

Funky Kong

Sada Baby

(My nigga Lee, I think we got another one)

Hmm

Ayy, uh, freaky bitch, you is just that
Unless I say otherwise, get the fuck back, huh
Call of Duty, real life on the Rust map
Hit him from an angle, guaranteed he can't bust back, huh
It's a fact you dyin' first if I up strap
If he a number one seed, this an upset
Them niggas can't fuck with gang, I must say
In high school, be done hit you with a lunch tray

On the Eastside off drank, not D'USSE
Lookin' for a lil' hoodrat Beyoncé, huh
Catch an opp, leave him with the 'bout-to-drop face
Last sight he see is my face with the chop Drac'
Hmm, cook a nigga quick like an hotplate
Skuba Manchester if you hop my gate
I ain't your man, freaky bitch, get out my face, huh
Pussy ain't fat enough, you ain't my taste
And your baby daddy a pussy nigga, I be done killed him
All them bullets scatter, they ra-ta-ta-ta up out the pistol
Catch a nigga lackin', if he survive, I'ma pistol-whip him
'Cause I'm an unsatisfied criminal individual
Got a four-five on my side, flip him with a nickel, huh
Sed shot that nigga 'cause I forgot to dribble
Zay pass that bitch, huh, I'ma green light
Mmm, mmm, MAC thing, ah, got that bitch from Skilla, uh
Yeah, I got the moment, yeah, I got the guala, huh
Get to beatin' my chest, my wolves get to hollerin', huh
Know I really get the cream, leave them niggas sour, huh
Pour some drank up in my glass, give them boys an hour, huh
Put them hitters on your ass, uh, uh, huh
Turn 'em to a ghost, know I got that power
And I got a tommy gun, this bitch move mountains
Shoot niggas in they shit, we don't shoot no clouds
We don't shoot for clout, huh
Freeze tag with that bitch, you froze, you out
Playin' both sides of that bitch, I'll close you out
You ain't gettin' off no shots, it's over, shut down whenever you bome to my town
Know them niggas huntin' you, you know they bome for you, huh
Know them niggas bomin' for you, boy, them guns for you, huh
And niggas tryna bump into you, ain't gon' run from you, hmm
Don't worry 'bout it, boy, that's what I'm tellin' you
Huh, pull a hammer on that nigga, put a nail in you
Extra dick same size as turtle, put a shell in you, huh
I'll make a nigga wish they oh wellin' you, huh
Keep fishin', get swung on, whale on you
I'll leave you hung like you Sonic, got Tails on you
Act like you blind to the facts, go Braille on you, huh
No opp left behind, can't fail on you, huh
Put some money on your head like it fell on you, uh
Off syrup and off nay, ho, same time
Gold gun, one shot, Skuba James Bond
Seven bitches tatted me on they waistline
Ten more went and got the same kind

Type of choppers we got like to change minds, huh
My chop drop opps, never change mine, huh
Bitch'll throw a nigga up like a gang sign
This bitch'll throw a nigga up like you drunk as hell
This bitch'll leave him on the yard like he up for sale, huh
Leave him sleepin' behind bars 'fore I buy him his cell, huh
Leave him sleep off them bars, don't fuck with them pills
If it's up, then it's real
You gon' up and get killed
I know you see my niggas 'nem turnin' up in the field
I know you see my niggas havin' all this get-back, hmm
See us pressin', better not get pressed
If you don't get stretched, then I ain't impressed, duh

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