

## Shoot & Drive

Savv4x

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
I can sing, I can rap  
I can shoot, I can drive ([?])  
I can rap, I can trap  
Sell dope or I scam  
I'ma creep to your block with the fifth in my hand when I dress  
in all black  
I might creep to the back, make way to the front tryna catch me  
a hat  
Yeah I came from the Dot but I'm up in the States putting shit  
on the map  
Look, dumb bitch hear when I'm speaking, I'll crash right now f  
or no reason  
Fuck your mom, I don't care whose grieving  
It's me, Savage the demon  
And my big bro know I love squeezing  
I'll come pepper the beef any season  
It gets real, just give me a reason  
And we take niggas lives for treason  
He talked tough and he died where the tree is, one to the nose  
and he died in a rental  
One to the nose, that's a shot to the mental  
A nigga ain't have no face, bro, it ain't no way, they identifi  
ed him through dental  
Late night trips on the DV, I came with a gun in my hand and a  
mask like Deadpool  
Kid better duck when you see me, evil intentions, came, sent so  
n to the devil  
Turn off my heart now they say I'm a devil  
Wasn't there when I needed your help bro, so I won't be there w  
hen you need me  
Throw on the shades, act blind like Stevie  
My mom just called from the city and she said that she see me o  
n TV  
It's a hundred on my wrist right now, so don't ask why I feel s  
o sleazy  
Bro came drippin', bust down Rolex and a Cuban flooded with VVs  
I'm not trippin', bitch do, you, but when I do me then you best  
gwan easy  
When I'm outside, know it's one in the heazey  
When I'm outside, know it's one in the forehead and that boy ca  
ught one to the forehead  
He tried to run but he tripped like he bowlegged and he cripple  
like he ain't got no legs (The fuck?)  
You know I'm not talkin' to no feds, I heard his face got left  
on the door mat  
On the floor fourteen if you go right now then there might be a  
zombie walkin'

He caught a head shot, he didn't die, but now he talk like Stephen Hawking  
Did you get that? I just said that the nigga retarded  
That's what they get 'cause they made him a target  
Watch how I step back, aim for his noggin  
All eyes on him when I walk in (Yep)  
Can't see through the tint I'ma park it (Yep)  
And I still go deaf when I spark it (Yep)  
Man I still don't feel like a artist, in my city I'm working' t  
he hardest (Yep)  
I'm ballin' on court like a play for the Clippers, I still keep  
a gun and I'm just being honest (Yep)