

Lil' Double 0 gon' up the score
My niggas 'nem gon' wipe your nose
Glock 23 gon' up the score
Used to be 700 Block, now it's 700 Glocks

There go Lil' Double007
They want lil' Tyreke to drop, but I'm posted on 7
Slime out a nigga like Melly
Talk to JD on the celly, he jailin', no tellin'
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There go lil' Double007
When you finna drop? But I'm posted up on the block
Too many Glocks in the spot
So fuck all the opps, we finna go spin on the block
Young nigga trap out the spot
Got dope in the knots, the junkies, they pull up and knock
You want a 'bow? Come and shop
One, thirty-two hundred, the prices went up on the block

Yeah, man, niggas know what the fuck goin' on
700 Block boys, 700 Glock boys
We got the dream team with the beam team
You understand me?
What you tell them folk's ass, Tyreke?

Taxin' the 'bows on whoever
You know Lil' Double007 a cold-blooded stepper
Young nigga hop out and get you
Lil Body a demon, that young nigga snap like a pencil
She wanna act like she ain't suckin' dick
So I fuck her and pass her to Critter
Young nigga pull up with choppers and yop 'em
My young nigga slimin' shit out like a hitter
"You not a killer, you just a drug dealer"
That's what they said, now them niggas dead
We pullin' up with them chops, screamin', "Fuck all the opps"
'Cause my young niggas never goin' fed
Thinkin' 'bout OG Quese, I get to crashin' out
My nigga gone, man, my nigga dead
These niggas onto me, they used to run from me
Big-ass chopper gon' knock off his dreads (Ricky)

Man, these niggas don't have a case
Y'all ain't ever killed shit, all y'all do is steal shit
He ain't hold that Glock and went in his pocket
All he doin' is boppin'
Real talk
And this shit North, yeah we comin' down back McNeil right now, on hood
What I say?

Double 0 gon' wipe your nose and leave that nigga snotty (Come on)
Turned up off these X pills, me and 30 off these Roxys (Come on)
Niggas act like they was trappin', they ain't serve nobody
I got young niggas that's quick to move, shout out Lil Body (Hold on)

Look ho, he clutchin' the Drac'
If you want smoke, then my lil' nigga hop out and spray
My young nigga 'nem scream 4K
And we got four Dracs in the car, if you play, then you lay
Nigga callin' my phone
Say he want him a 'bow of the strong, but I served him some shake
My young nigga 'nem got no mind
And they clutchin' them 9s, lil' 30 gon' shoot in broad day (Ayy)

And that's no cap, nigga
Y'all know everything I said, I stand on, nigga
On Quese, on Mondo
Long live EBezzle, long live all the guys
Free all the guys, nigga
Ayy, ayy, ayy

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two hundred, the prices went up on the block (They went up, nigga)