

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' the 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)