Spinnin

Lil Eazzyy

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up
Uh, uh, yeah, uh, uh (Go, go)
Sleeze Money, yeah (Go, go, go, go)

We keep on spinnin' and spinnin'
'Til we ain't seeing no witness (Yeah)
Yeah, we got used to the winning
I still gotta trap, gotta stay on my pimpin'
My dawg got a grin when he sinning (Huh?)
He won't leave nobody living
We got the Macs and Berettas
So much is attached, that we is not doing no missing
Hop out the car, I'm a gremlin
Not talking the Act, but they gon' have to send 'em (Yeah)
My brodie off the bed
He told me he ready to drill, so they gon' have to fill 'em
They talk on the net and they kill 'em
If I gotta go out of state, then my wodie gon' pill 'em (Yeah)
Before we be getting them jocks in
I gotta tell 'em to chill 'cause the opp be a spill 'em, uh (Okay)

Yeah, we want problems with anybody, uh
I come from the deals with hidden licks, that shit a hobby
I don't want the bitch, I just like I'm in love with the sloppy, uh
You better get down, these hollow tips might fill your body, uh
Couple of niggas, they switched
If you ain't gon' ride for the gang, get the fuck out the pick
My uncle, he gave me a tip
That car keep on flipping around, get that bitch off your hip
One in the head, if I see 'em, he dead
Not leaving a question, I fill him with lead
Cream soda, I fill it with red
Got bored of the Act, but you know I'm poppin' them meds
Wanna go to war, then we ready, uh
Yeah, we got Glocks and the Chevy
Drums and they hang out the MAC
When I get to slangin', the stick kinda feel a lil' heavy
Sip Wok, I ain't fuckin' with Rémy (At all)
Sleeze Money, you know we get petty
Make that boy give up the log
I'm changin' the password, then I ask more if you ready
Hold on (Frrt, skrrt), gone
Niggas don't know what I'm on (Okays)
Couples of P's in the back of the V
I think I see the D, better leave me alone
You know this 'Vette got a V8 (Uh)
Dual Cartier, I can't see hate (Yeah)
No, we can't give me a free slate (At all)
He takin' it all, ain't no rebate, uh
I gotta ball on my teammate
Told 'em let's race to the back, but this ain't no relay (Yeah)
We shit it to you, no eBay (Yeah)
I got the pack goin' out, but you know I can't delay
No stoppin' the work, no, I can't have a free-day (Yeah)
Ridin' in the [?] on the e-way
Thousands of dollars I made on the freeway
You need it, I got it, like it was my b-day, uh

We keep on spinnin' and spinnin' (Spinnin')
'Til we ain't seeing no witness (A witness)
Yeah, we got used to the winning
I still gotta trap, gotta stay on my pimpin' (Yeah)
My dawg got a grin when he sinning (Uh)
He won't leave nobody living
We got the Macs and Berettas
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If I gotta go out of state, then my wodie gon' pill 'em (Yeah)
Before we be getting them jocks in
I gotta tell 'em to chill 'cause the opp be a spill 'em, uh (The opp be a sp
ill 'em, nigga)

We keep on spinnin' and spinnin', uh
'Til we ain't seeing no witness

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