

PSA to all you fuck niggas, I don't know what happened  
If you never shot some shit before then don't start rapping  
If you post yo ass up by that store just don't be lacking  
Don't fuck wit no rappers, uh, cappers, uh, actors, uh  
I hang wit them splackers they gon put you on that platter  
We make shit disasters, we gon pull up and just splatter  
We turn shit to Casper, uh, pastors, uh, gasping, uh  
Too much blood for napkins, change him like before and after

Know you never shot nun before so why you actin  
We put shit on dot com nigga go and ask what happen  
Last nigga that tried the gang got folded like a napkin  
4ts wats crackin if it's that we get da clapping  
Rookie of the year around my way I make shit happen  
10 milly or the nickel on my lap while I'm in traffic  
Shells fly out that switchy buss his head all into fragments  
Big dawg in my hood I send my lil niggas to wrap em nigga

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On them apps that boy a tweeter like to hide when it get real  
Bro nem hungry wit them heaters just to slide and hit ya grill  
Roll ya mans up in this leaf because he died up in the field  
Had to hide that gun from bro he too excited off them pills  
Drive or grab that steel, slide or lamp and kill  
Shh had caught that shot up in his spine now he on wheels  
I'm just chasing mills, 4ts be on them drills  
We stand over shit and hit his head so he can't heal

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