

Cropped Out

OhGeesy

Loadin' up the choppa with my gloves on
My lil' bitch a CNA, fuck her with her scrubs on
And she got a BBL, tap out like the redbone
This is not a middle man, this the real plug song (D-Diego)

The feds might indict me, I hang out in the drug zone
All my niggas gangbangin', the set gettin' they thug on
Sip lean and bust chrome, that's the shit I condone
Violence what I promote, homicide and gun smoke
This ain't what you want, ho, today, you finna find out
Drugs and the choppas at a nigga baby mom house
Made bail and bond out, pulls up and hop out
Shoot him in the mouth, get a opp somethin' to talk 'bout
I ain't loud and it's the quiet ones you gotta watch out
Talk loud, get socked out, up it and get chalked out
When I pop in, all the bad bitches gon' pop out
Pop that pussy for a real nigga, don't you stop now
If you ain't locked in, then your ass gettin' locked out
Hopped back in and a nigga still hot now
You ain't never been him and you still finna flop now
You don't fit up in the picture, then your ass gettin' cropped out
Geesy, what you on? Weighin' up dope in the crack house
Got a mansion, but I'll still kick it in the trap house
Fiends know my name, you can hit the hood and ask 'bout it
Headed to the bag, you know I'ma do the dash 'bout it
Playin' with the game law, boy, go and crash 'bout it
Know the three letters and you know I'll whip your ass 'bout it
Know your bitch bad, then I probably got the ass out her
Came up out the hood and I went and built an empire
Damn, this shit cold, it's a glacier on my wrist
The brick go for double, it's inflation in this bitch
If he don't think I'm hard, it's 'cause he hatin' in this bitch
He mad I fucked her face while he was datin' this lil' bitch
Throw this money up, get to shakin' that lil' shit
Brand-new ARs with a laser on this bitch
Strip a nigga quick, get to takin' off his kit
Drug dealer, street nigga, I be in the mix
Yeah, I be all around, play with bricks and the pounds
State to state, different cities, you know Geesy in your town
Thuggin' with my rounds even when I'm out of bounds
You ain't never in your section, they don't never see you 'round
Come through my section, you get laid the fuck down
We don't play around, boy, this not a playground
Chopper spin you 'round like a young James Brown
LA to VA, send the work to Jamestown
Ayy, four, five phones and they all worth a meal ticket
Hit a nigga main bitch, so what? Deal with it
Niggas at home, Geesy? He be in the field wit' it
Fuck how you feel wit' it, Geesy worth a meal ticket
In the kitchen, still whippin'
Rich off of plaques, but the crack, it be still hittin'
This not the regular Maybach, it's a lil' different
Fuck a Hellcat, my whip worth a quarter meal ticket
Recline my seat back, get the head and I chill in it

Yeah, nigga
Laid back in the Maybach, nigga, gettin' head

Count bread
Yeah, nigga