

## 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, ah)  
'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 holler now  
Still with the same old clip with the same old style we ain't on like none of 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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