

Aye Rob, I think the feds is listening

I think the feds listenin'
I got 36 Ozs in this damn kitchen
Huh, I think the feds watchin'
They like these niggas got work they ain't still robbin'
Nigga, but I'll still rob 'ya
I'll throw you in the oven like a peach cobbler
Huh, threw him in the blender
Stripper-rapper had a nigga Instagram trending
Nigga, grams, of that Kylie Jenner
Man that shit so pure I gotta hit it
Huh, damn, just dodged a life sentence
Gave my lawyer 50 bands 'tell him handle his business

Aye, my heart cold cut off the A.C
Bitch I'm Rob Vicious ain't a nigga to replace me
Aye, I know these niggas hate me
I'm trip trippin' I dare some red and blues to come and chase me
I'm sip sippin' loaded off the drank
You know I hate green
Eyes so low gang faded and bitch I can't see
I got poles pop a nigga and get the case beat
Cock back on him when it flash it make him say 'Cheese'
If I go broke, get it back, it don't phase me
And all I know do the dash but you can race me
And all I know is fast cash and fuck fuck niggas
If your bros don't pass I can't fuck with 'em

Fuck my opps, I know they hate Lonnie
Ain't gone have no more opps if we drop one more body
Spent 40 on my watch, they hate it I'm so icy
Made a 100 no lie off that blue bitch Roxy
Huh, 100 grams a brown, that little foxy
If we catch you out of bounds, I'ma up the toppey
Make a bitch come to the times, off this molly
My fiend just snorted like 10 lines, Whitney and Bobby

Aye, feds watchin, nigga we gone hit the back
I think the feds knockin
Sssh, I think the feds listenin'
I don't want to hit the pack, I think the meds kickin'
Brought my 'partna, know I left a nigga head itchin'
God damn Rob, boy you trippin' you too damn vicious
Aye, and for this KB, bitch I'll knock a nigga head just like some Dr
e Beats
Huh, nigga, and this for dad I'm winnin'
I swear to God over him we killed like 10 niggas
Spent 25 thousand on this D.D. pendant
I can't believe my brother really died in fucking prison