

# Beat The Case

Mozzy

Scariest shit you've ever dreamed  
30 out the window with that 30 worst you've ever seen  
With us, are you in it? Ain't no in between  
Loaded but we focused bro and them done slid the last 50 weeks  
He thought shit was sweet  
Bite through it now he missing teeth  
Give him a forever sleep  
Ask him niggas know it's 2020  
How Kentucky killed more niggas than Corona  
I can't see my aim bogus I'm a have to walk up on him  
The triple cross, ask him if he helped us whack his homie  
I know Von gon hold it even if he had to eat bologna  
He ain't no scary on his holster leave a nigga shirt holey  
Then right up to God  
Mr. spin them all in a different car  
Tryna get it finished up we spinnin' tryna end the war  
Redding out here coaching his little soldier wish I listened more  
Trapping and my Mack got many in the kitchen drawers  
Cross the country I connect the plugs I'm the extension cord  
I'm a real boss ain't no way we stand on equal floor  
I'm a be right here for sure  
Just hit me if you need some more

Interior cherry clan inside a Lamb  
Remeber when I got you out that jam?  
Who ain't let it cram?  
Who ain't sit outside them niggas house 3AM?  
Nigga we don't do no plan  
It's oils over Xans like its bookies over Za  
More than 20 gang members when I push inside a spot  
We them niggas that's on God  
Attorney want his wad  
Prison priors prolly do me janky but it's mob  
Long as blood been on this job we gon throw the lob  
Pour the fo's in this little ass soda pop  
We got selections either drakey or the .40 pop  
Just fucked the homies baby momma at the homies spot  
Forever HGM and them until I'm slaughtered  
They ask me to leave the back door open and made a offer  
6 or 7th grade we was stampin' shit with revolvers  
I can get you clipped for a trinklet on my daughter  
It goes, 'Hudadada' nigga

I ain't selling the chop cause it got sentimental value  
Usalama mandatory keep the killers 'round you  
When they found him he was stiff staring into space  
With all his limbs stretched out and pellets in his face  
I ain't selling the chop cause it got sentimental value  
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When they found him he was stiff staring into space  
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Lil bruh gon' beat the case

Use your head knowledge is power  
Moving with my stomach still clutchin' I'm feelin' funny  
Rappin' got me hot but I'm still in it bruh dealin' for me  
Cleaner than Easter Sunday

Cup full of Easter Pink  
Hardheaded nigga church service I went to sleep  
Thankful for the addict's perc 30's they pay the fee  
What can they say to me?  
It's all profit ain't no blueprint to it  
Just know I stuck to it  
Grab my stick glue it  
I'm prepared for anything  
These streets have you in a maze  
In the field like Willie Mays  
Been through it they feel the pain  
Rap game fucked up man half of these niggas lame  
Gimmicks ain't agin' shit for they image I'm feelin' strange  
Clarity VVS on my tings is my wrist complete  
How can I pay you for all the game y'all didn't give to me?  
Don't get it it's meant to be  
Ain't no sellin' sticks cause I know this shit get deep

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