

Meet The Walkers 2

Lil Double 0

Meet the Walkers, if you movin' like me then I—, uh
If you walkin' with—
We're disputin'

Slatt, come meet the Walkers, if you movin' like me, then I talk 'em
See, he wanna be me, but that boy an impostor, he broke
Just watch how I walk on this beat and I float
Lil Double can get on that bitch and go crazy
Then slow shit down and go fast, don't play no more
Fuck about no rapper, still a trapper, slangin' them pounds of dope

Just had called my phone, said he need him a wakeup
Halftime, we got the block on So'
Told my nigga to handle the ways, if the opps come back
Then we gotta go get him some more
Pull up, just clappin', I don't give a fuck who out there
Nigga, they all gotta go
Ayo, Beezy, get nasty, ate the man up in traffic
They don't give a fuck if they have any money
I'm havin' my way with these hoes
Let's go, he covered, he duckin' he pluck 'bout a ho'
All these hoes, they be slitherin', they fuckin' with blicky's
I'm way far from a kid, but I still wanna cuddle a bitch
If you said what she did with me, boy, you'd be sick
Kissin' a ho', wifin' the bitch
Nigga found out his ho' was fuckin', now he mad, bigger than a bitch
Since he wanna fight, let him fight the switch
Keyboard typin', rat us in a blitz (Get out)
Niggas ain't tryna do nothin' but shoot a house up
How the fuck you steppin' on shit?
Niggas ain't doin' shit, but tryna get they clout up
Whole time, I'm ready to blitz 'em
Face-shot gang, the opps gon' miss 'em
Make your mom feel pain, 'cause she gon' kiss him

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I keep extensions, that glicky get jiggy, one end off my hippy
Want smoke? I'ma blow, like a hippie (Grrah)
I came for your life, I'ma leave with a witness (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
This is a Glock, but this box on the back is no longer a semi (Grr)
Aim it at you, I pull it one time and you no longer livin'
I pull up with Double R, shot him two times in the back
Now his shirt got a juggler (Shirt got a juggler)
What is the hostin' for? Walkin' and rhymin'
I got the Glock under my underclothes (Grrah, grrah, grrah)

He tried to jump on them grind signs
Hold the stick up while I'm shootin' it at the flow
These niggas greener than Piccolo
My bitch, she yellow, like Pikachu, reach for my neck and it's doo-doo-doo
Diamonds on me look like Fruity Loops, big with the chopper, no Fruity Loops
I came for all of that of revenue, please give it up, like a quitter do
Hands in the sky, like a center do, I don't care what you was finna do
If I leave it messy, my bro move the waist, like he hula hoop
You and your dawg servin' crimes, scoob, scoob, scoob, Scooby-
Doo (Grrah, grrah, grrah)

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