

Shit On Me

PeeWee Longway

Ain't gon' say I forgot 'bout you, when I was down, you shit on me
Ain't gon' spend that one on these niggas, got a bag on they head, but it still for free
I got the bags, I front out P's, ain't worryin' 'bout what a nigga done for me
Blue Huncho make a bitch OD, wanna smoke and they out, put a stick on me
Runnin' them racks, I'm on they ass, stop cuffin' that bitch, I'm on they ass
Checkin' the show as you say you get wet too fast, a bad bitch shake her ass
Fell for the A's, we trappin' the bags, I'm on they ass, I'm on they ass
Runnin' them racks, make a fuck nigga mad, we stomp on they ass, we still on they ass

Yeah, runnin' them racks, I make these blue digits
I pay with them blues like stimulus checks
I'm on your ass, I'll make you fuck on your wife, you pull up and beat up the neck
I gotta check like I sound when I can, all a nigga think about, nights, flats
I got a Glock and the drum and the rifle, ain't worry 'bout the gangstas, they all in the net
I fuck with Molly, I'm sowin' the seeds, I might go to Falley and fuck up a check
So, so much is out in the trap, how I [?] sweat, I go 'head and get 'em a vet
Skrr-skrr, hey, yeah, skrr-skrr, got bails
Make too many mill' with the mail, I might just go send a [?]
Yeah, I'm still on they ass, I know they prayin' I fell
Ain't no more stitchin' to twelve, they rather be dead but care about twelve
I know they mad, [?]
I ain't worryin' 'bout no bad investing, I invest in bails
I got [?], they don't see the jail
They get on yo' ass, they all got a hammer, they walk through the county jail (Let's go)
And take it to trial, they reachin' [?], ain't nobody gotta tell (Come on)
I went [?], when I go up again, I'ma bring my crew

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They want me to slow down more when you movin' too fast
They grow up, can't crop more bags
Still on they ass, you niggas ain't gettin' no pads, the broom and M baguette
Kush in they own, might call up my tag, I put on the drip and that ain't like fair
Then how I run it up then need no loan, I got they M's on my behalf

I'm on they ass, I'm on they ass, GI, certified VVS glass
I spend a bag, they spend with the crew, all them mad, them young niggas still on yo' ass
These niggas be switchin', they must be rats, I'm frontin' more bombs then back that
I got this lil' nigga big mad, GT coupe do zig-zags
Hit 'em with the stick, got whiplash, fuck nigga drown in quicksand
I hit the brick, want a lil' hand, put the zaza bags on her train
Y'all niggas stealin' the feel, get popped like a pill, just me and my lil' hand
I put the ice on my neck and I'll run 'round the city, they call me the mad man
I hit the check with the [?], I'm still on they ass, we full screens
I don't wanna fill up the minivan, that'll still blow like a [?] fan
Fittin' like fitted, say mini man, fuck for a hour, no minute, man
How you gon' say I forgot you to jail on my key, you stuck in the Disney land, Longway

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