

RETURN FIRE

M Row

(TikTok Lawyered)
(Jellyy on that)

When you come to my block, like, like
Make sure you bein' strategic
Bro, pass me the chop, like, why?
Don't ask me shit, 'cause I need it
I just spanked one case, now I caught a new one
I feel like the cops are just mad that I beat it
I just lost one chop, then I got a new Glock
FaceTime with the opps, I can't wait 'til y'all see it
Better use, niggas put shit in the junction
Chase down, beat you to death if my gun jam
Bro tryna clear the whole block 'cause he bustin'
And this G in my hand, it took time with adjustin'
Like, pop, spin, punch him
Face off session, not passin' no blunts
Opp thot bitch wanna eat it and munch it
She tryna do the caressin' and thrustin'
Like, listen closely, I still throw shots on them niggas that know me
Please don't troll me, bullets is comin' through fast
When it hits you, you dyin' all slowly
Like, shots flamin', toasty, uh
Came in the crib with my ghosty, Casper
Blast him, send him to Holy
I really love doin' all hits when I'm doley
Like, I know y'all still mad 'bout the hat
We just gave y'all a nigga to match on the shirt with
I had my face out, blitz up, chase down
The bros right there when I did my lil' first hit
It was me and my dilgible when I'm not feelin' her
32 spinner, the G you get hurt with
It's no Call Of Duty, no action movie
I promise you'll die and it's no rebirthin'
(M Row, goin' with 9)
Why the fuck you not mindin' your business?
Ex just ratted, why is you chattin'?
How the fuck you say free him and he was a witness?
Word to bro, you is dirty, face all bumpy
If a 100K nothin', then go to the dentist
Please do not listen to 5ive, got his man that zaza
He smokin' with him when we spinnin'
Now let's talk about KC, RG, Ted
What happened, y'all finally saw M Row the reaper?
Everyone in the stu' ain't know it get deeper than rap
We the first one to send up a Sweeper
Relly sister was cryin' for help, like, like
She ain't know what to do with us either
I was just tryna get in the booth when y'all diss me, cannot get a feature
48, spin with the Glock with the 38
It's 1:28, tryna hit him with eighteen
I could still make drill shit, sad shit, kill shit
I still get views on my music that's mainstream
Mama love, hate the way that I live, they not takin' your kid, I got G every
day for my safety
If shit go left, 80K for my lawyer, I'll take it to trial if the judge tryna
slay me