

# GTA

## Lil Double 0

Yeah

Let's go

Yeah

You know Lil Double 0 be Walk Down Gang

(Honcho on that beat, word, say that)

Ayy, this that real striker music, like, this for all my young niggas still ridin' strikers, livin' GTA

(Honcho on the beat, bah)

Young nigga ridin' 'em stolen cars, I call this bitch a striker

This steamer go too fast, fuck the police, I never liked them

I'm doin' a dash, I'm drivin' it fast, got a thick lil' opp on passenger seat

Uh, she fuck with the opps, make the wrong move, bitch, I'ma blast

Headshot, bitch brain on the seat

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Headshot, big brains on the seat

No limit on money, the new Master P

Told my doctor, I think I see Wock' when I pee

Can't run from no beef, ridin' around with two heaters

Young nigga walking shit down, but he don't wear a ski

Woah, you ain't seen nobody get heated (Heated)

You ain't never hop out with no chopper for equipment

You the type to bitch out when we on a high speed

I'm sittin' back, smokin' this shit is a breeze

But don't think I'm lackin', get too close, squeeze

Got a fine lil' red ho, 'Licia Keys

No talking 'bout prices, just take it or leave

No talking 'bout whacks, yeah, just put 'em to sleep (Walk down)

Walk Down Gang, we creep

Fuck that sleep, we puttin' shit up in the J (Wait)

Check who drivin' the car too fast, so I can't even hop out, fuck it, I hang out the roof, shoot the chop to the birds (Psh)

Want four K just for a verse, nigga know it don't work, nigga know my shit

Every beat I hop on twenty with them racks on

Rocks are diamonds, heavy, a neck might hurt

Heavy Draco, micro, on top of the world, let's snipe foe

Get money, we never'll wife ho, lil' Coke gon' walk down, fuck bein' broke

Havin' a Perc' throwback, come test just me and lil' Moe

Right now when we speak, everything I cap not rap, Double 0 from the street

Walkin' down on the opps and the beats

If young nigga be rocking 'em black chasers, it's 'cause of me

Got the whole city 4K fuckin' some pieces

Brand new Scatty stolen, fuck up the streets

Got a bustdown Rollie dancin', Michael Jackson

No cappin', I'm finna go permanent flawless teeth

Young nigga ridin' 'em stolen cars, I call this bitch a striker

This steamer go too fast, fuck the police, I never liked them

I'm doin' a dash, I'm drivin' it fast, got a thick lil' opp on passenger seat

Uh, she fuck with the opps, make the wrong move, bitch, I'ma blast

Headshot, bitch brains on the seat

She fuck with the opps, but I'm still gon' chop, I don't give a fuck if her nigga don't like me

Ride with them choppers like ice and my nigga puttin' in work, tryna earn 'em stripes

In a stolen car, I call this bitch a striker or a steamer, whichever you like it

Been chasin' the check, but I ain't save the night, they life is a gamble, I 'm shakin' the dice, woah (Gamble, I'm shakin' the dice, woah)

Yeah, Big Walk Down Gang

Know what I'm sayin'? I'm really the general of this shit (Yeah, lil' brother Double 0 gon'-), like, I'm really CEO of this shit

Know what I'm sayin'? Like I be hearing all that

(Honcho on that beat, word, say that)

You know what I'm sayin'? Like, Big Walk Down Gang, big 4K, you know what I'm sayin'?

Slatt, walk 'em down

(Honcho on the beat, bah)

Walking down with hundred rounds and showin' niggas that we don't play that Niggas shot up that house when my mama 'nem laid there, fuck it, gotta go get 'em some payback

Before I go out like a ho, I'm hoppin' out shootin', doin' the matrix

When the bump stock hit, leave a lil' nigga laid back, seen this shit 'fore it happened like That's So Raven (Shit 'fore it happened like That's So Raven)