

Oh Oh

Scorey

Uh, uh, uh, uh
It sound like, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh" (Uh, uh, it sound—)
Uh, uh, it sound like, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh" (Uh, yeah)
Uh, uh (Ayo, Lari, this shit fire)

Hair tied, rock out with it
Gen5 Glock, extended
Shells fly, pop out, hit him
Man slide, hop out with him
Anytime you pop, I'm with it
Show me how you rock, I'll witness
We gon' throw that lob like Clippers
And we call the shots, Doc Rivers

It sing like, "Oh-woah-woah-woah-woah-oh, woah"
One call away and I'm gon' blow-woah-oh
Like, "Oh-woah-woah-woah-woah-oh, woah"
You never know when it's time to go, woah (Go, woah, go, woah)

Hop out a rented van, blowin' like a fan, 'til that glizzy jam 'cause it's hot
He think he got a chance, run him out his pants, stumble 'til he land when he shot
I need a big advance for a lot of bands, if you want my fans in your spot
Whip it, I put my hands in the pot, instruments playin' jazz with a Glock
It sound like, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh"
When them shots fire, blowing fifty rounds 'til the opp die
Let that glizzy pound at the stop sign like, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh" (Stop sign like)
Now his block fried, like Billie Jean, she is not mine, let off plenty steam
when I pop mine (Pop)

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Stand over niggas, he tremblin', fuck it, I might have Lil Twizzy go finish him, uh
Hollow tips eat up his skin, when it hit 'em I'm watching these bullets diminish him, uh
They tired of me, no Michelin, huh
Fire in me, shit boost my adrenaline up
I'm what they tryna be, don't be cryin' to me if it's not for my benefit, uh
I ain't have no one inspirin' me, kept an eye on the green, now I'm livin' it up
I keep that iron with me, gotta ride with the heat when I'm uppin', I'm blickin' at somethin' (Blickin' at somethin', blickin' at somethin')

When we hit him it's tough
How many spit from the glizzy? Enough
I don't show 'em no pity, just fill 'em with slugs (Pop)

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