

Some Bout It

Rob Vicious

I swear to god man
Ayy Rob, I think the feds is listenin'
Ayy
Whaaaaaat
Ight
Ayy
Hold on

Ayy
It's somethin' about it
Man I can't stand a nigga who be talkin' like he 'bout it
Nigga be quiet
You ain't gettin' to the dough
Lil bro I doubt it
Got a big bank roll
I don't need one accountant
Some niggas do it for clothes
Some niggas do it for diamonds
Nigga we ain't duckin' shit but the police sirens
Don't need no shoota nigga
I'm a shoota nigga
I got it
I let my bitches stomp down
And all my homeboys silent
Nigga I can't call it
Ain't talkin' no money
Then nigga I ain't talkin'
I just popped another bean
Tryna try my best
Act like I ain't off it
It ain't eye pack then I ain't coughin'
Hoppin' out bitch we do it often
Hell naw we ain't takin' losses
Put him in the coffin
Word around the street is lil Robby got a green light
Lil nigga
Let me catch a stack up at that red light
We don't see the opps no more
You know they dead right?
Get a nigga free promo
He on a T-shirt
When I hit the nigga with that red dot
Bitch I'm on the run cuz my head hot
Got another gun cuz my finger itchin'
I want all the smoke like a [?] shot
You ain't gang
Nigga it's fuck you
You can't slide
I don't trust you
Lil bro got chops
You ain't got chops
I got one too
Fuck all my opps
I'm lil Rob I got big fye

Bitch I'm Rob Vicious!
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