

Attachments

Pressa

I couldn't believe it
Soon as I bought my Cuban chain she called me back
Soon as I iced out my wrist she got attached
On C.O.D she see this Glizzy got attachments
For all this bitch ass niggas that try to circle back
Sizzlac got hit up and the party and did a dance
Sizzlac dead and they ain't post him on the gram
Say free my niggas, swing his knife all in the can
You see that cut, he couldn't shake he want him dead

Boy play with me we got Glockes and BMD's
And there's a difference from a robber and a thief
Taliban don't do no drugs but when he kill shit he get geeked
I knew that nigga was dead when he popped up on my feed
My oops say crip but lately, they have to bleed
See Uh that Glock on my lap not under the seat
Free my nigga he a nightmare he a dream
Hit da floor pray for my niggas for the mail they won't receive
They got my nigga behind the wall
And crodi killed so much shit that he had to find the lord
And murda murda murda we broke more shit than the law
Lil bitch I hit the beat and watch that shit just like a pause
On lil bruh, put them youngins in the car tell em go
Wrap the plug, if we can't get to him wrap his lil bruh
From the 6ix, but I got 36 all in the brick
My OG he so goofy he ain't know that I was hit

I couldn't believe it
Soon as I bought my Cuban chain she called me back
Soon as I iced out my wrist she got attached
On C.O.D she see this Glizzy got attachments
For all this bitch ass niggas that try to circle back
Sizzllac got hit up and the party and did a dance
Sizzlac dead and they ain't post him on the gram
Say free my niggas, swing his knife all in the can
You see that cut, he couldn't shake he want him dead

Thought he was a shooter until he got his ass shot
Ain't running out of money bitch we running outta oops
Just caught a play for ten thousand I spent that shit on Glockes
He spent 10 on his chain, shoulda saved it for a box
That's why I hopped out the AR and knocked him out his socks
He called my laughing told me Wass that shit on Fox
They thought that cause I got money that the murda gon stop
I'm on that front line in the trenches with my OX
Ain't stop till they all dead I put that on the code
My niggas down to roll doing life without parole
That fake ass gangster image he portrayed got exposed
When he went in front the judge and he told

I couldn't believe it
Soon as I bought my Cuban chain she called me back
Soon as I iced out my wrist she got attached
On C.O.D she see this Glizzy got attachments
For all this bitch ass niggas that try to circle back
Sizzlac got hit up and the party and did a dance
Sizzlac dead and they ain't post him on the gram

Say free my niggas, swing his knife all in the can
You see that cut, he couldn't shake he wanthim dead