

Brrt  
Yeah, eh?  
Free the guys how I see the guys  
You bitch  
Free Glizz  
Yeah, yeah, free double S (Hitman making beats again)  
My Villler so spooky, they walk wi

My Villler so spooky, he walk with a limp  
Don't think twice, he'll shoot if you blink  
I'll up from the hip tryna blow off a wig  
Aim at his hat tryna give it a trim  
Aim at his headback  
Take off his snapback  
Gun in my backpack  
Battery pack and my youngin' a jetpack  
Get the drop I'ma whack him, go tell him I said that  
I'm tryna walk sum down with my black mask  
I see his face then I'm pushing his head back  
Walk on the beat like it gave me a blueprint  
I cannot get in your car, it don't got tints  
I do not want her so I scream "Is you broke bitch?"  
If you don't get it that mean I won't fuck you  
I'm suited up, I'm in love with the button  
If you try run up, I'm tapping my button

Why the fuck niggas always pushing my buttons  
If I do not have my gun I'ma cut him  
Skin turn to cigarette ash when I bun him  
I'm not crazy, I just miss my brother  
This rap shit, it got me fuckin her mother  
No cap, bitch, pay me, I fuck on your cousin  
Suit up, pop out the cut with my cutter  
I'm so smooth, I'm dripping like butter  
I got a drop from my cousin  
His ass a opp, that's the reason I love him  
Step out the line, see his face and I'll bun it  
I came in with \*\*\*\*, he tryna kill something  
Bosses like Hugo, that's how we coming  
\*\*\*\* got a 50, like Andre, he drumming  
I'm tryna drench shit, that's on my mother  
Watch how I drench up this little fucker  
Watch how I drench up this little bitch  
The Glock got a bopper, it come with a itch  
I take my glizzy and fill up this prick  
Watch how you talk, I'll shoot of your lips  
Yo, watch how you talk, I'll bang till' it bridge  
I don't got remorse, I'm a sicko, I'm sick  
And you wind down the window, I'll park up the whip  
Yeah, that's how I come for the guys  
Yeah, that's how your big homie died  
Lackin in a whip, how a nigga get pied  
I stepped in drippin' with my number .9  
Bitch, I'm pimpin', pay me for my time  
33 Crip shit, shoutout to the guys  
Please don't trust me, you know I'm a slime  
Shit get mucky, fuck with one of mine

Niggas get lucky if I miss their mind  
You don't wanna buck me creeping with my .9  
Your bitch wanna fuck me, pay me all the time  
Pop my door, start letting of shots  
Bitch, if I get the drop, I'ma clear out the spot  
I don't show my face 'cause my name is too hot  
Please don't think that I'm scared, 'cause I'll show you I'm not  
Bitch  
You bitch  
I'm the reason your block stay hot  
I don't really trap but my bro whip the pot  
My heart come numb and my head come got  
You could ask all the bros, I'm in love with the plot  
I tell his mama "Come clean up the spot"

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I'm spooky bitch  
Bang, wow