

No Competition

Remble

I might really want to spray dude
But sometimes it's best that you feed the snakes too
If you listen to me closely, I could lace you
But don't get to talking too much, that's what feds do
It's war outside, so I had to throw on the lead-proof
What's the odds one of these busters get a headshot?
I've seen a Ruger and a Glock make a bed rock
I hid the burner and the money in the best spot
I'm finna blow these niggas, worried they'll get left out
I needed dough, I thought a safe could be the best route
Bitches tryna rape the kid when I was fresh out
I used to game the bitch, but she just throw the neck now
I threw the ho in doggy, she said it's the best style
Smith & Wesson hollow points 'cause them the best rounds
When my niggas hop out trippin', it's a man down
When I hear bitches say, "It's Remble," it's the best sound
Stinc team, dumbass, go 'head and hate now
I seen him at me eight times and he got eight rounds
Bake a cake for him, hit him with a fake smile
He in the lake swimming somewhere with his face down
Do these niggas insist they wanna stay out?
My niggas in the pen wishing they could break out
I watched a nigga catch a body his first day out
I puppet master situations, watch 'em play out
All that money he was flexin' in my pocket, nigga, stop it, nigga
Ridin' with my rocket, I don't think you want to pop it to 'em
Got a blower and some mops, but he don't never pop it at 'em
Grab the poke, I'm finna stab 'em
Blitz 'em, now let's play some Madden
New additions to them boys, now let's make subtractions
I'm not really like them other boys because I'm never lackin'
I'll pull out them choppas on them boys, I never ride without 'em
With the static, really pull up trippin', holdin' automatics
It's Remble walkin' down the street with heat, he finna pop it
If you pop it, leave you in the street leakin' on the concrete
If it's real, murder down and go and catch a body
I've been traumatized ever since I went and caught a nine
Laced up my Ballys, grab my glizzy, then hit Cinnabon
Seen a buster up in Target and I made him give it up
These niggas say they sendin' shots, but they ain't really sending nothing
Niggas call me cuzzo every day and we ain't even cousins
Bitch tell me she love me every day and we ain't even fuckin'
A lot of niggas callin' me big bro, but they don't know my mother
Pull up with that look up on my face and make a nigga stutter
Like no other, really in the function strippin' every buster
EA Sports, it's in the game, but I ain't playin', nigga
This for all them niggas that was snitchin', always playing victim
When I see you out in traffic, I ain't playin' with you
I felt myself outside my body when I sprayed the pistol
It's Remble