

No Names

Scorey

We were already checkin' out though
Why you saying you calling the police? Why you mad?
Why you saying you calling the police? Why you mad?
Chill aight, chill aight?

Uh, like fuck 12, I ain't givin' no names
He in that cell, fuckin' with the dope game
Choppa' Adele, love the way that pole sing
They gave him shells, he got hit from close range
Heavy clientele, love it when that phone ring
Fuck what he yell, he ain't put in no pain
All by myself, hop out when the door swing
Bro give him hell, he just like to torch aim, uh

Tell me who you rockin' with so we can hit their block and spin it
Hang with the opposites, then he gon' hear that choppa' spittin'
Crash 'bout that guap, I'm wit' it
Splash at his top and split it
Max love to hop out, hittin'
Masked up with all my villains
Nobody loved me back when I ain't have a bowl to piss in
Couldn't get no ride before I got up on this road to riches
Stuck by my lonely with this nine, don't need no co-defendant
Ain't no support, got on my grind, nobody loaned a penny

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I been on that paper trail, never was a school guy
Grindin' 'til my pockets double-stuffed just like a Moon Pie
Hop out with that glizzy, turnin' blocks, you went just you and I
I've been screamin' "4TS," bitch, still rock with my Coolidge guys
We could get it, do or die, your's or mine, set it up
We got all the switches and 'em forty-fives, hella guns
I won't drop a diss, I tell them shooters slide, wet 'em up
My Brodie got hits, you know them savages ain't lettin' up

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