

230

We back on the block with the chops
We slip on the scene with a mop
That AR came with a stock
Just sponsored the hood with new Glocks
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Everybody with me got a Glizzy
Mine special, it hold about fifty
Beefin' with you then we spin on the city
I'm wackin' yo' brother, you dissing out sixty
Fuck a few kilos, I need a whole pack
Rob him again if he short at the sack
I don't smoke nothing that's shorter than thrax
You all had heroes, I had Mad Max
This need a viewer discretion
I'm finna send a fuck nigga a message
Hol' on, lil' bro, let me ask you a question
Do you wanna see your big brother in heaven?
My gun holding fifty, yours holding eleven
I've been waiting on a nigga to speak (Talk)
Whack that lil' boy, I'll line him in chalk
Beam on his body, face, jaw
That nigga a bitch, get him a bra
We don't speak on niggas cases
You talking we opening faces
Do the bop, the gang gon' erase him
No liking bitch, we ain't gon chase 'em
As far as they know he missing
But the gang had to split him for dissin'
You can't whack on your opps you trippin'
Why you think I got Glocks with extensions

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I cop a new Glock everytime I get paid
Strap like Rambo when I'm on the stage
He claim he a Christian, but still ain't get saved
I'm not a surgeon but I'm takin' brains
Three dot on the Glock you drop
They send a addy' he popped
Just like a picture that boy getting cropped
Police already be knowing who flocked
But they don't know which baby out on the block
Thirty two shots ringin' out of the Glock
You crossed me you gotta get popped

True facts, you partner or not?
Slim nose, you blowin' out snot
I got a thirty they special
Close range face I shot nothing extra
I get my guns from code name Hector
I know a killer that look like Lester
He ain't gon' look like a smacker
These niggas gon' think he cappin'
Till he pull up and quick get to clappin'
Get to shootin' like warmups in practice (Damn)
I know that I'm turnin' him up
I'm sixes rollin' him up
I pack then fire him up

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