

Home Run

midwxst

Hit it out the park, I might just hit a home run
I call my brothers up, and they gon' get your folks gone
And when you dead, know, boy, you done, know there's no respawn
I told that bitch, "Get out my phone," no, I won't respond

New Benz, gon' crash it out
Told the opps, "Nigga, look at me now"
Know my brodie gon' air it out
New link wanna hit the town
At Boxfest, and we smoking pounds
Can't let my family down
Standing up, not standing down
Know the silencer make no sound, yeah
Bitch, I am the one, wrap your head around the truth
Tryna find out what's the problem, bitch, we tryna get to that root
And my brother pulled that Ruger out, that bitch gon' bust and shoot
Got some money now, so gon' put them diamonds on my tooth, yeah
Gettin' that green like Peter Pan
Fans pull up, and they fill the stands
Said he wan' slide, nigga, get your mans
Walk in the club and I blow ten grand
Your girl at my crib, yeah, she my masseuse
Dumping that body, not leaving no clue
That nigga cappin', not telling the truth
I told her, "Shake it," she movin' them glutes
I make a hit when I walk in the booth
I cannot fuck with a nigga named ...
I got some brothers, that's only a few
Feel like I'm joeyy, I shoot out the roof
Shoutout to quinn, still stay with the troops
Shoutout to Wido, know my niggas cool
Diamonds on me, and they shine like a pool
Callin' up DAMI and he sayin', "Bool"
She wanna come spent the night (On God), I'm finna take her inside
Ten bands? That's some' light (On God), making that shit every night
And I don't care bout' no type (On God), nigga, just tell me that price
And the choppa gon' say farewell (On God), gonna wish that boy bye-bye

Nigga wan' count me out, well, bitch, I'm here to stay
Camo on me, that Bape
One-thirty on my dash, nigga know that we speedin' up on that interstate
Walk in that party and that bitch finna get it jumpin', I ain't ever come to
play
Let my brodie know we gon' really get to dumping like I'm Zuko with the flam
e
Gotta make sure your people good and your circle small, niggas move like sna
kes
Better make sure that love genuine 'fore you're in too deep, 'fore it's too
late
Gotta make sure that my family good, touch down in the Chi' and I hit lil' J
ake
Thank God [?] put boy in a wood, gonna smoke that pack 'til the shit in the
face

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