

SALLY

Ron Suno

(Ron Suno niggas know the fuckin' vibes)
(Gang, yes)
(Totin' on sally and better)
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(No sweat, gun in the sweater)
(Don't give a fuck, told em' setup, face up face up, we some steppers like, yes)
(Gun in the, VC)
(Bang bang)
Hold on

Totin' on sally and better
I'm movin' hot, got the gun in the sweater
Pull up with Ta, leave him red on a stretcher
I call up Ricch he might aim at his nigga
Hold on, yes
I'm throwin' shots better go pick your head up
Jackin' these boys let it off with Berettas
Fuck all the opps, gotta get us together

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I'm on hots nigga what's the vibe, every nigga that say my name gon' die
Nigga Rocky send em' to the sky
Bitch like how, like what, like why
Off the dotty, face the shit
Opp bitch, milk that bitch
If I want it I'll take that shit
Gotta value your life fore' I take that shit, bitch
Free Loco you know that's the whip
Throwin' up 4s don't drop my shit
In the heat I'm throwin' like 6
If I'm runnin' em', watch em' run and they trip
All niggas wanna be 41K, I'm throwin' 41 shots with the stick
And I don't care if I don't got my knocker on me, Handy Manny that boy getti n' fixed
Ballin' like Allen when I got the knocker
I ain't playin' I'll oot at your rim
And these opp niggas really be internet demons attached to the net like a ri m
I'm with some ooters, they throwin' up Brim
Fuck your dead, yeah they restin' in piss
Spin through the opps, and all I see is red
And this 40 gon' hit him and make that boy trip

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Grrah, they like Jenn why you movin' like that
Cus' I steady be ootin' the strap
Feel like I'm DOLO all over the map
Like she a baddie, she touch on my tats
Like a baker I'm stacking the cake
He movin' smelly you know imma' spray
He geekin' I oot it like Klay
Tryna get rich and theres 41 ways
Like I'm Melo I play for the Knicks
He move Wok, up it and blitz, like
I won't stop til' I'm rich
TaTa gon' flock, he might bend through the strip
Like I'm bussin' the 9 on my hip
He runnin' Ricky got turned to a glip
Say I stay on they mind like a brim
If he talk on the net then he losin' a limb
On the block and I'm chillin' with rowers
How you say you throw shots but you don't though
Off the Henny I beat it in slo-mo
Like, said that nigga got jumped, no pogo
And I said I'm up now, fuck next
Labels is callin', I send out the debts
Like I been told you niggas, I'm best of the best
No Lil Uzi I keep a Patek

Red beam, put the dot on his chest
And we gonna' click til' he drop
Feel like Drummond when I'm on the block
I got the drum, you get shot out your socks
And I won every battle I lost
He tryna diss, he gon' see what it cost
I'm tryna geek, put off the detty he throwin' like Moss
Ayo Sheik, we missed the V'
Take down gang, put the beam on his tee
He a fraud, not with the team
Like she a thot, she be moppin' the team
Let me see what that back do
Aim at his [?] put the beam on his satchel
Make a movie, this gun is my actor
I know the role bitch, you don't gotta act tough
(Where he at?)
He got packed up
Knock on my body, bitch you better back up
It's a party, don't ask me to dance
I can not geek with the ... in my pants
And brodie might blitz out the van
Glock got a dot, like it can't miss a man
(Last opp got popped like a xan)
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(Like grrah, like grrah, like grrah, like grrah, like grrah)