

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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I'm so scared of the wire