

Walk Em Down (Don't Kill Civilians)

Metro Boomin

We represent destruction, nigga
Death, mayhem, murder and madness, nigga
You try me, you gon' die
You try to score us, you gon' die
It's a play, not written very well
But it's a play anyway
Someone's a hero, someone's a villain
Let's go, let's go
Problem in the car, yeah, baby, yeah

Pourin' up drank, sippin' wock by the paint
Rich nigga, I buy you my friendship with the bank
My boujee bitch be actin' like she loyal, but she ain't
Fell in love with a hood rat and she walk stains
My brother done the road with a 'xtendo on his chain
Felt like I can do whatever, never say I can't
I won't move off my emotions, I'ma always think
Tracker on his car, catch him at the body bank
I'm an Eastside nigga with a bankroll
Used to call this country "They Don't Want No Gun Smoke"
I'm with this shit, but countin' money more fun though
All the opps say they hard, why they run for?
All these choppers, I can open up a gun store
Really street, I ain't goin' for the guts though
Give you cash money, I can't give no fuck though
Buck shots in his stomach, now his guts gone

Walk that nigga down
Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down
Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down
Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down
Put your man down, better not make a sound
Brand new diamond bad and they hold a hundred rounds
I ain't hit no kids, 'cause I walk my man down
I won't hit no kids, I'ma walk my man down

AK or the SK? Late night, broad day
.223 change your heart rate, nigga softer than a parfait
Used to serve in a hallway, nigga sold me a bag, it was all shake
Called him back, like "I want eight" (Hello?)
Thought I came to shop, but it was all tape
Pussy, you know what I'm on, pussy
You only tough on the camera phone, pussy
I ain't finna rob you, get your gamble on, pussy
Y'all the type of niggas we put hammers on, pussy
Beef about a bitch, you a tender dick rookie
I can't even cap, 'cause baby mama, she ain't gushy
Amiri jeans stuffed with them blues, all tookie
Used to sell the gas, now we sell it all cookie

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This hood shit don't matter
But, why my nigga die? Somebody, God, answer
Told him put his gun down
And he didn't make it to another November
Told my bro to leave town
But he don't have the bread to really leave the gutter
And I'm startin' to wonder
Gotta find ways to not go under

Bro wants to kill again
Told him, "Be patient, you don't kill civilians"
The drop'll come back at it for drillin'
Now it'll pray for a ho'
But if it comes, niggas know what we built for
Niggas know what we built for

Shootouts in the winter, bro cop bigger
Finally came home, but to no real niggas
Just pour some liquor, it's all good, but he don't miss her
He ain't the same, he can't be with her, oh
Tell me how to cope right
Too many dead friends, it rains for the whole night
Tell me how to cope right
Locked in the cell and you hearin' that your bro died
No state of mind
If a nigga trips, don't waste no time
Still love, still love
We spin and this nigga's claimin' crowd
Bro wants to kill again
Told him, "Be patient, these boys civilians"
The drop'll come back at, back at, but, really
We'll never miss, we'll never miss

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Oh
Oh-oh-oh