

Lullaby

Nardo Wick

We don't [x14]

My dawg a walking lullaby, he put shit to sleep
I be with wolves, never catch me with a sheep
Go head and commit suicide, talkin' bout beef with me
Cause either way you dead but I know you'd rather do it than me
I don't got no manners, I don't got no manners
We some loose screws that's why we walk with hammers
The gun look like a branch, the clip look like banana
I don't got no
I don't got no motherfuckin sense

I don't got no motherfuckin sense
I ain't getting in that car if that window don't got tint
And them niggas ain't no opps if that block ain't get bent
I ain't the one that shot that, if that chopper ain't hit shit
Rolling bitch, I'm rolling bitch, I want it but not geeked
When I say rolling, I mean sliding, tryna knock something off they feet
You see Varis, you see Ian, you see Two, you see me
I see opp, I reach in then pull out and use heat
I ain't cuffin no thots, I got hoes bitch I'm pimpin'
Why the fuck you in your camera, giveme your phone bitch you trippin'
They say Wick might need a cane cause the nigga always limpin'
But it can't help him cause he got a lot of shots and a lot of knots
in them britches
She said you ain't shit, I said I know I might need laxatives
I can't show her to my momma cause she just ain't bad enough
They wanna chase the bag with me but they just not fast enough
The opps got all them sticks and still ain't slide, it just ain't add
in' up
Chain on, swing swing
Reach for this, bang bang
Drop your nuts and let them hang
I'm in the mood to bust a brain
Wicked shit, we wicked gang

Gang [x10]

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