

Through the cut, with Pabb, we gon' bang on 'em
Leeky in the backseat with that chopper, we gon' swang on 'em
And all my drawers be Ralph Lauren
Twenty-three shots to his car, Michael Jordan
Brrt, bah bah bah
Mmh, mmh, mmh
This be the fast nigga, gang
My gang or no gang, yeah
Tell me what's the problem, we can handle that
Hit up Pabb or Leeky and I guarantee they cancel that
Hah, I guarantee they cancel that
Quando Rondo nigga

Leeky told me if you love your nigga love him to the fullest
Don't put your trust up in these bitches, put 'em in the bullets
I told my brother Light that this that life before fame
I could do a hundred years and I still won't change
These other niggas in the streets, they just tryna make a name
He don't want that beef with me 'cause I'ma hit him with the flames
Murder on my mind, he must not heard my last song
I was locked up in that cell, Re had twenty-three a song
He ain't 'bout that lifestyle that he puttin' in them songs
I'm ridin' for my niggas, I told 'em that's right or wrong
Ray Bans, this shit just don't seem right
All my niggas chase bands, we uppin' at the green light

Tell me what it be and we gon' slide on 'em
Hop out on that street and put that fire on 'em
We gon' ride on 'em, nigga we gon' slide on 'em
Leeky in the backseat and he got that big four-five on him

Quit all that flexin', nigga know he ain't with it
Catch his ass down bad, I send one to his fitted
Nigga ABG, anybody can get it
Nigga ABG, anybody can get it, yeah
Quit all that flexin', nigga know he ain't ridin'
Nigga say he in the streets but I know that he lyin'
Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times
Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times, yeah

I made it off my block, I feel I graduated
I just got a pistol for Christmas, but don't get decorated
Never sober, always faded, feelin' that I'm overrated
Mama told me just like this, you know you were born to be hated
Instagram thuggin', that's gon' make me pull up
Hollow tips filled to the tip, yeah my clip filled up
Pressure hit, I'ma roll this kush up
Sixty gang crip and I'ma throw that neighborhood up, yeah
He say got them bands, well we got them racks too
Thirty in my glizzy, my clip longer than a Shaq shoe
You exposed 'cause your bro, he a rat too
If I swang your avenue I'ma slide cross them tracks too

Tell me what it be and we gon' slide on 'em
Hop out on that street and put that fire on 'em
We gon' ride on 'em, nigga we gon' slide on 'em
Leeky in the backseat and he got that big four five on him

Stop all that flexin', nigga know he ain't with it
Catch his ass down bad, I send one to his fitted
Nigga ABG, anybody can get it
Nigga ABG, anybody can get it, yeah
Stop all that flexin', nigga know he ain't ridin'
Nigga say he in the streets but I know that he lyin'
Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times
Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times, yeah

Yop another bean, I'm finna crash out
I'ma sip this lean until it make a nigga pass out
Internet thuggin' ain't gon' do shit but make me spazz out
I can get your gang gang gone if we cash out
My whole campaign strong like a bag of loud
Once that beef on, pussy nigga ain't no backin' out
On your street, we gon' creep with that ratchet out
On your street, we gon' creep with that ratchet out
One in the head, leave you dead by the stop sign
Pop out the window with extendos then this Glock nine
High speed chase, runnin' from two different cars
Beefin' with two different sides, swangin' on two different blocks
Aimin' at two different guys, uppin' with two different Glockes
Bitch I'm uppin' with two different Glockes, yeah
Bitch I'm uppin' with two different Glockes, grrah

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