

SHOOTERS

Lil Tecca

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh Yeah, yeah

Shooters, no talkin' (Talkin')
You want it, then bargain
I got some racks all on my noggin
You talkin' hot, aim at your noggin
Said that I'm back, it's trouble
I cannot slack, you want to
I cannot nap, you want to
I cannot lack, your bro do
Woah (Woah)
These niggas they stealing the drip (Drip)
I drop a lil bag on my fit (Fit)
I get in my bag make a hit (Hit)
Woah (Woah)
You worried about me you a bitch
All of that gossip, lame as shit
They must be saying how Tecca don't miss (Don't miss no)

So nonsense, on offense
Girl you can't phase me
Going so fast, skrrting off the scene, feeling like liquor can't chase me
That's your shorty, then why she call me baby,
Got a source you can't find it at Macy's
I can play all positions bitch I feel like I'm KD
Got a glock and it don't got a safety,
Thots trapped
These niggas ain't showing no love
Your hoe, she choosing
Ain't getting money, just know you a dub
Moving different when you think you winnin'
Are you kiddin'
I got bad thots and they say they love just how I'm livin'
Is it me or I'm trippin'
I'm just steady on a mission
Gotta invest the profit, yeah
Niggas they being submissive
It be just me and my shooters
Up in a big body like the movers
Say that you cool but I'm cooler

Nigga I be with my Shooters, no talkin' (Talkin')
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They must be saying how Tecca don't miss (Don't miss no)