

Punching Bag

NoCap

We living like it's no tomorrow cus we all gotta die
Promise I won't tell you anything before I tell a lie
Put a wedding ring on her streets and death was the bride
And I know I got too much to lose, still dying bout my pride
Percocet 10's, yea, we bought enough so they all getting popped
Death on my enemies, I signed a deal and I dropped bags on the
opps
Uh

NoCap kill em all, that's my inner voice
Clip on the gun long but my temper short, yea
Punchlines in my songs be like "Hit em Roy"
This yellow got me moving backwards feel like Simpson, Bart
It's all bad, don't tell me it's alright
Crawford got 20, before the judge said "all rise"
Pistol in my hand, cus it ain't safe on our side
When it's beef we don't go to sleep until the sun rise
When she tick me off she always give me bomb sex
Lil thirsty hoe want me to keep her son fresh
Yea I know the game, like I'm from Compton
When I called them labels back, they said it's a bomb threat
And we want all the smoke, might catch a marijuana first
I bought my girl a Brahmin, just to put my gun in her purse
From Houston lean coming, don't tell police how you got served
I'm tryna fast ball I mean ball fast so I'm standing on the cur
b
I watched the Narcs best up the block like it was Tina
I got niggas in the cage like John Cena
I sip Promethazine not dissing Drake Champagne get poured out
Catch a body like some brand new carbons then we roll out
I fuck wit Juice I call him Super I watch him beat the bowl out
He need a ring he beat the circle until all the holes out
I fucked her once, bought her Chanel slides I left her toes out
Lil Dough was 17 caught a homicide, he took the cold out

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