

Yopps

LAZER DIM 700

Fuck, fuck
Mp5, mp5

Tried to abort it, I sit back though
Everyday nigga ride a big B-roll
I ain't even gotta switch drip, switch my clothes
Nigga, I tell you I can switch out the pole
In the trunk right now flooded with drugs
Listen to the ladies blowing dope on the way to the plug
Shout out my haters, they showed them more love
Post on my block, I won't go to the club
You got no guap, you gon' put down your rack
A rubber band wrapped around the rack
Niggas acting crazy in they bank
Come out the woods with the gat
It's a jack move taking shit
Boy, they say you gotta give me a dollar
Polo golf shirt, pop my collar
Niggas still sending threats, niggas still talking
But you ain't popped outside yet
Drive it up like a taxi, I'm a vet
I can't relax till the opps arrested
Hit the blunt, roll shit, burn your chest
Come around the block, you make the wrong turn
I advise you to stop 'fore you come
Hundred racks in my pocket falling out
Ran out of country, man, better ran
I already know what you thinkin', you think I don't know what you thinkin'
Bitch get turnt soon as hit the bottle
Check my DM, texting lame with some models
Count B-roll the racks, you having fraudulent
They gon' ask me what I got in my fire
Why the fuck you run like that?
What you talkin' about?
Shit gon' make a big boom-sound
Kick down the door, make y'all get on the ground
And I'm too gone, I can't sit in the lounge
And we want smoke with the friend who frown
Pick up the cup, but I keep puttin' it down
Guns by blunt, I'm smokin' on racks
Walk up on the shit, think you crazy, get touched
Pull up to the trap, what do you want?
Nigga ask cap, nigga don't want nothin'
You shoppin' for grams, ain't got change for no dub
I walked through my hood and showed 'em all love
The drugs touch down, ready to flood
Climbing the mountains, I'm gettin' the fuck up
Changing the climate, I'm makin' it rain
Bitch see baguettes in my chain
Whole gang pop out, fuck shit (Fuck shit)
Two-two-three, four-five-six, it's up to two
You not a real mechanic, you not using tools
Get up out this planet, walking on the moon
Guns in the motherfuckin' booth
Better let your ho come around this way
I already know your little ho gon' choose
I got a whip out my blue

Nigga with me tight, they got no screws
And that motherfucker pipe
And that motherfucker pipe though

Fuck, fuck, fuck