

Ben Parker

M Row

(Do-don't lollygag like a goofy, blitz up)
(I don't smoke Pop, nigga blocky)
(Relly, Savv, holes in they b-)
(L-
let's get into that action, Brownsville never, ever make it active)
(Got my first glee, I was movin' like Bishop, citizens)
Godspeed, Spider-Man

Like, o-oh I got in, with my glocky, like
Security never gon' stop me
I don't smoke Pop, nigga blocky
Relly, Savv, holes in they body
Free KJ, he got booked for the- (Uh)
I wish I was there to look at the autopsy
Nigga, Jay Rico was there tryna creep though
He ain't wanna hop out, all he did was just watch me
I get stressed and I start making movies, we comin' through buggin' a
nd making it spooky
Whoever loafin' get shot with my deucey, s-
so don't lollygag like a goofy
B-blitz up, moving like this Call of Duty, tap-
tappin they body and duckin' and movin'
Tryna hop out a car, like the fuck is you doing, y-
y'all nigga defense need some improvin' (Frraow)

B-bangin' every strip up, chest pop, homie couldn't pick his grip up
Went up the block and had to put that fit up, got my first glee, I wa
s movin' like Bishop
Citizens, every time they try to blitz us, opp niggas see me in perso
n and get hiccups
Them niggas always loafin', gotta fix up, they gon' get popped they k
eep popping them jiggers (Grrah)
L-let's get into that action, Brownsville never, ever make it active
Front of that school, they know what happened
Tz walked down, made the whole scene tragic
Grrah, they don't believe in get backin', B West fat ass never had ba
ckends
Fuck did the Woo's say? We let it clap on a Tuesday, broad day, we s
hootin' baskets
Grrah, all my opps sweeter than candy (Troops), I'm waiting for someo
ne to blam me
Niggas real life bitch like Brandy, dead brook, dead in the dirt like
Sandy
I-I see Chevys and start getting antsy, kick a Citi is next day guara
nteed
I-I only trip over bandies, one nigga died and now everyone fear me,
grrah

L-l-like boom, like e-everyone runnin', getting injured
Wig with the ski mask, I get a heat flash, holdin' my heater all dres
sed like a ninja
Tr-troopin through back blocks, tryna get with him

I'm on that Ave tryna lurk through they Finstas
We caught an opp with no knock and we pinched him
Hollow tips burstin', all through his system, grrah
A-ain't nobody gon tweak with the flickers
Everyone hit on that block, even sisters
Cousins, brothers, everything blitzin'
Niggas duckin', and runnin', and twistin'
Bangin' back-to-back, I hear that they missed him
Up to heaven where we tryna send him
Opps, we always making them victims
I been on that block tryna work on my rhythm