Got Da Sack

Lil Gnar

(Did you say Thug too hot?)
Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang
I need my motherfuckin' chain on right now
But I'm still chain gang (Gang)

Linebacker to the quarterback, bitch, I got the sack
Foenem pull up on him with the rocket, put the belt to ass (Bah)
He been talkin' spicy, knock the nachos out his fitted cap
Raw dog assassin, hit your bit' without no jimmy hat (Ayy)
Twelve comin', I don't even give no fuck 'cause I got bail money
Alabama brawl, I'm finna slam this folding chair on him (Bah)
Real fucker, I pay for her hair 'cause I got jizz on it (Boy)
Real talker, I geeked up my ride, I slide, I road runner (Skrrt)

You can't put your bros out with a bail, you ain't no real boss
Real talk, Maybach double MG, I feel like Rick Ross (Huh)
Real Wock', two-thousand dollar in this soda, my nigga, that's real drop
On the block, three-thousand dollar in this fit, tell a bad bitch, "Check me out" (Check it out)
I got your bitch and I talk like a pimp, I tell her, "Come hop in this Jag'" (Hop in a Jag')
I used to walk to the store with some chips, now I be poppin' a tag (Poppin' a tag)
Christian Dior with the VETEMENT drip, know I be switchin' the swag (The swag)
Came to my crib and I pissed on a bitch, but you still thinkin' she bad

Linebacker to the quarterback, bitch, I got the sack (Got the sack)
Foenem pull up on him with the rocket, put the belt to ass (Bah, bah)
He been talkin' spicy, knock the nachos out his fitted cap
Raw dog assassin, hit your bit' without no jimmy hat (Come on)
Twelve comin', I don't even give no fuck 'cause I got bail money
Alabama brawl, I'm finna slam this folding chair on him (Sat down)
Real fucker, I pay for her hair 'cause I got jizz on it
Real talker, I geeked up my ride, I slide, I road runner (Ayy, ayy)

Ayy, Trackhawk, 'fore I got used to mine, I crashed like three-
four times (Swerv')
Big Swerv', give a fuck what I drive, as long as that bitch go fast (Skrrt)
GT leather seats smell like BP, hop in that bitch, smoke gas (Smoke gas)
Over East, nobody wanna make us mad 'cause they know we gon' get on they ass (You know that)
Bitch with me fine, but I know she ain't mine
Give her a dime 'cause I still know she bad
I'm well known for fuckin' off racks
Walk in the club and they open my tab
I fuck around, have Gnar in the 'Raq
AR look like a guitar in his lap (Grrt)
Three, four Cubans my starter pack
Don't take no pics, we'll charge you for that

Linebacker to the quarterback, bitch, I got the sack (Got the sack)
Foenem pull up on him with the rocket, put the belt to ass (Bah, bah)
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