

Pigs

OG Maco

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Never talk to pigs, I ain't Charlotte
It's a web of lies and I gotta dodge 'em
Collared for a crime and the system dog 'em
Niggas' fleas off 'em, coppin' pleas often
Freedom seem certain
And if he ain't talkin' he your real partner
Got a couple shottas with a rat problem
Put some cheese on em, got a gat callin'
Glock 40, hot lead on 'em
Blood bed for 'em
Really love life, he'll beg for it
Niggas so trife, pat your back with a knife
From the dark, never seen a face
Barely seen a spark
Bark bark, it's a dog in the night
Hawk watch on the birds servin' white
He ain't really got the nerves for the curb
Lil homie hit his head when he Gurb
Sprayin' hollows in the turn with the swerve
Sipping sipping, hit the cup with the syrup
In the field with a MAC and my word
Walls talkin and the calls dropping
Got the Feds plottin', dirty cops rockin'
And the opps watchin, thinkin' all profit
And they all talkin' 'til the dog barkin'

Every day niggas out here catching bodies
Keep a bad bitch with me, look at her body
Moving in silence like I'm 'luminati
Give her a xan, she give me her body
Al Capone shit, I ride with the shotty
I'm hearing voices, I might kill everybody
Don't talk to me bitch, I don't talk to nobody
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I don't talk to nobody
Seven days I been geeking off molly
She rub on my body
Then she wanna come and hold me scotty
I get that money then double up, double up
Get whacked off for a cheap price

I fuck with a lot of my country niggas
They like to get geeked up on ice
Twenty-twenty vision, I can see this shit right
Got a stick on the seat and it's sitting nice
Can't fuck with these niggas, they probably police
They'll cut they ties just to get you life
Fuck 'em, I ain't seein' niggas live life
First up, nigga I paid the price
Sipping that mud, I do not like ice
Young Hendrix, I can get whatever you like
Young nigga, man I earned my own stripes
Stacking chips just for me to get right
Fuck her feelings, man I'm catching a flight
Run the racks up all day and all night
Chasing these deals while I'm poppin' these 'cets
Before I hit twenty-five I'ma see a mil
Got the [?] jawn, that shit for real
In my city man it's kill or be killed

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