

Dead Guy

Quando Rondo

Can't find a way to leave the streets, from day to night, I kill my time off
Dubba-AA flexin'
Louie Bandz made another one
D. Major, baby
Ooh, by the Redeye
Shawty dreamt it even though he a dead guy
This is the sound

Swerved past the block in that new Redeye
I popped the Maybach, but I popped, and I jumped out with that chrome
He crossed the line, now he a dead guy
Jump out the Jag, up with the Mac like, "Pussy boy, I'm tryna see what you o
n"
By the fact she put me last, I know shawty, you prouda
Beat the track, won't never tell lies
Ridin' around, she'll never beat to questions, so I stick by her side
Can't even lie
A gangsta bitch keep that same look in her eyes
On the same corner where they sling iron, it's kinda hard for me to follow

Go back and tie 'round the clip with a rod, late night we spinnin'
I'ma live my life like I just might die tomorrow, word from the trenches
One thing fo' sho', ain't know them soldiers well-
taught (Glocks with extensions)
Heart gettin' colder, I take a look up to God, I'm 'bout to sin
Rolled up that doja in a cuban cigar, Promethazine my soda
Opened the files, you made a statement, two pages, ripped out the folder
They like, "Can you use [?]" Need a pot to cook up crack with no soul
Hit it when the far stove overheated, Peezy made it jump over (Boom, boom, b
oom, bow)
Late night we slide, dream 'bout the code of the killers
Woopty-woop, dime over power, we drop tears in a river
Question they ask is, "Who bust his dome?"
Word, on the street, my lil' nigga
Tryna find love out on the street corner, it get colder than [?]-trilla

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Walked 'round that corner with that Glock in your hand, let 'em know what's
what
Nigga tried to kill Lul Timm, got shot in his hand, that's why we smokin', b
urnin'
Screamin' that number that come right after ten, late night we screamin' mur
der
Every nigga with me got more than a ten, that's in my fuckin' circle
Way 'fore the fame, all my life, bitch we been bangin' C's
Them people told me, "Shame on me," you tried to put the blame on me

Two Michael Jordan, .223s
Them niggas know we slang that heat
Them boys out West don't want no beef
I dropped a check that's six feet deep
My left-hand-man, he doin' fed time
He told me have that big four nickle with that pickle for the day he come ho
me
Ooh, it hurt me heart when I hit real love
Who plot to bust lil' Leaky dome?
One thing they know 'bout jump out gang, we tryna see what you want

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That's the truth, you niggas told a lie
This is the sound
Next time y'all talk about me, y'all niggas tell 'em I really came from noth
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