

Huh, huh  
Niggas got me fucked up (WalkDownGang)  
Slatt, slatt (got me fucked up)  
We takin' these fuck nigga brains  
Get his chain  
Fuck his watch, and his name  
Fuck his gang  
CEO, walk shit down, you know that's fasho

Get off that drank, get in with my vibe  
Load with the 'K, shoot with the fire  
I can look in your eyes, you ain't ready to die  
Huh, nigga ain't ready to die, pussy  
Ride with the gang shootin' fire  
Look, I got jewelry on right now, ain't none pussy  
Play up public, we fill him with bullets  
We walk shit down, we kill all the bullies (Okay like slatt)  
Kill all the bullies, ridin, choppas on fullies  
Nigga can't duck from none of these bullets (uh)  
Gon' shoot a fuck nigga like a movie  
Got the club turnt up, but it's not a Tuesday  
Lil bruh in the back of the junt with an Uzi  
See an opp and he use it  
No nigga done gave us no motion  
We had to get off and get to it

Take a nigga down, like for that music  
We the ones that took a nigga off and you knew it  
Took a couple nigga's guns, 'cause them niggas didn't use it (ayy, no bap)  
Ay, it's a buck, he'll duck  
Me and [?] tryna spit EBG out a truck  
Hmm, free twin  
Nigga know Double get the drop, we spin  
Two Glocks, two different gens  
Nigga fuck yo block, nigga fuck yo man (fuck nigga)  
We smoke opps, nigga turn 'em to strands  
Fuck niggas, the reason I tote F.N.s  
Fuck niggas, I tote two pistols  
Lil bruh so slimy, don't trust no nigga  
If I tell 'em to get you, I bet they'll zip you (faceshot)  
Snap a nigga up like a yearbook picture (ay)  
Uh, hey uh  
Fuck 'em, they broke and we smokin' them niggas  
I got too many shots to go post 'bout a nigga  
Can't make a diss song, 'cause we tryna score and go kill 'em  
You the type nigga wan' talk for the internet  
I'm the type nigga walk down with that pistol  
You the type nigga say you slidin' but never been slime  
Lil bruh, you been hidin' from them niggas  
Nigga low key a bitch, no slime  
He ain't took nobody out, but he braggin on niggas  
Every nigga done played, done died (let's go) or felt that fire  
Smoke on an opp, kill all the killers  
Chrome Heart socks, Amiri the denim  
The car so tint, can't see who in it  
Lil bruhnem slide broad day, they spinnin'  
In a Wraith for a month, my gang we winnin' (WalkDownGang)

Huh, huh  
Niggas got me fucked up (WalkDownGang)  
Slatt, slatt (got me fucked up)  
We takin' these fuck nigga brains (Break out all these chains)  
Get his chain (Make me mad you know we might shoot shit up)  
Fuck his watch, and his name  
Fuck his gang  
CEO, walk shit down, you know that's fasho (Dog shit all in my pocket)  
Lil bruh strapped up with a rocket  
Faceshot Gang, we the topic  
Y'all niggas lame, ho, fuck him, we pop him  
Like slatt, slatt