

Not Dissing

midwxst

I got diamonds on my G-Shock, nigga, this not no Patek
Had to roll me up a blunt 'cause these niggas make me upset
Either in the crib or at a show, bitch, I barely get wrecked
Do not say that you was dissin', boy, you talk under your breath, uh, yeah

You not tough, my niggas like peroxide when we in that cut, yeah

My niggas, they got mob ties, we cannot get caught up, yeah

You already know we outside, so a nigga come run up, yeah

He gon' try to stole that, AMG, it's open

Money in the toaster, askin', "Where your boss at?"

Runnin' with my Rugrats, give that boy a toe tag

L, nigga, hold that, damn, where your pole at? Yeah

Nigga swear he the hardest out, nigga, that shit don't make sense

Keep that song off the airwaves, nigga, it do not need spins

And when my brodie shoot, know he shoot for heads, no, he don't do limbs

If we can't get the drop, nigga, then we gonna have to get your friend

And I don't wanna have to do it

'Cause my niggas really ignorant with them sticks, they just get to shootin'

Niggas know I'm getting paper, but, no, I'm not no student

And my shooter really love Nike, when he pull up, he just do it

Yeah, need to cool down your block 'cause we lit it up

Yeah, niggas hate and niggas talk 'cause they not good enough

Yeah, and I ain't talkin' no Tupac, but we gon' hit him up

Yeah, no, I don't care 'bout no casualty, come pick him up

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(Uh, uh, uh)

(Woo)

Yeah