

Here We Go Again

Remble

(It's, it's, it's, it's your boy DJ Tray)
Remble got the dick that make her booty go
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Alright, check him out
Alright, check him out

Damn, that's Remble on the block, here we go again
He keep the pistol on his hip, say it's his only friend
He keep it with him, he just pray it don't jam
Left and right, he shoot the burner with both hands
When I pull out this .40 you gon' dance
Wrong move, wrong words, that's your ass
All my bars really truer than your past
I could take a nigga bitch with one glance
Lil bitch, I want the throat, no romance
All this bitch get is dick, no slow dance
Don't leave Remble in a foreign, he gon' crash
And putting cousin to the test, he gon' pass
Remble got that dick that make her booty go
Handful of here hair when she throw it all back
If she got some ass better know I'm on that
And if she suck the balls, then I'm coming right back
Remble got a glocky, cock it back, it go smack
Hollow tips at bro back, knocking off his whole hat
Don't be in the field if you ain't totin' no strap
I really in the field, bitch nigga, no cap
I just wet his block, but I missed, he ain't gon' stay out
Hollow tips will break a nigga skull and knock his face out
Remember niggas used to call me weak, I'm who they play now
Wait, huh, niggas ain't never called me weak
He wanna squabble up, these bullets punch him in his spleen
Shooters right in front of me like I was throwing a screen
Magic Eraser on my hip, I think I'm Mr. Clean
Adamantium out the GLOCK, I up the Wolverine
Bitches used to curve Remble, now they suckin' dick
When a bitch serving her neck, I need a lot of spit
Free my daddy out that cage, he a real crip
And fuck that buster 8-Ball, he a real snitch
Hydra-Shok tips better, I'll stretch him out
On my bad side, bet he hope I don't catch him out
No cadavers on your hammer, stay in the house
Niggas mad cause my nut was in they bitches mouth
Pull up on a bitch nigga block, bled that
Blueface and a 9, when it buzz, niggas it's going down
He flexin' on the gram like he up, I'm finna put him down
He tested me like I was a chump, nina go blah-blah
I gotta show these niggas these guns really make foul sounds
And they not hesitating to bust on niggas with foul mouths
When Remble pull up, niggas, they must, they better bow down
These bitches thinkin' I want relations, but I want meow-meow