

2 Step

M Row

What I got on
They be like, "Ayy, Brandon, what you got on?"
Don't worry 'bout it
Don't worry 'bout it, sweetheart
Don't worry 'bout it, sweetheart
M Row
This that splash

Two-step in my jeans
Like, came in the club with my pistol
Play ball, no referee
This is not under the whistle
Shakin' my shoulder, lean
Pass me the rock and I don't need to dribble
Can't play the bench if you on my team
These bullets explodin', it's a missile
Oh, that's a basket, Spalding
You know I'm addicted to tossin'
No remorsin', no horsin'
Bullets burnin' his chest, shit scorchin'
Flame burn when I'm doin' the torchin'
Don't say it live, they recordin'
Citizens app, they reportin'
The way that I fled, you would think I was tourin'

Excuse that I'm buggin', I come off aggressive, like
Accurate aim too oppressive
If I take out my gun, please do not tell me to throw, I promise I'll take it
offensive (Word to bro)
Now you eatin' bullets, shit-
bag, now you can't eat, don't even try to digest it
Gotta move smart with the shots that I throw 'cause all of these bullets exp
ensive
Why you outside with no tan?
Bitch, you had me fessed when you ran
Zig-zag runnin' while I'm tryna blam
I'm shootin' off dumb, shit fuck with my hand
I spin by the store, I saw his mans
Smacked him with Jackie, I ain't talkin' no Chan (Bitch)
First shootin' went crazy, nigga timin' the jam
Shit wasn't meant and I'm watchin' him scram

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Word to- like

(K-K-Kentracks got 'em in they bag)

Like word to my mother (Word to my mother, Turtle)

Like, like

M Row

Moved up from my G, now I got a new chop

Who in my spli'? This a new opp

Like, one opp, two opp

Really threw shots, hit a few opps (Ah, ha)

Every trip, threw more than two shots

Bullets burnin', he yellin' it's too hot

Don't care for the green beam, love me a blue dot

It's four-v-one and I still get your crew shot

Let's do the Relly, hold your head

Like, scream and just kick on the floor

Watched Kenny get hopped, and you got shot

Just get out the field, you not ready for war

Thot bitch, she tryna eat on my-

Come to the telly, I'ma give you the door

Don't bluff in your pocket, you know I'ma flock

You was runnin' from one, but I kept throwin' more