

(Trap, you made that shit?)

I'm on demon time
Shiesty mask, gloves on, murder on my mind
Spin this shit again, again, again 'til someone die
Yeah, spin this shit again, again, again, I stay with my fire, nigga
Yeah, bitch, how you wanna do it?
I don't got no opps, these niggas fans, they think that we into it
G-lock came with a fifty, I'll shoot a movie
We got all type of Glocks, insane chops, it's Call of Duty

Why is you speakin'?
On that block tryna look for a reason
G2C, it be changin' the season
He want a prayer, my gun start preachin'
I start buggin', the broom got a meanin'
If I throw, bro, I bet he receive it
If I don't catch wreck, word to bro, I'm not leavin'
I'm tryna show him to make him believe it
Like don't even need a revolver on scene
Him and the shells gon' be leavin' together
Blue slips like I came from the teller
I'm tryna show 'em like who do it better
I bet this hoodie cost more than your rent
And it don't got no design on the sweater
Like my lil' bro tryna get him
Takin' them trips, it's smoother than a Tesla

Three hundred a pair, Amiri jeans the only brand I wear
Always in that shit, pay like six hundred for this denim tear
You got somethin' small, I got somethin' big, it'll knock down a bear
They don't want no smoke, you better wave that flag up in the air

Yo, bro, why is you comin' outside and you loafin'?
In this war, you supposed to be totin'
Sive tryna 48 like he is bronem
Bro tryna walk off a board with the pole
Hold on, I had to go out and coach him
Put the pole to his head, then you-
(Bro, put the pole to his head, then you smoke him)

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