

Recuperate

Lud Foe

Gang!

Ayy, ayy

Know it's part two, bitch you know I'm rockin', nigga

Get your guns up, get your funds up

You on that opp shit, get mop stick, bitch

Out west 290 shit, YSN young street nigga

Ayy, gang

Ayy, ayy

All my niggas gangbang, fuck the other side

Just bought a choppa, now I'm feenin' for a homicide

Flyest nigga livin', I give bitches butterflies

You a street nigga? Boy your ass don't even come outside

Get my street sweepers corners, come and pick my trash up

Made it rain in the club, hoes pickin' cash up

Big body, rims rub, nigga this a fast truck

Brian Urlacher, bitch you know I got my sacks up

Four macs in this Q7, this a Mack truck

Big bitch do a split, drop it, bring it back up

When we doin' shows, all the hoes, they attack us

Yeah we ball but you fouled out, you shouldn't have hacked up

Tote a strap, nigga, so don't get clapped, nigga

I ain't got time to box with you, I don't wanna scrap with you

You was sleepin' on me while you shouldn't have took a nap nigga

I got you and I know you want your lick back, nigga

I'm from out west, we don't go to kickbacks, nigga

My gun big but it don't got a kickback, nigga

I rock designer, everything mismatched, nigga

She get lost with me, I know you want your bitch back, nigga

I'm ballin' hard, you can have her back, I'm tossin' her

Randy Mossin' her

Bussa nut on her and make her sister lick it off of her

I can't cuff that bitch, no I'm not a police officer

Got a lot of haters but the glizzies keep them off of us

Gucci, Louis denim, boy you still rockin' Hollister

Hit the mall with my dawgs and we buy a lot of stuff

If my brother shoot ya, I'ma shoot you, it's a lot of us

Shooter war vet 223 bullets chop you up

He say he gettin' money but the numbers never add up

If you say you real, what the fuck you got to act for?

You ain't down to kill, what the fuck you got a strap for?

You ain't chasin' mils, what the fuck you serving packs for?

I fucked her and her friend, made that bitch call for backup

You ain't heard about that last nigga that got clapped up?

Wanna end up like that last nigga tryna act tough?

Addin' money to my stash house and let it stack up

I'm ridin' with this baby choppa 'cause I'm ruthless

Rims blow your bitch, I catch you square than a deep dish

Get 'em straight up out that water yeah like a sea fish

Hit your block, then we double back, that's a remix

I spray the K then I get ghost like I'm Casper

Niggas broke but I ain't, what I need a cast for?

Don't be stupid, boy you know what we get on your ass for

No face, no case, what you think I got my mask for?

I heard niggas on that hate shit

These niggas broke, gotta face it

I roll me up a Swisher and I face it

My rims big, made my car look like a spaceship
I just bought another Draco with that K clip
I aim it at your nose, give your ass a face lift
If you ain't talkin' money I don't want your conversation
I just wanna fuck you bitch, I don't want your relations
Stick to that G code you don't know your combination
Them choppa bullets stoppin' your blood from circulatin'
The feds tryin' stoppin' my trap from percolatin'
But meanwhile I'm out of town recuperatin'