

Posture

Rowdy Rebel

I used to pull up on niggas on site
We used to pull up on niggas on bikes
Crossed them, 50 seconds at the light
Spark em, tell that boy to bring a knife
Ain't no problems that we can't handle
Niggas is mad, I'm hardly polite
Put on the mask and jump on the right
Picture the guys to push through the light

Niggas is mad I call niggas pussy
If you feel a way then niggas is butt
Nigga I'm probably on nothing if it cost ya
If I ain't over there then I'm on the run
Niggas is mad cuz I pull niggas cars
Cuz niggas ain't spinning, let's keep it a buck
All my real niggas from the floss
That's out here spinning, they know what's up

Check I'm friggy (aye)
Check my posture
Aye tell em bout that bitch
Go tell them that we naughty
We different breeds
We from the nine
We don't do bottoms (aye)
Aye checked the news
That boy got hit up out his Pradas (aye)

Man, it's the rampers
And we back on his ass
I don't care what he jack
I don't care where you from
If they gotta problem then they got no pass
Don't act like you ain't know bout gang
Like, we'll make niggas crash
I was thinking bout hits that we did in the past
I hopped on this bitch broad day with no mask
I send a bitch to reel him in
I'm with the killers, get him in
Any minute now, I'm waiting for a pin
Gotta pray to the lord before I sin
I just came back home off of ten
Need the whole block vacant, where they went?
Shots going through his windows, through his tints
Let em know I'm on go if they spin

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And I stopped mentioning niggas in songs cuz I got too rich
Fuck it, I'm back on my shit
Who ain't been New York in the minute
I look at the swipy nigga as a gimmick
Nigga on live lying off the internet
I won't even shoot you nigga we can get it
I won't even tell em what happened with me and Sosa
Ran that nigga to CVS
When I left he was out cold
I don't know if that nigga start breathing yet
I seen a friend turn into a op
I seen a op talking to the cops
Niggas be scared going to the rock
The nigga keep tweeting, put em in a box
I really run on a drill
Fumbling, even Steele
Face hot, did it still
Way before I thought I would get a deal
I never ran from an L seven
Every time I got locked up, I was still repping
Boy I need respect and real credit
Nigga keep it a buck, I'm still different

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