

Vegeta

M Row

O-oh no, that's hot, Grabba
Word to my mother, nigga

You can tell that it's on me, just based on my structure
S-shot to his chest, nigga lung got punctured
Dyin' for air, he yellin' his lungs hurt
That's what you get for not uppinn' your gun first
Bitch tryna bluff, but I had her run first
Gave him a head start to show him my gun work
He was dead on arrival, ambulance came to the scene
Start holdin' his hand for some comfort
He thought I ain't seen him, whole time I was on him
I could tell it was him from his pics when I saw him
Could drop his location, I got impatient
I know he surprised by the way that I caught him
I was on it, next day on the news, tryna say that the scene was alarming
I had to harm him, he was on Court', tryna think that nobody outside couldn'
t guard him

Lil bro, we could get it, fuck a heater
Punch niggas out like Vegeta
I really go ku, new ice for the freezer
You could test all the diamonds, I'm breakin' the meter
Shots tore through his body, he need a procedure
Could've died if the shot would've went a little deeper
Like, t-thot bitch think that I need her, why the fuck would I go out to eat
with a eater?

PTSD, shots got him horrified
You chill with a rat, that's a nigga you glorify
I creep in the day, spin through the night, and I sit back and watch who got
hit in the tagged in the morning time
L-like, this where I draw the line, I get mad then I go off the block and th
row more than five
The opps really ten blocks away, when you walk five blocks
Niggas really call it the border line
T-two step on my block, comin' outside with my ratchet
I went through his sweater, my aim gettin' better
I really dumped all the hots through the jacket
New opp, I'ma mash 'em
Steaming, blunt really hit, I'ma ash it
Nigga stop all the gassin', get back for your mans and go spliff an imposter

We don't go no opps
Any last nigga nigga want smoke
Get whacked, we don't do get backs
Spin on the block, keep one up top
We don't gotta click-clack, get your ass gift wrapped
Switch on the Glock, go off like rat-tat-tat
Stay awake or you takin' a nap
Head dismantled, they lightin' up candles
Now he an example for thinkin' it's rap
We on the board, no misses
Act like we fans of sports how we love to clap
Pussy best play his position, he gon' come up short as a midget, we catch hi
m in traffic
I really made my decision, I'm not gettin' carried by a .6, I keep me a Magi

C

Duckin' the district, Urus and coursins' around the courts with a strap on my lap

Don't gotta force it, really a gangsta

Mention my name when you turn to a portrait

Truck got horses, 2016, I was ridin' in a Porsche with a bitch named Porsha
VP the Cadillac, I'm too important, hot as a torch, forty spark I could scor
ch shit

Run up them Ms, get a trend it's some [poor shit?]

Turn up the killers, it is not extortio- (Go)