

Start Up Again

Polo G

Uh

Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang
I got killers in the motherfuckin' cut, bitch
Gang, uh, uh

I be with savages, they is not havin' it
If it's ever a problem, we tackle it
Switch on the chopper, that bitch get to rattlin'
Really hate 'em, gon' shoot up, the candle lit
Lil' mama thick, but just watch how I handle it
Beat up the pussy, I damage it
Passport stamp, fuck the ref how I'm travelin'
Louis by Virgil, my drip is immaculate, uh
Give me a beat, I'm attackin' it, uh
Might catch a B when I'm clappin' it
Opps, they some bitches, we beefin' with actresses
Post in the trap, we got D in the cabinet, uh
She get on her knees when she gaggin' it
Might cop a 'Cat 'cause I beat all 'em challenges
Hundred twenty a show, what I'm averagin'
On the ropes, I ain't fold, I wasn't panickin'
Uh, uh, start up again
She over with, now I'm all in her friends
Two hundred shots, they gon' ball up your mans
Lil Jo keep cappin', he noddin' off Xans, uh
I'm Euro steppin' in France, uh
Drip check, Amiri my pants
Glock a guitar, we gon' rock out like bands
Spin through they block, he get killed where he stand

I ran up some change, then bust down a chain (Go)
Benjamin, Grants, my pockets got names (Woah)
The Bentley cocaine, that look like the main
A brick of white Forces, same color them thangs (Thirty-six)
I just got booked to go somewhere in Spain (Gone)
Fuck a fiancé, I married the game (I do)
It's really two hundred an occasion, man (Where?)
I'm on the jet eatin' Raising Cane's
They trippin', the grass too high
I don't never be at the house in Memphis (Why?)
I done outgrew the city (Yeah)
Swapped out the digits, these niggas can't hit me (Nah)
Lil' box at the back of the Glock, we got switches (Phew)
Awful Lot of Cough Syrup on my Dickies (Nope)
I'm so picky when it comes to these bitches (Why?)
Bougie gangster chick tote my blicky
Got wifey with me (Hey)
I got a way with these words, I got a way with these hoes
I keep it too thorough (Raw)
Talkin' my shit on a whole 'nother level
I just was over there, I speak for the ghetto
Eight ounces of Wock' in the Faygo, I'm KO
These niggas fake, put together like Play-Doh (Ha)
Uh, uh, drillin' this new ho (Uh)
Ride like a horse so I pass her to Polo (Here)