

## 6.2 Music

Rob49

Ayy, uh, ayy, niggas bussin just like Mr. Bigs  
Count the guap, go load the chop and hit the block and split a wig  
High speed on the Knox, this kind of shop, we like to butcher pigs  
Can't speak on what we did, fuck that shit, free Fizz  
Count the wax and go and stand on bizz  
I just got a switch up on my glock and whip shit like a kid  
I just got the news, that niggas gone, he dead, I did a jig  
Shh, be quiet, get the drop and smoke him like a cig  
Shh, stop hiding, come outside 'cause we know where you live

Gah, gang, that SRT music  
That shit that make you wanna come outside and get straight to it  
That shit that make you wanna see your mans and get to shooing  
That shit that make you do drive-bys and act stupid (Skrr Skrr)  
What you slidin' in? Bitch, a SRT (Skrr Skrr)  
Police get behind me, ain't no catchin' me  
Broadie nem just did a stain, they stole four and sold three  
Keypads crackin' shit got codes to all jeeps

Yea trappin' and rappin' and makin' it happen  
My niggas don't do no scams  
Cookin' that pot up in that kitchen  
They call them Auntie Pam  
If my side hoe nigga catch her cheating  
I don't think his ass gon' care  
He know I'm rich, lit, and pushin' P  
Niggas can't fuck with us

I put CC right on my bitch, and she bangin' like a creep  
Same thing I'm gon' do to my bitch, I'ma do it to my blick  
Switch it up, buy her some titties, have her lookin' pretty  
Soon as it get wet, I'ma squeeze, let it bust on niggas  
Bitch, I come straight from the street, used to re-up twice a week  
Niggas need to get on they feet, how the fuck you tryna beef  
Think I went to school for weed? Touchdown, go green  
I'm a rap trap street nigga from the court, on the court seats

I'm the one that trick off on the hoe that's if she love me  
Niggas post up on the block I come through clear the whole scene  
I got switches, I got autos, I got chops, the whole thing  
And if you wanna make yo money, nigga, cop a whole P  
And if you wanna flip yo profit, nigga, get yo packs gone  
762 broke his bone, that nigga died outside his home  
Say this that Hellcat music, slide by myself when I'm alone  
Me and my white boys off them pills like Charlie Sheen bitch we gone

Gah, gang, that SRT music  
That shit that make you wanna come outside and get straight to it  
That shit that make you wanna see your mans and get to shooing  
That shit that make you do drive-bys and act stupid (Skrr Skrr)  
What you slidin' in? Bitch, a SRT (Skrr Skrr)  
Police get behind me, ain't no catchin' me  
Broadie nem just did a stain, they stole four and sold three  
Keypads crackin' shit got codes to all jeeps