

Hit A Lick

Lud Foe

Ayy, gang
Turn the mic up
Gang, gang, gang
Ayy, gang

Ayy, ayy, I just hit another lick, I just took a nigga bitch, ayy, ayy
I don't want her though
Remember trapping up on the corner though
I wasn't selling no marijuana though
Talking 'bout guns, we got a lot of those
I had a forty up in my backpack
Packing those since I was a snotty nose, ayy, ayy
I just hit another lick, I just took a nigga bitch, ayy, ayy
A nigga acting like he hard, we all knew he was a bitch, ayy, ayy
Let me take another sip, I'm 'bout to take another trip, ayy, ayy
Four-five with the grip, I put it right up to his lips, ayy, ayy
Bitches fucking for the fame and y'all hoes should be shamed
Headshots for a lame, he shouldn't have mentioned my name
I'm riding 'round in that thang, roof back in the rain
I done sold a lot of 'caine, yeah I done did a lot of thangs
Fuck with me and you'll pay for it
I fucked her but I didn't pay for it
A lot of niggas just talk murder
But we slide like a skateboard
You want a verse? bring ten K
I might give you a eight for it
She sucked my dick on the first date
The bitch said she had a taste for it
I hit the lot and copped a Lamborghini
Now I'm like who wanna race for it?
If I like your jewelry then give it up
Or you might get shot in your face for it
A lot of you niggas ain't keeping up
They gon' need a quicker pace for us
I'm in Chiraq with the gangsters
I'm in Chiraq with the vicelords

I might cop me some Gucci, I might cop me some Louis
I might cop me an Uzi, I might shoot me a movie
I might fuck me a groupie, I might cop her a booty
I might purchase your life, if you take me for a goofy
I might cop me some Gucci, I might cop me some Louis
I might cop me an Uzi, I might shoot me a movie
I might fuck me a groupie, I might cop her a booty
I might purchase your life, if you take me for a goofy

I might rob the shit one of these niggas
Smack the shit out one of these bitches
Know you see me riding in that Bentley
Custom Forgis, sittin' on sixes
Tryna keep from 'round you snitches
So we ain't gotta worry 'bout giving you stitches
She ain't gotta worry 'bout calling me back
'Cause I blocked her number soon as I hit it
He ain't gotta worry 'bout getting this back
Ran off on the plug as soon as I get it
Fuck nigga you ain't did what I did

Can't walk in my shoes, nigga you don't fit it
Kunta Kinte, I got whips, chips with the dip, slick talk make a bitch strip
Roll right off my hip, the five point seven blue tips go straight through yo
ur whip
I gotta roll the weed out the pound
'Cause baby girl I'm a big dog, we ain't smoking no zip
Them niggas ain't dumping no clip
And they don't never ever ride around with no heat in they whip the nigga tr
ied run but he fell
Now they got forensics on the sidewalk picking up shells
These hoes know my name ring bells
Want me and my dog, flip a coin, heads or tails, gang

I might cop me some Gucci, I might cop me some Louis
I might cop me an Uzi, I might shoot me a movie
I might fuck me a groupie, I might cop her a booty
I might purchase your life, if you take me for a goofy
I might cop me some Gucci, I might cop me some Louis
I might cop me an Uzi, I might shoot me a movie
I might fuck me a groupie, I might cop her a booty
I might purchase your life, if you take me for a goofy