

Dancing With My Ak

Montana of 300

Dancing, yeah, with my AK
With my AK, with my AK
Dancing, yeah yeah, with my AK
That's my baby, she go crazy

You don't want me squeezin' them hammers
My AK I feed it bananas
That's on baby I bet shit gone change
Once I wet yo ass up just like pee in a pamper
While you sleepin' I'm up like a Red Bull
Out the cut shootin' shit like I'm Deadpool
When this heater blaze
Your boy Jesus couldn't save you
If he graduated from med school
I like to dance with machine guns
This bitch got kick like it's wing chun
You gon' see Tony turn into Iron Man
Grab that pole then I slide like a fireman
I hope you fuck niggas bulletproof
I hope you niggas could duck fans
Hundred rounds when I pull out that AK
Then I let that bitch ride like a bus pass
They claim they beasts from the jungle
But when I come through they humble
No escaping it, who you gon' run to
Clip hang so low I call it Rapunzel
No punchlines boy I don't play no games
Put your ass in a box and they ready to rumble
Ain't no blockin' these shots
If your name was Mutombo
As soon as I cook he gon' crumble
Take a nigga straight to hell's kitchen
Shootin' lethal weapons like I'm Mel Gibson
With a mask on like I'm Casey Jones
Like the Ninja Turtles bunch of shells flippin'
I hope you get buck like you ridin' a horse
When I'm shootin' this bitch
I'm like Mike on the court
More like Mike in the fourth
I'ma fire this torch
When I slide to his crib
Like there's ice on the porch

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Get popped like a wheelie, like he out in Philly
Get left, I'ma creep like I'm T-Boz and Chili
I'm ten steps ahead of y'all and when I let it off
I turn a opp into Cleo off Set It Off (easy)
Play around, lollygag
Big sticks, hockey mask
Choppin' shit, karate class
Slide 'em in, body bags
I got more guns than a pawn shop

My AK go off like [?]
My bullets cut nonstop
So tell your kids I'm no joke
With the stick I will Bomb Pop
I'm Ray Allen, Steph Curry I'm crazy with this
I told God I told y'all not to play with this
[?] know the reason I'm squeezin'
If he's understanding then he'll be okay with it
Haters just might get bagged like potato chips
I'm too smart I bet I get away with this
I aim at the neck and then squeeze
I ain't talkin' perfume I will spray this bitch
If you see me first bitch you better blow
You do not want smoke I ain't sellin' dro
I'm so cold with this K put a hole in your face
When I spray turn a opp to a eskimo
I do not give a fuck about five-o
When I roll up and blow that ain't hydro
AK blow more than wind in the wintertime
It got more kick than Foot Locker and Finish Line
Put a tag on your toe so they know the price
They get bust when I deliver overnight
Put bodies on the chopper no motorbike
I shot the crap out them bitches like rollin' dice