Armed & Dangerous

Lil Gotit

Yeah, stickin' to the G-code
Cup a nigga, know they told
Nigga bitch is really old (Yeah, yeah yeah)
Still stayin' out the way (Out the way)
Still gotta stack and pray (Stack and pray)
Still praying for better day (Ooh, yeah, yeah yeah)
So they tryna frame us, they tryna blame us, they tryna change us (Oh, oh, a
h)
'Cause they know we dangerous
We armed and dangerous, we armed and dangerous

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Armed and dangerous (Armed and dangerous)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
They tryna blame us (They tryna blame us)
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Arm in the strainer
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Arm in the strainer

No brain, no thinking (No thinking)
Don't blame me, just blinking (Brrr)
This mob got shrunken
Kids comin' out, tryna get some rackae (Rackae)
Still makin' bread in the beehive (Beehive)
Why you still stack? Don't need high (I don't)
Feelin' hard like feline (Feline)
Bitch, you still hatin'? I don't see why
Still on the same old shit, tryna run up racks up for my momma now (Yeah)
Still with the same old shit, on the same bullshit
Ride around with the droppin' down
Bro, I got the same old stick with the same old clip, yeah, your ho better h
oller now
Still with the same old clip with the same old style we ain't on like none o
f that (Yeah)
Had to slide around with the bada, bow, bada bow, bow, bow

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Baby girl, makin' bread, don't stop (Make it stop)
She fuck one time for mine (Mine)
She fuck two times for us
Then she went tell her guy all about it
Go chopper with the Slimelife Shawty
Cashed out on the highlights, right
Come kick it with some hard bodies
Nigga cold like a man flockin' (Let's get it, let's go)

I do like a test, cut by the tints
Fell in love with my gun, 'cause I don't finesse

I smoke your ass, gun breath
I don't fuck with [?]
These niggas sweet, they hurt my turf (My turf)
Pop a Xan and the Perc for a life
Why smoke with the gang, hotbox
Put my name, number one on the charts (Number one!)
We get head, bustin' [?] on the dot
All my devils and the demons, test car
She gon' kiss on the lips, of course
Got my hands on the lint of her shirt
And I'm smokin' on cookies and syrup
Keep a bean, 'cause my niggas are shells

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