

Computers

Rowdy Rebel

Oh, they want that hot shit

All these social networks and these computers
Got these niggas walking round like they some shooters
See them in real life they trying to bust maneuvers
Like pussy talk that same shit from your computer
Just picked the cash up, they had the boy medula
Call up my broski Gene, like call up the jeweler
I just spent some cash on a pinky ring
Just made some brand new shmoney, what the fuck you think
And bitch I'm heading to your city
Just to clap up all them cities
Me and JJ went from 50
Filled up the gas tank it was empty
We heading out to Philly
Smoking Fronto, bitch no Phillies
I got racks all in my Billies
Shout out to Slice, that's my Billy
For Kokane Shyste I'm getting trippy
Right to the other side with my guys and get busy
I'm shooting up the streets not the gym
I'm shooting at these suckers, not the rim
2Pac, Above The Rim
Put two shots in his chin
Ran down, he jumped the fence
I ran down in my Timbs
Saw the pussy through the tints
I was in that boy Memph Benz
With some shit that extend
Put two shots in his friends
For Kokane Shyste, I go in
For Shyste, I go in
Free my dogs out the pen
They shooting shit, Jeremy Lin
RIP that boy French
He still in Vegas with my friends
Buying out the bar, still going in
Flying down a mother fucking strip
And I got court on the fifth
Tell the DA suck a dick, not coming in
Gingerbread bitch
On the road, headed to that bread, bitch

Brand new shmoney
Bitch, I just got some brand new shmoney

So you wanna talk shit and run your mouth
You wanna see my black ass right in front your house?
With some Shmurdas and the flag wrapped around my mouth
I ain't come to talk, I came to bang it out
Just called them thangs up, they begging, "Bro, don't shoot him"
But once he disrespect, it's like I gotta do him
I just spent some cash on a 40 Glock
And my nigga Killa ran through like 40 Glocks
And I'm headed to your block
Just to unload all these Glocks
My AR hold 30 shots

That's word to Kane, that's word to Hot
Bitch, I'm hated by many
So I gots to keep the semi
For Kokane, we pour out Henny
Cause for Kokane, we done shot plenty
I should say sorry to Ms. Penny
She caught me broad day in the street shooting Jimmies
I'm running niggas down in they groups
I'm sliding over cars while I shoot
I think that I'm Tom Cruise
But, bitch I'm Bobby with that tool
I got that "bow", run up on him, act a fool
Make sure I hit you, you, and you
Got the drop, I let Monte loose
That's man downs in front the school
And we still trapping like some fools
Bitch, I been trapping out since elementary school
Told my teacher suck a dick, I'm selling food
I told my teacher suck a dick, I'm selling food
And free my daddy out the You-Know
He killed shit, bitch, grab a tombstone
RIP my nigga, Pluto
He still in Vegas with the bros
Loading up that thing, still smoking dope
Wilding on the mother fucking road
And I got court on the fourth
Told the DA lick my balls, not getting caught
Gingerbread bruh
On the road smoking hella dope, bro

I just got a brand new burner
I just got a brand new burner
Shmurda