

## 4th & Downs

MAF Teeski

Ayy, micro Drac', that bitch too loud  
If we catch a opp, no hesitation, dump him down  
I got a button on my Glock, I hit it once, it switch the crowd  
And ain't no blickin' out no V, on every drill, we gettin' out  
Bitch, I'm pourin' clean, I'm sippin' Wock' by the ounce  
Told the bitch up off the rip, "Ain't suckin' dick, you gotta b  
ounce"  
Lost some niggas in that field, on Luther King, bitch, we wear  
crowns  
Caught a opp nigga down bad, he up in trouble like fourth and d  
owns

Uh, we gon' spin his block, Ferris wheel, ridin' 'round, uh  
We got all these glizzies on us just to ride around, uh  
Growin' up in the trenches, I got taught to make no sound, uh  
Beezy and 4Buddy, we smoke they dead ass out the pound, uh

Ayy  
Yeah, yeah, all that  
Smoke they dead ass out the pound, man  
Know what the fuck goin' on, man, yeah, dead loc  
Long live Scoom  
Yeah, let's do it, go

Ayy, nigga  
Ceilin' fan, bitch we spinnin', uh  
All these niggas claim they fightin' demons, bitch, we gremlins  
, uh  
All your niggas ask for you to slide, but you wasn't with it, u  
h  
That paper, I'ma get it, put KD on my fitted, uh

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He up in trouble, go  
I'm ridin' 'round, go  
Just to ride around, go  
I got taught to make no sound, yeah

We smoke they dead ass out the pound