

Fuck, fuck
K, tray, racks

We got the za' in the city
Lil gang might draw down with me
You litty you got motion
We draw down take your motion
Fill they car with these hollows
Turn they whip to red
On the east got blicks got lead
Nigga play around end up dead
Fuel dirty crime, smoking za, this that zaza pack
If the whip hit the block one more time
Then the car get splat
Carbon rifle, knock a nigga down
What you know about that cane?
Can't spin on the block 2 times
Fast shipping my package on time
Better not lack when you walking around
See you walking we running you down
Know you smell the za
Fast gang tat on side of my belly
Niggas really hoes
This that za pack, nigga you can't smell it
Clutching on your blick, you ain't gonna buss it
You ain't even fucking ready

Nigga know they can't draw down on fast
We in the dead end now we do not lack
I can't fucking fake it, I can't fucking fake it this just my life
I got shooting skills, when I got racks on me I ain't doing no fighting
They done ran out of drinks in the store we poured up Tropicana
Lil buddy said I'm dripping, know I'm dripping, this exotic drip
This a stupid loadout, blicked up, we got exotic clips
Poke your head out the window, hit your fucking top
He was tough when he walked up gang watch his body drop
Keep the smoke inside, don't let me know you want some fucking smoke
I might catch you with your hoe, let the clip unload
Zaza got me wiggling out I done end up dump my pole
Keep an extra mag, might gotta dump your mag
Might spin might hit your tag, it's a draw down walk we mad
Pussy pop out we in the bricks, nigga draw down we got blicks
I was broke but I got back fixed, sin city might feed the boy six
We got that zaza we having that shit
We got the sticks and we having the blicks

Fuck, shit