

Dishonored

Savv4x

Hmm

I feel like I let brodie die, so I'm so sorry mama
Made the city hot, but I'ma make it hotter

Savage made the city hot, but I'ma make it hotter
I came with sharks, if you can't swim then don't get in that water
I know a hoe gon' be a hoe, so I can't even bother
And I know that they watchin' me so that make me go harder
And to the bros, I'm loyal, nine times out of ten I'm honest
See I'll give you death before you make me feel dishonored
I'm tryna see some niggas die and I'm just being honest
I feel like I let brodie die, so I'm so sorry mama

Deep in the field, I'm traumatised, I gotta keep my knocka
The bros come fully equipped like COD, you don't wanna see the youngboys pop off
They fill they YouTube up with tracks, we fill they block with trauma
And Melly sick, like super sick, I think he need a doctor
We get that drop, we knock on doors, and nigga, we do pop ups
And we still pepper down the beef for all the bros that's locked up
And I'll still pepper down your street if you speak on my partna
I'm in the streets but move discreet beacuse my name too lava
You diss my bro, I send a blitz, that's how your block gets locked off
I tap my bro, he make his move, now watch my youngboy pop off
It's bout 30 sum shots in a Glock with a switch, tryna let some shots off
Creep, step, every time, bop to your block, watch a top get lock off
It's my time right now and the bros up next, so you know you can't fall off
And I hop out on they block with a G
I used to bop with the sawed-off
Niggas get peppered and put up on tees, huh
Your bro's dead, haha
Hop out the ride, I'ma do it with bandit
My brodie a savage
Your bitch wanna fuck 'cause the killy's not average
She know we do damage
We hit his headback, peel like bananas
Or make it bust like a grape
You are not Superman, take off your cape
I switch out the G, and I got me a Drac'
I switch out the Drac, and I got me a drizz
I got me a drizz, I'ma turn up your rip
Turn up your rip how I turn up your bitch
Turn up your bitch how I turn up the party
Bitch, I'm a gangster, don't do Bacarti
Shoot through the lens tryna knock out his Carti's
Now they can't feel that boy heartbeat

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