

# Hell Night

Pooh Shiesty

Ridin' in a Hellcat, this a hell night  
I hope you know that every demon gotta go to Hell, right?  
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Shiesty, when you droppin' somethin'? Soon as I stop slidin'  
Stolen car, not mine, we don't stop at stop signs  
Tell my opps to stop hidin', and you know that we be sprayin'  
We the reason they be dyin', and be in they funeral lyin'  
We got niggas' mamas cryin', daddy Stacy out on bond  
Traphouse, we peep out the blinds  
Pull up, park behind the line  
The line  
Yeah, bitch, just like I told you  
The only thing I push before my gang is a stroller  
Yeah, yeah, bitch, just like I told you  
The only thing I push before my gang is a stroller  
I fuck her, then I get all in her brain, I control her  
This chopper big, I hold it with two hands up on my shoulder  
Bankroll got the flavor, this Gelato is my odor  
30 got the laser, if he point it, then it's over  
Tay G with the shot, my niggas shoot like Dellavedova  
If we high-speed off the top, we in the feds and we pull over  
Slidin' with my nigga Choppa and Baby Shiesty, nigga  
Lil Greg got that automatic, wrong move, he snipe a nigga  
Slidin' with my nigga Choppa and Baby Shiesty, nigga  
Lil Greg got the automatic, wrong move, he snipe a nigga  
Hankroll got a free kill, and he still on the hill  
Lil Twin and Mookie in the field, I put 'em on a drill  
You play, I send a hit for real, we got them sticks for real  
We cross you on the lick for real and kill you if you squeal (On gang)

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Money buy privacy, bitch, we wreck the party  
Big body Scatpack, we just wrecked the Charger  
Fuck who car we hit long as we got out with them choppers  
Nigga go against the gang, burn his ass like lava  
I'm with Choppa Gang and we slidin' with Dracs  
And you can't be the gang if you ain't firin' the Drac  
.223s hit him up from his spine to his face  
Them shooters trailin' in white trucks, you get behind, they gon' spray, ayy  
Lil' bro just met two steamers (What?), he in a two-seater  
Hankroll just booked two heaters (Yup), he just shot two people (Yup)  
Speak on Gino, you gon' meet him (What?), I put that on Telisha (That's on my mama)  
Pop somethin' out this black-out, that bitch look like a speaker  
What you know 'bout slidin', ho? (What?)  
You ain't slidin', ho  
Pull up and we fine, ho (What? What?)  
We slangin' iron, ho (Yeah)  
Bitch, somebody dyin', ho  
You know what time, ho  
Caught him on the expressway

Head down, he blind, foe (He can't see me)

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Nigga dissin', I don't talk, I don't got nothin' to say  
And everybody ridin' with me could've played for Golden State  
Breaking news drop got everybody tryna tote the Drac'  
Feds say a nigga music boostin' up the murder rate, on gang