

Roaches And Mice

Pressa

I'm that big nigga
That lil bitch a gold digger
Wass nigga
We turned that lil bitch to a Wass nigga
And yeah nigga we steal that bird like a shoplifter
Still that cold nigga ouu my body twitch differ
This a bone picker hollows burn his whole liver
We really in the field nigga
I done lost my heart nigga
The straps are bought nigga
I done got that dark nigga
Aye Burberry scarf nigga
Shot nigga, fuck these niggas point hitters
If niggas roll up on you they'll get sparked nigga
Aye lil nigga but a big nigga
Diamonds shine like an old lizard
My niggas they go crazy
Whoa I was in the trap with a baby 9
4 and a half got on my grind
Shooter got knocked he doing tell

Roaches and mice, roaches and mice
I had to choose the gun not the book it wasn't right
Roaches and mice, roaches and mice
You know I love my dawg from the block he keep a 9
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You have to live under the dark to feel the shine

And these game it a heavy price it got prices
And I was on the block rolling dices
And bullets run him down like its lightning
And my Wassas at your top like a hyphen
And police tryna get me where my heart hurt
And the sauce got a nigga walking backward
If you out here buying hard you hustle backward
We were camping on your block, we need a camper
We were camping on your block, we need a camper
I'm that nigga on the block with a temper
We were cooling on his block like December
We were toking with the gang for a letter
My poppa shot a bouncer this world is full of cowards
This life it ain't got no hour
Give them sauce if they sour
That's my dawg that's my hounder
Cokapina coca a Cocaina coca ah that's the powder
I lost my dawg straight to the grave
I got a price I gotta pay
I shoot a nigga straight in his face
Demihana it's never late
We gon press shit out his place
Shoot a nigga out my way
I'm the sauce when I walk
Take a nigga take his top
Where I'm from we did a lot
Free bro and free my pops

Aye uh niggas know how we rock
Uh fuck around yeah you know where I'm from

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Ah we spin shit like Djs
Never know where we stay
This game ain't no EA sports
He hug the charge just like webay
Shooters take your refay
Forced ain't no creases
Treat the game just like a sport
Real niggas gon support
Circle like the tour ah
And left him in the morgue
It rains and it snores it's deeper than it pours
It's for real
In jail I'll take ya mail
Police took my mail
They never wrote back
They prob did 'cause a real nigga gon write back
Jail we keep a knife cut a nigga through the cell ha

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