

# SUPER SOAKER

Mozzy

He ain't gon' let you say nothin' bad about me  
Why you ain't grab it off my top? I thought I had a bounty  
Heard he shitted when we popped him, that's a bag of brownies  
I heard he shitted when we popped him, that's a bag of brownies  
Put down this flag and grab the Bible, that's a changed man  
Why you ain't slidin' 'bout your, 'bout your main mans?  
Why you ain't slidin' 'bout your, 'bout your gangland?  
Now she ain't wanna fuck with Mozzy till he came, Lamb  
And then they let my partner fuck him until he came, 'Rari  
Them .40 shells is bool and all, but we gon' AR him  
Bitch, it's a gangster party  
I could've parked him if I wanted, I just pay for parkin'  
And they know who they better not play with, niggas ain't retarded  
I went to war with half my hood and I'm still gang regardless  
How we ain't the hardest?  
She said I give her Martian vibes inside this UFO  
Who lookin' for me? Tell 'em, "Pull up," finna do a show

Off methazine, we sippin' clean, it got me movin' slow  
He seventeen, torchin' niggas, went up 2-0  
My killa's ready, drop confetti, this a Super Bowl  
Ain't got a stash that's big enough to fit this Super Soaker  
Off methazine, we sippin' clean, they got me movin' slow  
He seventeen, torturing niggas, went up 2-0  
My killa's ready, drop confetti, this a Super Bowl  
Ain't got a stash that's big enough to fit this Super Soaker

I asked you niggas, "Do they love me? Do they love me not?"  
If I gotta ask you, then eventually I'll probably pop your top  
With a Super Soaker, keep three shooters in a Rover, my lil' niggas gon' step  
Two dead, four hit, bitch, but nobody wept  
We solid, our street name's legendary  
Had to drop a couple bands in my dawg commissary  
He gon' send you to the mortuary, don't do it to yourself  
He got my back when I'm right, got my back when I'm left  
When I'm left, I need help, they gon' step like some hyenas in the jungle  
Welcome to Baton Rouge, we lay by your baby mama  
Narcotics won't take me under, I'm tryna make it to summer  
I'm tryna do for my mama and my three baby mamas, all I know is

We gonna make it when I ride 'round  
It's not on safety, it's small talk  
Well, these niggas super soaky, but we got them Super Soakers so we gon' be alright  
Book a nigga for a show, put him on death row