Countdown

OMB Peezy

Lawd
Pussy lil' boy, get me thirty-life
Yeah
Look

Fuck all that finger pistol bangin', what it is, nigga? (Hah)
Grindin', fuck rhymin', tote nines since I was little, nigga
I promise I'm the hardest, no problem, bet I'll deal with you
Rolled 'em, thought we was potnas, he's like, "Damn, that's how it is, nigga?"
All up in the rear mirror, keep the pistol close to me (Close to me)
Bet' not slip, nigga, take your life like the open season (The open season)
Sometimes I might slip, but try to pray before I go to sleep (Ayy)
I be runnin' roads, road runnin', I got swollen feet
And I can't be shit but a thug (Thug)
When I got in the game, if I knew this was what it was (This shit great)
I can't think, sleepin' out the break, I need a jugg (Hah)
Better watch it, dawg, lookin' like your bitch, she need a hug (Hahaha)
Shoulder shrug, soldiers mug, dope, bitch, we full of drugs (Hey)
With your bitch, then I'm meetin' up, finna hit, I'm finna fuck (Ah)
Only got your imagination, when them crackers lock ya up (Bap, bap)
They on the phone playin' music, so I feel like I'm in a club (Hah)
Damn

One, two, I'm comin' for you (Bitch)
With that purp, about whatever, nigga, what you wan' do? (What you wan' do?)
Three, fo', guerrillas kickin' in your door (Hah)
When the time comes is when they all come and shoot (Hah, hah, hah)
Eyes wide open, watch the play, it's finna go on (Hah)
Gotta make this money, money make the world go 'round (Damn)
Buckin' like you ten feet tall'll get you told on
Back then you was 'bout it, ain't still poppin', you a ho now

Fuck all that hatin', ain't gon' say shit, I'm gon' slide, nigga (For real)
Poppin', ain't no stoppin', ay, somebody gotta die, nigga
Deal with some other problem, then come right back on yo' side, nigga (Yeah)
For any nigga hatin', if I die first, I'm still gon' die richer (Damn)
Ridin' with this stick, this bitch bigger than your bitch (Your bitch)
My brother ridin' with a fully, bullets wider than your wrist (Ayy)
Ask me, I'm a dawg, ask her then I ain't shit (Why?)
She gon' play it like I'm selfish just 'cause I ain't a trick
Ain't no actin', pistols packin', it's one time that I get happy (Happy)
Promise you don't know my past tense, I'm glad I went to rappin'
I never been into fashion, but just match me with my casket
No suit, just a black jacket with a Glock, that gon' be classic (Hah, hah, hah, hah)
I said five, six, bitch, we ridin' with them sticks
Jail ain't shit, seen mo' problems in the bricks
Bet my young niggas are big shit, say the word, they gon' hear you, shit
And no, this ain't a game, but come my way and get your hits down

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