

Risky

Lil Durk

Oh yeah, I'm finna make a banger with this one
DJ on the beat so it's a banger

Why you run? Ain't got your gun, so you gon' let him die?
I come from a block, you catch a opp, you hit him twenty times
Catch a nigga, ooh, you love to slide? We make a shooter cry
Can't be 'round my dawg, I still'll risk it, I know Zoo will drive
We tell bro nem, "Chill, don't gotta speed, this like a Uber ride"
Pull up on my side, I got two Dracs, this shit like suicide
Speedin' on the E-way, off them pills, you don't know who'll crash
Backdoor, all across the city, you don't know who to gas, nigga

Keep a switch on me in case these niggas hate and try to switch on me
f*ck who you is, you try to play them games, I don't show sympathy
Won't hit none of my bros hoes, them bitches keep on temptin' me
My fingers hurt, demon on my opps, I don't got energy
Buck, buck, bitch, it's macaroni time
Tell my opps to post the shit in they close friends, they all dyin'
All my opps the same, every time they get caught, they ass whinin'
All that shit y'all said in the booth, that build up careers ain't nothin' s
lime
That's my block, every gun I keep on me go, "Drr-da-duh"
Ask the opps, every time they see my face, they sugarfoot
Give me props, gave my block them turkey bags, Wukaduk
Just free Sah, you know shorty ass gon' rob, I get you took, nigga
Let your seat up, bro
Hop out, hit his dome (Hit his dome)
Hop out, get 'em gone (Get 'em gone)
Hop out, do 'em wrong (Do 'em wrong)
Just be prepared, you on your feet, you better not drop your phone (Drop you
r phone)
Tap that switch, don't use it fully, you might just see his bros
Lil' bro got jammed up for a body, he ain't gon' change his clothes
I say, "When you chased 'em what you see?" He say, he chased his soul
Get on his ass, he gon' be easy, he be chasin' hoes
Stand over him, last thing he see, that's my favorite pose

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Grab your blick, bro (Grab your blick, bro)
You ain't never gave me shit, you ain't my big bro
Ask if I'm lyin', I gave 'em Hellcats and pistols
I gave my bitch my heart, uh, welcome to death row
Bitch, uh, yeah
You ain't gon' die about your dawg, but you gon' die 'bout a bitch
Man, you better shoot your gun until it's gone then it click
We gon' get it on, I'm with you right or wrong, that's what it is
You a fraud, what's in your cup? That's melatonin, ain't no drank
Got my Trackhawk bulletproof and it's supercharged, this ain't no tank

How you gon' vouch for a nigga who ain't never kill shit? His ass ain't got
no rank
Catch a opp, but you lucky it's Ramadan, hold on, I gotta pray (Haha, ooh, u
h, uh, uh, uh)
I gotta pray (Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh)
I gotta pray

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