

THREATS

midwxst

(wxstwrld, bitch)
(BACK IN ACTION 4.0, a mixtape)
(Rev up your engines)

I took a trip to your city, yeah, I never show niggas pity, nah
Tryna go verse for song for song, then, nigga, you're better off quit
ting, yeah
Give a fuck if I'm offensive, huh, talk all my shit, I'm defensive, y
eah
If he not really a threat to me, nigga, then get the fuck out of my m
entions, yeah, ha

Huh, 'cause I don't got time for y'all, I don't got time for lames an
d fuck niggas
I don't got time to stall or pick up calls 'cause I don't trust nigga
s
My brodie whip is manual, he ride 'round, and know he clutch with him
Say that you don't want smoke, 'cause we smoke Woods but we don't dut
ch niggas, huh
I'm in the A, let's link, huh
I flew in like last week, yeah
Nigga been duckin' my tweets, huh
Nigga, why you think shit sweet? Huh
Bitch tried blockin' me, yeah, I was at the DMV, huh
That shit not shockin' me, huh, yeah
Bitch, already know that I'm good, I don't need you to tell me that I
'm cocky, ho
My brothers, they cut up, yeah, they whip that fire that like this sh
it was hibachi, ho
I'm revvin' that engine up, just so I can shut you up, yeah, from tal
kin', ho
I'm walkin' out of the store after I look at, yeah, every mo'fuckin'
option, yeah, 'cause I can

I took a trip to your city, yeah, I never show niggas pity, nah
Tryna go verse for song for song, then, nigga, you're better off quit
ting, yeah
Give a fuck if I'm offensive, huh, talk all my shit, I'm defensive, y
eah
If he not really a threat to me, nigga, then get the fuck out of my m
entions, yeah, ha
I took a trip to your city, yeah, I never show niggas pity, nah
Tryna go verse for song for song, then, nigga, you're better off quit
ting, yeah
Give a fuck if I'm offensive, huh, talk all my shit, I'm defensive, y
eah
If he not really a threat to me, nigga, then get the fuck out of my m
entions, yeah, ha

Whole lotta niggas in person, but none of these niggas wan' keep the
same energy though
Niggas be claimin' they homies with me, but already know that we fren

emies, bro
See me in person, that nigga still ain't said shit, but that ain't surprisin' me though
I'm 'bout to skrrt off, ride around town in a Benz, don't say I'm hidin', lil' bro
So don't say I'm hidin', lil' ho, wan' run the fade, we can run 30, bro
When I'm in the city, I'm droppin' my lo' so you could pull up, but I know you won't, though
Huh, you niggas run like bitches, I don't like fuck niggas, that's my sickness
I'ma make sure we don't leave no witness, strap need a word, gotta need his fitness, yeah
And my shooter, he need minutes, yeah, tryna get a brand new tennis, huh
Grills in the mouth, Duke Dennis, yeah, ain't been worried 'bout spendin', yeah

I took a trip to your city, yeah, I never show niggas pity, nah
Tryna go verse for song for song, then nigga, you're better off quitting, yeah
Give a fuck if I'm offensive, huh, talk all my shit, I'm defensive, yeah
If he not really a threat to me, nigga, then get the fuck out of my mentions, yeah, ha