

Ding Dong

Quin NFN

(Ay, hold on, hold on, gang)
(Ay, ay, ay, ay)
(What the fuck goin' on nigga)
(Run that back Khi)
(Gang, ay)

Beam on the Glock, I play tag when I get 'em
Smoking on Runts got me laughing, I'm ticklin'
My youngins gon' dumb, they gon' crash when I send 'em
I'ma tack a few gnats, have 'em back when I hit 'em

He don't want beef, but you say he a hitta
Not enough dope, so we gotta remix 'em
We shoot some shots, and smashed off in the Sprinter
He run "too fast", but these bullets gon' get him

Ding dong, we ring his block means we hate him
Ching chong, she sling the cat like like I ate it
Ring tone, full of that dope cause I made it
Ping pong, she eat the balls when I spank it
Peephole gon' shoot, niggas knowing that's facts
And I ain't got a wife, with a cake in my back
Hit the corner with bro, look like Kobe and Shaq
Lotta cheese like Velveeta, to go with these MACs

I got a shoota, he only attack
I hit 'em once, and they never come back
Niggas get mad when they stuck in the back
He was just trappin', until he got jacked
Where I come from nigga, you never lack
I sent the Russians to get me a sack
These bullets miss 'em, we gotta spin back
Bitch we gon' slide with you, know that's a fact

Made me a mil', so I ride with that tool
These niggas cap, but ain't graduate school
That keef be on fire, make him jump in his pool
And I just slide slide for them racks, 50k just don't shoot

Choppa 16, but he still make the news
Bro a mechanic, he stay with the tool
You moving too slow, how you looking confused
Try one too hard, you gon' fuck round and lose
I've been leaning all night, and I just poured a deuce
And my shootas gon' shoot, when he hang out the roof
Beat up a pack, bitch I'm trap money Bruce
Talkin' bout robbing me, must be a fool

Ay bitch I slide for my nigga
He got more shots than some liquor
Hop out you an op for some dealer
Candy paint Sprinter, gang know I'm hot in the winter
Lotta rocks, make a young nigga shiver
Make 'em pop like Tigga, whole lotta shots we deliver
Play around, and get popped for that skrilla
She white not vanilla
My Glock got a dick, like my gender

He play, we gon' give him his issue (gang)

Ay, these niggas really ain't thuggin'
I see your face, no I ain't sayin' nothing
We can't find him, so we went for his cousin
He is not wit it, I know that he bluffing
They know I'm hot, like I came out the oven
He thought it was what it was, but it wasn't
I can't tote pistols, with less than a dozen

(Ay, bitch)

(Real, Trap, Shit)

(That's it)