

Chrome Hearts Interlude

Lil Double 0

Walk it down, walk it down

Uh, walk up on the stage (Uh, walk it down)

Bitches crazy, damn near fucked the crowd (Walk it down, uh)

Different spots, switch the location

We get crazy out of town (Ayy, where he at, nigga?)

Huh, said, "Fuck the world" and walked it down, nigga (Ayy, walked the world down)

Chrome Heart hat, Chrome Heart shades like a rockstar (Woah)

He lost his life for ten K

Killers swing the AR like a guitar (Woah)

Run through the money all day, this shit like practice for the playoffs (Slatt, slatt)

I make music for them young niggas (Slatt, slatt)

Who slime and still take off (Get it in, nigga, on gang)

Rob for a check with this pressure (Woah, woah)

All I know is how to shoot that fire and get my check up

Robbin', finesser

Man, fuck a job, we work the block

My nigga Beno died, a setup

Gon' kill that man and fold they block

Fuck our opps, got my hood back, gang land, 2Pac

I don't need it, got to see the 4K

Go crack a fold and catch a opp

Know Queez lookin' down on me like we made it

Mix match designer, drip the latest

I wish heaven had a phone, tell my grandma that her baby lit

Aunty died, uncle died, shit, even my sister too (And that ain't all of 'em, uh)

Homicide, this shit on my mind since 'bout the age of two

I ain't never tried to be somethin' I ain't, I'm too gangster, fool

Nigga be swearin' they want the smoke 'til we walk down and smoke your crew