

Draco

Rah Swish

Nine shots in the Ruger
I step on any fuckin' court
They like watch the shooter

I'm in the streets duckin' the law, they tellin' me stay focused
All on my dick, they smile in my face but want me to lose they stay hopin'
Niggas don't comment just they throw salt on my name when they scrollin'
Ran threw them bitches they open
She in the crib but her legs open
See them niggas mad, but they never say nothin'
I get a bag I know they hate somethin'
Bitches is trash so I never chase them
See them in person and they always [?]
I do the dash I'm racin'
Came for the cash
Can't post on the Ave
They know that I'm mad impatient
They wanna brag
I sit back and laugh
I got off my ass they waitin'
Word to my mother we started this
Duece in the booth so we brought it in
Pray that we get him, shots Imma send 'em if we do not him they targeted
Know they pray on my downfall
They in love with them bitches, but we fuck 'em good so they come around more

Imma keep ballin' on niggas, ain't no way I'm stopping I shot till game over
All of this money coming I'm coming across, swearin' I can not stay sober
We get cash, peso
Shoot up the town, and stay low
Let off a round, Draco
Them niggas mad but, they know

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Had to get back in my element, feel like I got back in my zone now
I do not care bout the extra shit, once I hit I be like leave me alone now
Fuckin' on his bitch, if she don't belong to me, get it on camera to phone out
If you see them in Bally's wit gang, nine times outta ten them bitches got f
lown out
Shit I got my funds up, these niggas babies I pray they go pick a gun up
Don't make me the reason you gotta eat food through a straw, can't pick your
son
The niggas the run-up you will get bun up, spot him then he gettin' bum-
rushed
Strippers they love us fillin' the cup up, shake it while she pickin' ones u
p
Lookin' for smoke, yea I'm wit it I'm giving it out like I work in a weed sh
op
Pull up to the show we like twenty or better, we snuck in this bitch with li

ke three chops
Got rid of my old bitch, when I'm on the phone doing business she stay try t
o eavesdrop
If she fuckin' I get her some red bottoms, if ain't Imma put her in Reebok
Told me my shit the heat rock, I got the streets locked
Shoot him, and hope his heartbeat stop
Still on them east blocks, makin' the street hot
Ain't hittin', if she ain't giving me top
Know they want me shot
They know that I keep Glocks, might have to shoot up your G ride
They know how we flock
They still didn't get back, that siht happened to them like three times

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