

LA Flocker / Rackae

Rob Vicious

I'm an LA flocker, young nigga with a chopper, don't give a fuck 'bout a cop
per
Streets gettin' hotter, and I'm trappin' cause I gotta, smokin' weed like a
rasta
Gettin' brain from a bopper, and she suckin' so proper so I ain't gon' stop
her
Party like a rocker, Shoreline Mafia, they ain't gon' stop us
LA flocker, young nigga with a chopper, don't give a fuck 'bout a copper
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I don't do no features, nigga I don't wanna meet you, middle finger to my te
achers
Niggas sittin' in the bleachers, I was posted in the streets, with them wild
wild creatures
Gettin' wild wild money, like this shit ain't nothin', 'cause this shit ain'
t nothin'
You see me stuntin', got brand new hundreds, goddamn I love it
These niggas straight hoes, nigga free my bros, RIP my bros
I did so much wrong, but I got a lot of shit I got goin'
Now a nigga rich, no cap
Niggas' phones get tapped when you talk like that
Nigga why you walk like that?
'Cause I got a lot of racks in my bag
Talkin', that chopper gon' blast
Ride around the opper with no mask
Call before you cop that dash
Said his name then I popped four in his ass
Man goddamn that's sad
And his whole hood mad 'cause I did him vicious
Lil bitch who is it?
I said bitch I'm Rob Vicious

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Pull up to the trap, you gettin' taxed, ayy
Bitch I'm Rob Vicious
Shootin' with the strap, ayy
And I was breakin' bitches 'til that pack came

They ain't never said that I can rap, ayy
Catch me in the trap countin' motherfuckin' rackaes

Sell you niggas' bitches out on BackPage
And I was breakin' bitches 'til that pack came

All of my young niggas got they tools up
These niggas shoot for nothin', they some motherfuckin' shooters
Nigga fuck that talkin', go'n and do somethin'
Prove somethin', shoot somethin'
Screamin' free my niggas like they ain't do nothin'
Stuck that fuck nigga up and he ain't move once
This bitch keep runnin' her mouth like this bitch know me
Ran in a fuck nigga house, said please don't smoke me
Fuck nigga I'm Rob Vicious, nigga I be havin' shit
I ball like Mavericks, my wrist do magic
And if they ask about my name, Rob Vicious 'cause I'm savage
These niggas average, bitch I ain't average
You got a problem, fix it quick like a mechanic
I used to sneak in niggas' houses like a bandit
I was stuck up in the streets like I was stranded
Now lil Robby gettin' money, they can't stand it
(Bitch I'm Rob Vicious)

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Catch me in the trap countin' motherfuckin' rackaes
Sell you niggas' bitches out on BackPage
And I was breakin' bitches 'til that pack came
I came from the sack game
Pull up to this trap, you gettin' taxed, gang
I don't suggest you trust me with this strap aim
And I was just trippin' 'til that pack came