

Lil And Dumb

Pressa

Brrrah, brrrah
Brrrah, brrrah
Was lil & dumb
But no sometimes way dumb

My life a gun show, fuck, my life a mess
And I grew up with my homies
End up seein' you get stretched
And my block it ain't safe
Unless you modify your tech
They heard every single rumor
But they couldn't say I was that
Being mixed with some tags
With it, taken off my neck
Just some youngins on the block
You want smoke, we at your neck
We tour just for our respect
Tip a nigga you never met
Campin' out, we meet at ten
Ring my gangsta outta ten
That my lawyer beat my case
And also thank to judge
But every time they Google my name
They gon' say that kid was fucked
Police gon' try plant a gun on a nigga like al capone
And just not to caught me melo
Feelin' like I'm etika, melo
I caught these shoes Margiela
This fifth kick like Marcelo
Lamborghini hard yellow
We might get too white yellow
We pop it like hot hallow
Shoot a nigga on pedos
He done got his face riddled
We was tough from so little

Was little and dumb
But knows when times were dumb
The trap goin' dumb
Grand churches go make a duck
Trap house full of dubs
Cuff a pack right 'fore it's done
That door to hear
Was young right clips with a god
Was young sellin' drugs
But knows when hands get mud (brrrrrah)
Was knowin' so low
Sold to fourteen none shows up
Atlanta, John (Johnson)
Neighborhood cop
I do this for bro (sav)
Tdub stay knowin' with bruh (sav)

Sav, post came with my right hand man
I swear I'm not gettin' back (Wassi)
Fuck the opps know I got a mack (mack)
Shoot him in his back (blah)

Put it all in your back (nigga)
I fell in love with the swag
That drip come from outta pan
I put my block on the map (map)
I swear I ain't talkin' about rap (no)
These bullets will make you step back (back)
Like Harden (James)
My mama still waitin' on a apartment
I ain't here took no artist
Jury just raise a market
Google me, I got articles
I read all of 'em, these bullets stay rain 'em pour
Put glizzies in the jaw we gotta smoke 'em more
This gang a fuel war, tell me rip your card
Put glizzies in the jaw, tell me rip your card

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Uh, y'know
Long live Wassi
You feel me
We was young
You don't know
I'm still with cro
You feel me
Trap house to trap house
Bando to bando
Trapper to a trapper
You know I mean
You niggas ain't in the field and shit
Ya feel me?
We really do this man
Shoutout to all the real niggas on the north and shit
Gang shit, nigga