

Put To The Test

M Row

(Nas just does it better)
(Oh my god, it's almost noon)
(Saint, you crazy)

Frah frah boom, why the fuck would you question my loyalty, nigga, I'm the one that's jumping out
You argue with me like a ho, let's take it up the street and see what's all that fuss about
We really out here tryna tap niggas brains, if you ain't with it, better cut it out
Cause I know an opp who took one to the figi and hopped it, the homie had to thug it out (Word to my deads)
Uh, you don't wanna do it with us (At all), you fuck around and end up in a puff (Frah)
Frah, boom, should've ducked, stand over top of him just to be huff (Baow, baow, baow)
Bangin' on niggas and they don't do shit back to us, why-why they don't keep it a buck?
Tired of niggas who rap like they be clapping us, but none of my Troopers is touched (Frah, frah, boom)
They keep pulling the usual stunts (Uh huh), lemme catch me a Wooo nigga done
Anyone hawking, they pole getting bun, niggas popped, they never got funds
I'm in the 80z cooling with my savages, and I got Lu in my lungs
I-I'm in the nina, Tmac toting the steamer, we is not fucking with crumbs
Get a pack, get it off, get it done, I be on their block until I see the sun
Stack rows, I might have a son, smoking dead opps and I'm having fun
I-I think I want to epp on a blunt, don't come back to me until one of them runtz
Melly dreads always got a punch, shooting over niggas, KD on the Suns
Grah, boom, balling on some tough shit, one call get a nigga blunt quick
And you know what we do to them niggas, we boozing them niggas, disrupting they functions
I'mma do what I do on them niggas and nobody gonna move hot cause I run shit (At all)
I'mma do what I do on them niggas and nobody gonna move, frah, frah, boom

I'mma boom how I boom on them niggas and watch how they jump like they double dutchin'
Nigga, I'm throwing shots if you reach in your pocket, I'm floc

king your hand if you clutch it
I-I been in that breesh mode, just tryna eat though, allergic to all of that crumb shit
Shout-shout out to all of the bros in that corner tryna wait for that first of the month
I'm tired of all of the cap rap like they be giving my niggas the belt, though
And team up with niggas to go against all of my niggas together cause they need some help, though
Strap-strapped up, push up get clapped up, waving my hand with my gun in my elbow
Y-got shot in his belly, I wanted to ask how that hot shit felt, though
I-I've been ten toes in this shit besides all the airballs, what did y'all do to me?
Like-like, please stop letting these niggas just think that y'all really abusing and shooting me
Fuck, word to my dead, that shit loosing me, whenever I listen, that shit be confusing me
Even back when y'all niggas was cool, none of ya ain't want nothing to do with me
Pussy, now that's really the facts, tell all the world why y'all really turned Hat
Nig-niggas really getting harmed by the Makks, go spin on the 6, tryna say they got back
Free Ruk, EK, and Stacks, tho-
those three niggas that cannot relax
(Free Ruk, EK, and Stacks, free KJ, just caught him a-)