

Kings & Queens

Lil Double 0

Might take me a rap nigga rollie (Might take a nigga rollie)
That's the way I was raised up, nigga
Ridin' 'round with all them raised up killas
Put some shots in his head, like the boy drink liquor
Double gon' tweak, rock out, Adolf Hitler
Amiri my jeans, lil hoe, these a thousand dollar denim
How you rockin' designer, but no money with it?
I hear voices on voices, they talk to a nigga
I be rockin' these bands and rockin' shows
Rockin' these stupid ass, dumb ass niggas that's trustin' these bitches 'cause they fuckin' these hoes n' lovin' these hoes
Get a drop up 'cause we put a pop up
And who can you name in the city that popped us?
Cause we the ones who do all the poppin' and droppin'
Cause these nigga oppin' and flockin', switchin' the block
Big chop put lead in his top
[?] the hoe was toxic, get out my car cause, bitch, we spinnin'
Pull up in a Hellcat, Durango truck
And yo man's broke, nigga still drivin' a Hemi
Remember them days I ain't have enough (Let's go)
I hit the road, ran it up (Uh)
She got the tats on the ass and that booty so fat, when I hit the bitch back
, lift it up
Niggas crackin' Fours, never did shit to a Four, so what the fuck you crackin' for?
Percocet with the wok, let my hoe drive the boat
All my bitches, they thottin', they playin' they roles
How the young nigga 20, but he still winnin'?
I came out as a baby, go out as a menace
Go out as a menace, Imma put on for my city, put on for my hood, show them young niggas who really spinnin'
It's been a lil minute, but we still get active, we still put that boy in a casket and send the lil boy to a pastor and tell his lil mama what happened
Now she lookin' at him, she dead, he gone
We put 'em shots in his head and don't give a fuck 'bout them feds cause the m niggas police, they just want a nigga in jail
I know that they watchin', I know that they trackin', I know they tryna catch me in the action
Another opp just popped up dead, we don't know what happened
Looked on the internet, "Damn, that shit tragic"
Fire a nigga up, put a nigga in a wood, burn the lil boy like ashes
Once you block a nigga in, hop out with them K's, look him in the face, get nasty (Let's go)
We get accurate
Give me the chop, lil bro, I ain't passin' it
Imma go hit it, Double 0 handle the mission
When it comes to this WALKdown shit, niggas know I'm the CEO of this shit
So, we more than a gang, lil bitch, I done made us a switch
Switch on a Glock, had to switch out the clips on a opp
Had to show the lil nigga the chop
It shoot 'til infinity, bitches ain't finish me
I'm running round with a chop, might sentence me
AR hit 'em and knock off his [?] (Uh) (Walk him down)
When it come to the murder town, niggas know that it's Tennessee
Where them niggas don't play with that shit, niggas play in a club, then we flexin' that bitch
When it came to our gang, put a case to your shit

What you save in a year, bitch, I make in a month
Nigga, I play with that shit
Young nigga play with that shit, like a leash (Uh)
We sendin' niggas to preachers (Uh)
She got that head like a teacher
This bitch wanted 200 hundred thousand dollar sneakers
I'm a real deal snake, man, this shit gets lethal
For them junkies, play in that bitch, we ah eat ya'
Not a Thunder, but I got them shooters in Oklahoma, they'll pull up delete y
a' (Aye)