

Conversations With The Devil

Ramirez

MTM, hit 'em with the heat

Throw my burners inside of the bush so I don't get caught
Get the fuck from 'round me 'fore I cock my hammer, unload the Glock
Coming out the Benz, steadily moving weight, 'cause the hustle don't stop
I'm coming to win and all of my niggas be gunning, shooting for the top
Inside of the cocaine, Bimmer pushing it up yo lane
Didn't have no daddy, so my uncle made me soak up his game
I keep it a hundred 'cause my word is bond, in the hood, it don't change
Coming up from nothing, hustling for my money, now I'm gripping grain
I'm beating it down yo' block
Setting up another shop
Gotta watch out for these opps
Call the block, it's fucking hot
Putting money inside my sock
Watching all of my bitches flock
Nickel and dime me busta
Then I promise that your body drop

Bitch, I'm snatching chain, blowing brain, I do my thang, ho
Looking at the devil in his face, I'm just a psycho
Creepin' on the come up, so you know I got my lights low
Talking all that anna, but you gon' taste all this ammo
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Coming up out the bushes with a red dot
I'm aiming to kill
Pushing a pill, with this steel
Pointing my pocket rocket to your grill
Fuck how you feel
Bringing the Ruckus, ain't no time to sleep
Freddy Krueger with no patience
Slit yo' throat and let you bleed
You want gunplay?
Let them nuns pray
But I promise you that this ain't what you want, mane
I'm off that Novocaine
Smoking propane
Hit 'em in the fucking chest and see the blood drain
I'm a kick door pro
Me want all the smoke
Kick into yo' momma house with my .44
Bullet shells tap dancing all on the floor
Bring me all the static, 'cause Gorilla want some more

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