

Why these niggas talk
Like I won't come through, lock off your block
Like I don't walk with a switch on the bop
Niggas been rattin', talkin' to cops
I'm spooky crodie, I talk to my knock
I'll shoot you crodie, don't talk like you're God
I'll turn off my phone and I'll go for a walk
I'll turn off my phone and go walk through the parks
The last thing he felt was a ten milli' bark
See your head, it get splattered, I'll turn it to art
And it don't really matter, you think that you're hard?
I done seen gangsters fold in this shit
I seen real turn fake for a bitch
I done seen badman turn to a snitch
Your block could get locked off, go with your diss

You say that I'm rap cap, I send a blitz
I'll aim at your snapback, show you its lit
It's a Drac' in my backpack, walkin' the strip
When I shoot, watch him groove, I don't miss
Slap on the Nintendo and shake up the drizz
You don't want to see young Dizz shake up the fifth
You don't want to see Yung Griff hop out the whip
I fill up my glizzy, release on a prick
Why you diss? Why you diss? You don't walk with your stick
I'm a pop out the cut, bird out the dip
Why you diss? Why you diss? When you hide in your home
When I beat the, feel a rush in my bones
Put belt to ass why they hidini' inside
I go got been ithcin' to slide all the time
I call up Yung Dz, my villain, my slime
Why you droppin' my 4, you don't ride for your guys
On the fourteenth floor, where your homie got piped
I heard the next one died in his ride
That's why I keep thirty when I go outside
If I link a nauns, then I go with the guys
I never end up like none of these guys
I promise, if I go, I go with my nine

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