

Don't even think about it, bro, just keep goin'
Let 'em find out who it was, they gon' be on you
You don't got your phone with you and the whip stolen
If the boys hear about this one, you know who told 'em (Damn)
You don't have to pass the weed, I am not smokin'
I'm like Rocket off of Colors, I am not jokin'
I told ol' boy don't take the burner if you not blowing
I seen you post your dead homie then I kept scrolling
I guess you subbed me on the 'Gram until it got boring
You always post your homies blicky, that is not yours
Remember plug ran out of Glockies then I bought Taurus
My chest was pokin' out the shirt, I felt like Chuck Norris

Remember hoppin' out with- (Tch), feelin' fantastic
I tried to get to him faster, but it was bad traffic
Ran back to the whip out of breath like I was an asthmatic
He was stretched out on the ground with his arms crossed like the Black Pant
her
Free them-, them other guys really can't stand 'em
If they don't want any trouble they better sit down then
Like go and get you a trophy when you go down there
Free Cowboy, free Breezy, man, free the grand kids
If you gon' drive your whip take off the plates
If you didn't pass for twenty or better, that's not a safe
My big homie in his fifties, I witnessed him hit a gate
We spin again and spin again and spin again until we can't

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We don't care about their side, their homies in coffins
He felt the bullets hit his body, but he just kept joggin'
Ride 'round with R3, thing he known for crashin' foreigners
You gotta come to the pitch, try to get your name cleared
Don't want the kids see you get right, take 'em to daycare
Seen his momma when we slid, and we did not care
He kept on trollin' on the 'Gram, that got his ass killed
That nigga trippin', turn you evil when you in the field
God on my shoulder, but the devil tryna interfere
I heard they caught him out of state, thought he was in the clear
I had to bring it in the club, 'cause my life can't be shortened
I'on gotta pass my gun, we gon' keep scorin'
All they friends keep on dyin', they tears keep pourin'
PJ walked him when out of the pints, so we gon' keep pourin'
Only talkin' 'bout the money, everything else I'm ignorin'
I'll slide all myself, I'on care who not goin'

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Yeah, jump out, I'll disload on your bitch-ass
Gang will never see parole 'cause your snitch-ass
Two tone FN, I think that hoe mismatch
Don't want no credit for that body though we did that
I just popped a half a [?] and lil' bro sober
If you freeze up on the skit, you get a cold shoulder
'Sace briefs for the yeekie, I need no holster
This a [?] throwaway but I'm the fourth owner
Put your patna in a semi for the dope smokers
Poppin' bottles on my story mean he's no longer
Try and tag me on the 'Gram if he ain't toe taggin'
Since my brother passed away, we give no passes
Get away with snatchin' chains when you soul snatchin'
Your big homie ain't no felon, he's a coke addict
They keep catchin' me with ratchets, I do no lackin'
So it's fuck Bobby Hodges and Danny McGavin

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