

Winchester

LAZER DIM 700

(LazerMade's got a beat, don't get no)

Fuck, fuck, fuck

Ayy, watch out, ayy, watch out

Fuck

Haha-haha-ha

Fuck, fuck, fuck

You cap, you got

You cap, you cap, you cap, get exposed

Your cap'll get exposed

Brought my stick with me, I'm on the bus

This bitch wrapped in some clothes

We ain't with the arguin', we ain't tryna' fuss

We just clap at your clothes

The Za' must be wig 'cause he already passed it

Two mini's in the whip, I'm already smashin'

Make a pit stop, I forgot to put gas in

Too many fye', they might thought I was lackin'

Nigga get to shootin', they gon' say, "What's happening?"

You know I'm straight-got glizzy, I'm straight

Talk under yo' breath, I ain't hear what you say

Your vibe fucked up, you pushed up, throw the vibe off

It's in a pile, guns in a pile, whatchu' gon' pick out the pile?

Nigga gon' tell the opp what he doing, tell the opp what he got

Everybody touching some money, pull us a jugg'

Everybody fuckin' on thots

When I get Rolex, won't look at my watch

Fuck with lil' gang, you'll never run out

At the wrong door, he don't know where to knock at

You buy a half more, we gon' bring you a za' pack

Switching yo' plugs, you don't know where to shop at

Sit in the corner, he think he throwed off

Young nigga ready, I can tell him hold it off

What that is? What you having in your bag?

Clutching on me, that's gon' make me super mad

Yeen' on shit, why the fuck you got a mask?

Gun and shiesty, that's lil' twin starter pack

Hang up on fine shit, I tell her, "Holla' back"

Drank up my line, bitch, where yo' line at?

I wanna link, tell her "Nevermind that"

Open the Backwood pack, I thought I had Backwood

I ain't even have shit there

Left all the drip, I ain't got shit to wear

Never had shit, I just slept in Marni slides

We got some room, tell lil' buddy get inside

Fifty feet, bitch, you know I took a dive

Everybody bring a blunt, link at the beehive

Stolo whip in the hood, with three fye's

I hit jet ski, twelve won't catch me

Yeen' did shit, why you think you a veteran?

You think the blunt done, the smoke ain't gon' never end

Lil' twin with me, why the fuck they ain't let him in?

I'ma see which opp gone push up to Neverland

Listen to yourself, I know you want a other one

I smell za', my stomach start bubblin'

Too many guns, which one I'ma smuggle in?

Tryna look mad, you can't hide your emotion

I ain't have shit, now my racks is pokin'

Fuck, fuck fuck