

Ruth's Chris Freestyle

Remble

New bitches when I drop a new song
Ruth's Chris after the homies drop a new opp (Well done fellas)
New sticks for you if you want to pop off
I got a Ruger nigga, we ain't finna boo-bop (I don't fight)
(Viper)
If I see a enemy then it's a shootout
You can throw your best punch but it's best you don't (Let's be smart)
You pull up looking for trouble, you get what you want
I know some niggas that will but I know you won't
I know some niggas that kill but I know you don't
I used to be in the field like I was Chris Jones
I could boss up your life but it'll take a second
I could put you on shit that you ain't been on
I could put you in whips that you ain't been in (Something new)
I could take you on rides you couldn't get on (Come with me)
I was always the odd one, I didn't fit in (Paid it off)
Now all the niggas that bled me, I'm finna shit on 'em
If I told you anything, just know I really meant it
I wanna rap about passing but, it's just been a minute
I wanna rap 'bout nine 'cause I ain't really did it
I tried to tell you my story but, you ain't really listen
The only time you was cookin' was when you in the kitchen
I was cookin' up everywhere tryna make the chicken
My mama told me, "Watch the snakes," I didn't pay attention (I should've listened)
I had to pay the consequences because they fuckin' bit me, oh
And don't play with Remble because he got a gun (Smart)
And don't play with Smokey because he got a semi
If we bounce out with choppas, I know they better run (Get outta here, get outta here)
'Cause we don't stop shooting until our clips are empty
Niggas silly, pull up and drop 'em to make 'em really feel me
Caught a body, I was just praying and hoping God forgive me
Plenty killings, bodies on bodies, they killin' plenty niggas
Flip a nigga, make 'em feel sorry for even dealing with us
Free the real (Keep the rest), until them niggas free
Niggas really walking around with thoughts of killing me
Forgive 'em God, for they not know I keep my blick on me
Don't go nowhere without my pole, they can't get shit for free
Ayy, keep that shit on drive don't even park the car
Ayy, Remble he trippin', he goin' bar for bar
And they know I'ma finish so they don't even start
And we came a long way from running fades at the park
Bitch, pull up with Glocks with long extensions on 'em
Yeah, hop out on opps and slaughter your opponent
Yeah, said you was a gangster and now you gotta show it
Yeah, one opp on burner and now you gotta blow it
No cap, it's Remble, but that's beside the point
Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder, can't see I'm a joint (Shit)
Bitch, I'm with my best friends (They not tough)
XDs, Glocks, big mops, Deagles, and FNs

Shit, that's a stick on me
He used to walk you to the park, we finna get on him
Don't give a fuck if that's your big homie
Get extra points if you knockdown to somebody
Niggas talking 'bout "They want me", nigga come find me

How we just left a nigga block? Left him dumbfounded
Lights flashing everywhere, yeah go 'round me
We pulled up at his momma's house 'cause he a homebody
How we just did him was just stupid
Slammed a nigga then went partying at Ruth's Chris
Ku Klux, hang a pussy nigga doing too much
All that dick riding you doing, need a new butt
Fuck all that atting me on Twitter, come out and shoot some
Niggas woofing, I love to drop a new opp
Catch him walking to his car, did him like 2Pac
I hang out with real killers, that's what you not
I'm tryna stuff hundreds of thousands up in shoe boxes
Stinc Team don't like it, what you gon' do about it?
Bitch, I beat life twice, I'ma two-timer, shoe shiner
Flick of the wrist, look I bought new diamonds
My lil' nigga wanna whack you, I got his shoe size
Tryna reach for my pieces, nigga, is you high?
With my record, I could never go to Dubai
He's never coming back and that's that, I said it two times, ooh (Ooh, ooh,
ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh)