

First 2

Quin NFN

(Hmm, hold on, hold on, hold on)
Gang, ayy, I hit the same with them hittas
Pour a whole lotta juice like bitches
Put my feet in that water like fishes
Lowkey I'm too humble to this shit
But I still have lil' bro come and hit ya
Kick her out if ain't nobody hittin'
I was just sharing clothes in the four, I remember
I'ma smoke good like a star deliver
All these diamonds too cold for the winter
Lotta shots make 'em drunk like liquor
Ayy, I was young when I got in that blender
And a nigga play, we gon' see 'bout that issue
I'm far from my home when I hang with some killers
Gotta hustle, I'm hanging with dealers
I work, I'ma paint in my pencils
Lotta hoes when I hang in this ho
'Cause I came in this ho and I'm fly as a bitch
And I got me a name in the fold
You can go ask the street, boy, you not with the shits
I'm too player to play with that ho
Put the gang on that ho, have her pop in that shit
Try to rob and you popped on a lick
You ain't shot what you got on your pics
(Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on) Gang, ayy
My money long, nigga
These niggas ain't 'bout what, they be shootin' that craft for a while, hit
the wrong nigga
I don't gotta give him a tee, get his chest full of tension
He want niggas gone, nigga
Zaad's on my only cologne
Backwood full of strong, but it hit like a boned nigga
Hold out at hoes at L.A caps
We eating good at the steak apps
[?] steak at him
These niggas bumpin', break at him
Just saw she a scholar with grey mat
Big bro from here know, we the same snap
Push start, press the button, let it crank at him
He won't fuck around, pull a tank at him
If I see a opp, we gon' act up [?]
These niggas be soft and be actin' so feminine
If you not from the slide, why the fuck did you mention it?
Lil' bro hit his bright, leave him high like cinema
You cannot be pilot, your name is not Benjamin
Lil' bro took a Perc, now he booted and feelin' it
And they need to charge more murder, I'm killin' it
Back in he was givin' a nigga, I'm stealin' it
I go [?] be mad 'cause I'm racked up
We better back up, my niggas act up
They call me velcro, nigga, I'm strapped up
He can get clapped up, now it's a wrap, ho
I make a bougie lil' ho put her ass up
I'm smoking mad, gone high at the next up
Didn't hit the street, now they calling for back up
Ready for smoke with whoever they smash up
They see the three clips on me, I been, I pack one

These niggas capped up, I'm putting cash up
Call me [?], I be fillin' this bag up
Whole lotta smoke in this bitch, let's gas up
I got it real, you play pussy and catch some
They playing catch up, now wrong really next up
My [?] Crip and blue tip hit his chest up
Ties on, neck up, now he can't stand up
I got the bands, we pay it like Jango
Joy like Mayo, big bro serve yayo
I got them sticks in this bitch like halo
Me and my Draco protectin' my bankroll
I put some drop in the blueberry Faygo
These niggas rap good 'bout shit that they ain't know
We make 'em dance when I whip up the [?]
Nigga, let's tango, quit your A, ho
And you ain't outside, bitch, you ready to Play-Doh
Rich nigga lie for the clap and the 'tendo
Still free flame and the whole damn gang know
My niggas still stick together like Play-Doh
You ain't advancing, the fuck did you pay for?
We get it high with his top, okay, no
These niggas talkin' too much, it's okay though
Remember I'm the first nigga did it that they know, hold on, nigga