

Boom

Polo G

(12Hunna on the beat)
(Goddamn, BJ with another one), uh

We do some expensive stunting, uh
I got this drip from London, uh
You'd think he play in the post from the way that he come off the hip or somethin', uh
Empty a clip or somethin'
FN make him trip from runnin'
I'm speeding, my engine hummin'
We ain't totin' these blicks for nothin'
Come through and slam on a nigga like Drummond
I'm with the cappers, you know how we bomin'
Not from Atlanta, I'm talking 'bout losing your top, I done seen all them demons get summoned
Come from the bottom, so I gotta reach to the top, now I need sixty-five for a frontend
Now that Louis bag filled up with hundreds
I was so broke, man, that shit was disgusting

Like, boom
We make it hot like it's June
Turn his white tee to maroon
We put him up like a hot-air balloon
Now they claimin' he left too soon
Like move
Bitch, you ain't leaving with me, I don't know why that's what you assume
Like cool
Deep in that struggle for real, I ain't never had no silver spoon

Runnin' the city, might need me a statue or somethin'
Like watch out for Cap, 'cause he coming
We with the shits and a tool what I pack like I'm plumbin'
Send a hit just from tappin' a button
They wanna know why a young nigga flexing so hard
How he run up that sack all the sudden?
I'm off a pill, I won't cut her no slack when we fuckin'
Put dick in the back of her stomach
Now, go, rounds blow
Man down, woah
Blow out his mind, gross
Uh, and them hitters come out at the nighttime
They pop out the cut at the right time
Them shells jumpin' out of that pipe flyin'
End of the tunnel, he gon' see that light shine

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