

## Tweakers

Rob49

If I'm on yo' ass, I'm on yo' ass, fuck who you know  
Only the family can play wit' me, I tweak like Doodie Lo  
When this shit be on the floor, they know I'ma shoot for sure  
When I find out 'bout they hideout, niggas better move they lo'  
They can't run when we shoot, boy, I pop out wit' a smirk  
Man, that lil' nigga Skilla stay wit' bands like Lil Durk  
When we pop out wit' them switches, we put niggas on a shirt  
Them ten mill' bullets hurt, shiesty on, time to lurk  
Call my .45 dirty, bitch, we gettin' niggas burnt  
We be spinnin' like a CD  
Go back, we tryn'a repeat  
The killas know when [?] pull up, I'm out here yellin', "SkeeYee"  
When I yell, "Yeet, yeet," them boys know to rob sum'n

That lil' ten bag wasn't enough, you puttin' a hunnid' on lil' son  
I can't say too much on whacks, they know we slump shit where I'm from  
Want him dead? Yeah, fuck him, we don't care 'bout who he know  
762's leave a fuckboy bald-headed like Doodie Lo  
Fuck wit' Skilla, that's my nigga, if I catch dude, I'ma kill him  
Vulture in that Trailblazer, shootin' shit like Damian Lillard  
I'm that one that pressed dude, lotta' said that he ain't in it  
I been in my feelings lately, I keep takin' painkillers  
I ain't ever like them niggas, no, I'm tryn'a tell you  
Start wit' all that sneak-ass smoke, and we inhale it, nigga  
I know niggas who snaked out they dog, and I don't feel it  
All I want is cuz' in this car, 'cause he a killa  
[?] just like dank, huh  
Crack house always stank, huh  
Potion look like paint, huh  
Codeine look like paint, nigga  
[?], he got rank, I could pull some string in here  
Real dog nigga, big 49'll fuck some famous bitches

I got a 30 on my waist, he a lick, well, let's rob sum'n  
We was drillin', wakin' up in the morning about five-sum'n  
Why the fuck that nigga tuckin' his jewelry? 'Cause the guys comin'  
I'm wit' killas, nigga, ain't no security, I ain't hidin' nothin'  
I put that money on his head  
Play wit' me, you dead  
Them killas, they gon' do whatever I say like Simon Says  
I'm a bald-headed rich nigga, hit him in them dreads  
Nigga did too much talkin', bitch, you sent him to the feds  
In Detroit, I'm at [?], posted up wit' Skilla  
On the internet we don't react, folks already killed him  
We done caught his goofy ass, he playin' monkey in the middle  
Fuck, I think I'm kinda' rusty, I ain't spin up in a minute

He still spinnin' every day, I guess some niggas never learn  
I know nigga super turnt, but they ain't takin' care they [?]  
That ten milli' hit like Usher, she tried to let a nigga burn  
I be stayin' to myself, but I won't get dude hurt  
Lord, I be outside late, alright  
I'm tryn'a go catch a play, alright  
You fucked who? I don't like dude, tell him stay from out the way, bitch  
He a two-time felon, how you let bro catch a case?  
When them niggas can't be 'part of some shit, they start to hate  
Johnny Manziel, I touch down and cause Hell

Yeah, big 49, big 4God  
Playin' wit' me