

GGs

M Row

Frah, frah
Frah frah, boom
Like Troops
Frah frah
Like frah, boom

If they ever throw a shot at me, just know I'm getting active
Two poles equipped for the action, I know an opp who got shot a
nd went passive

And they don't ever do no clappin', I'mma jump in and out that
V with passion

We dump on them Folks and then get to stackin' (GDK), don't bus
t a move if it ain't about backends

Grah, bullets is stretching, elastic, pour up a four, this shit
is fantastic

Oh, they want smoke, then we overmatch it, and we smoke Pizzle
out, three different gases

It's me and M Row, just know we not lacking, had to get back on
my shit, I've been slackin'

Had to focus up, I gotta bring that cash in, tryna hit Dallas a
nd ball with the Mavericks

Grah, anybody tryna push up goin in the ashes, all of my Troope
rs on bad shit

You get shot if you black flagging, they do not got enough mone
y for caskets

Ain't no running when them bullets blasting, magic, we left the
scene, it was tragic

I might really go flick it in fashion, cuzzy had to tell me chi
ll and keep rapping

Uh, I just got a drop, let's go fill up the tank, I don't wanna
see nothing but red paint

We gotta move quick, I don't got time to waste, we taking any l
il nigga who want rank

Now we in the V smoking Lo to the face, the dot on my block, I
don't got time to chase

We all jump out, but I'm at first place, the last one back gott
a pay for the drinks

Every trip, we gon get in that bath, everyday motion when we br
ing in cash

Better watch your ho cause you gon' be mad, if I fuck her, she
ain't coming back

Waka with me, its 150 on the dash, he won't crash, we got the c
ity on smash

Catch an opp, he gon' leave in a baggy, walk in the store and l
eave out with no tax

Bro in the cut with his two cups, way too muddy, I told him it'
s too much

Like, quickdraw demon, I'm too clutch, I'm really the type to just clutch on a school bus
Cold weather, back chop out the musta, switch up the code, next day get a new one
Three zone, I'mma call it a two-one, one nigga running away from like two guns
I swear all it take is just one call, poof, blitz, nigga got dust off
If you get booked in that station, just sit and be patient in case it be unsolved
One shot made his whole life shorter, it's sad cause before he had died he was dumb tall
Like, wasn't too quick with his gun draw, bullets was hitting him, making his gun fall

We make series while y'all making snippets, we started bangin' and he saw the kickin'
Block dead, all I'm hearing is crickets, first nigga I see on that corner, I'm flickin'
I'm tryna catch a nigga while he pissing, I'm tryna have these niggas reminiscing
Like, y'all know y'all down on the score, so tell me the reason why y'all niggas dissing