

Wire

Pressa

Bricks this shit finna kill these niggas

Niggas they ain't careful, niggas on they own shit
They gone give they man up, they ain't even know it
And my phone is so tapped, I ain't even focused
I ain't gotta hear static on my phone just to notice
I'm so scared of the wire

Watch what you be sayin'
All it takes is one false conversation
And, they gone hit you with a project
After that your man dead
Police killed my best friend, uh, fifty year sentence
Shooter on the left end
I know youngins' that'll kill you but, they can't read a sentence
They gone smoke him, his family ventin'
Brand new fuckin' Rari but its rented
But the Lambo straight cash
Got it straight off the trap, feds on my phone please don't make them hear that

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So I got a PGP
Ay, and free my triple OG
He got life for just a homi-scene
Bullets in his back and bullets in his arteries
They say we move like the narcos, project Kryptic, project Marvel
I think I got them startled, 20 racks up in these cargos
Free my bros, let em go
I'm on the block, sent the youngin' to the store
Rarri, rarri, or rosey rose
Be careful how you talk, there's third party on the phone

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