

# Blickelodeon

Sada Baby

(This beat hard as hell, what up, Primo?)

(Primo Beats on the track)

Ayy, hmm, uh

I just cut a whole brick in half with a razor  
I just got a ho nigga dead off a favor  
Lil' bloody 'nem had hit him in his head with a laser  
And I made this bitch fuck my mans 'cause I paid her  
Told the opps, "Meet me at the bottle shop," get 'em tables  
Chopper shot do the chalkboard, it erase him  
I say, the yopper shot, baka-boop-bop, hit his top, it go drop  
Spin his block one more time 'cause we hot  
Listen, gas, huh, burn a nigga up  
Huh, baby shake that ass, she gon' turn a nigga up  
Huh, AR tricky dance move, serve a nigga up  
Huh, bitch, I better not hear you sayin' Skub, I earned big Blood  
Listen, oh, look, huh, I don't play with shit  
Get disrespectful after this, I be done smacked you in your shit  
You talk back behind my back, I be done clapped you in your shit  
Be done tapped him in his head, lil' nigga don't know shit  
Huh, I still fight, pussy niggas ain't on shit  
Huh, kill a nigga, now he can't hate on shit  
Nigga, I still slide, I ain't gotta wait on shit  
Huh, it's drill time, I ain't got shit to say 'bout shit, nigga  
I don't rap beef, if he at me, then it's fuck it  
I don't rap beef, if he act weak, we gon' stomp him  
I don't rap beef, if he half street, then we attack him  
'Cause if he really street, then we ain't on the internet about nothin'  
Ain't no nigga from the bity did a thing since I was crushin'  
Always in the A, down there with my apes, steady clutchin'  
Huh, ain't duckin' no smoke, see a chimney, I run up it  
Huh, run into a nigga, then we walk him down, leave him bloody  
Uh, I hate a nigga 'round me actin' the toughest  
Huh, swear he don't like me, but his head down in public  
Huh, if I got an issue with a nigga, I punch him  
Huh, and them shooters on his ass, red monkey  
Huh, re-rock  
Huh, treat a nigga like a kid, then thump him  
Huh, leave a nigga sleepin' with his mans, now they bunkies  
Out sad, fucked up with no money, they junkies  
Huh, don't let no nigga have you thinkin' this shit sweet  
Huh, fuck around and be the reason you deceased  
Huh, kill him twice, you can't even rest in peace  
Huh, quick as fuck to press a nigga like a crease  
Re-rock  
Huh, what it ain't?  
Huh, this ain't Call of Duty, you can't bome back from the Gulag  
Two straps right there on your top, look like a durag  
I'll ho an old bitch, think she look good with her new ass  
Huh, fuck your BBL  
Huh, send some naked pictures to my niggas locked in jail  
Soldiers in the field shootin' at Charlie off the bail  
Pray to God, then send your dogs to Hell  
Now listen  
Huh, huh, from the 'burbs to the hood with no vest on  
Yeah, from a mansion to the trap, nigga stepped on  
Yeah, I been waking niggas up since I was slept on

Yeah, stick your nose in my business, get your neck gone  
Huh, huh, sayin' it with your chest, get your breath gone  
Huh, get some RIP posts and a headstone  
Huh, have your people 'nem sick like, "He dead and gone"  
Pull up like, "I told you so, knew you was a ho"  
Just like your daddy, ain't never been 'bout shit  
Swerve up in static, we love to hop out shit  
Huh, send his BM down the way and make the route switch  
Huh, hit his TT 'nem brib and get the couch flipped  
Huh, headband with them racks and a jogger fit  
Huh, got a leash in my pocket, I'll walk a brick  
Huh, pull up in the Hellcat, I'll dog some shit  
Huh, have a soft nigga screamin' it ain't called for this  
Huh, it ain't nothin' for that one shit, Nathaniel  
Huh, pull up in the Phantom and go ghost like I'm Daniel  
Say, that chopper give whoever the most they can handle  
Ain't never takin' no L like I'm Randall  
Re-rock