

Heat Tucked

Quando Rondo

I got thirty in my forty and you know this shit retarded, huh
(Shout out my nigga Synco)
Uh, uh, uh
It's up, it's up
Brr

Mask on, we gon' knock him off, I'm off a Cash App
I got my strap on me, I'ma drop some guap, I'm off a PayPal
Black chrome
Metal on the handle, where that kite now?
Jakiyah bring yo' ass home
Where you at? I'm tryna lay this pipe down
Last long, we gon' up the score and burn the town down
Racks on, guns and ammunition in my townhouse
Ralph Lauren, Mike Amiri denim hold my four pound
Whack somethin', we gon' send some bullets through yo' whole house

7.62 and .556s, we uppin', and no, ain't no missin'
Ridin' for my ambition, ballin' on seven sixes
Lil' shawty, she got a nigga, I fuck her and call her sister
Screamin' out "Fuck the system", I'm rockin out with my niggas
S-Sosa we up them pistols, I'm pourin' out Lean and Liquor
J-Jump-Out-Gang we the sickest, these niggas know who official
Section 8, they can get it, and anybody who with 'em
Yesterday with the fifty, we hit him all in the temple
Ronald Reagan, presidential tint the window
Out of state, purple baby in my Swisher
Roddy Ricch, stick inside the box, we creep then wet 'em up
Everyday I be drippin' sauce like on the regular

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Just make sure that stick in reach
Play with my clique and you deceased
4trey, [?]
I be mad at hood, either hood be mad at me
But, if you ever play with the hood, we gon' beat you 'til you bleed
I put that shit on **** and ****, we go bangin' from the bleachers
Lil' homie know this paper good, he bound to stank ya for a feature
Roll up some weed, like what up with em
I'm blowin' Purple baby reefer
Wait, let's get this understood boy, I'm a murder baby Demon
Payback, I be sippin' [?], from the mud like [?]
Oh, I can whip that heater, yeah
I bought the body from Lul Timm
It's both of ours, rest in pee
Magazine and Glocks extension stocks inside my nina
Watch I do my dance, look how I walk, I got that heat tucked

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