit, she not tryna talk to me
Niggas in my comments trippin', tryna' talk to me
Drop another song, gotta' get 'em up off me
Long live June everyday, he gon' walk with me
Smoke a mid opp, where the fuck do my coughing be?
Some shit come up missing, they pointing, they faulting me
Choke that boy out, put my arm where his collar be
Fast Gang trending, everybody tryna follow me
Grab the assistant, where the fuck do the vault be?
Put on my burners, twelve thought that they caught me
Too many guns, my folks think I bought these
Come to the trap where the trappers get off P's
Lil' gang tryna' prove it, he know that his talk cheap
Spray down a group, you better not try walk deep
I got away, now I'm feeling exhausted
Nigga wanna trap, go work in a office
You could do what you do, I don't give a fuck
As long as you don't get in my way, get some bucks