Traffic

Scorey

I was just toting them 40s with Zulu in Traffic
I let em shoot if it's static
He tried to play on my name, I don't know what to say
But I think they lowkey say I clapped him
I'ma go slidin' with Zu do a drill with the K
And then go pick up Dimma from practice
I gotta pray that my niggas stay safe every day
Even though they never be lacking

Look
Aye, see I just be smoking to try to relax
He keep on saying my name all inside of them apps
That Choppa gone beat up his back
Rico concerned him with [?] cause of the way that he beating the pack
She got on her knees and I thought she ran with the boys
The way that she play with the sack
Parked up our coolers, and drop-tops
I call up Mats he gon spin on the opp block
Bitches stay on us, they stick like a magnet
'Cause they know we keep the metal like a chop shop
No, I ain't talking no Raviolis when I open up the can turn your mans to las agna
Dude-he got choppas singing like opera
Pop-out the bushes with it like, "I gotchu"
You never had a lock-in every day that the action
Stuck in the hood where it's cracking

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Whoever said I was acting?
Go and listen to that bitch if you want
Looking for guys to pull up to the front
I'm prolly posted up, our coolers with [?]
Let that nigga front his move, he won't
I'm that nigga that's gon shoot with the pump
I'm that nigga making moves with a skunk
I'm the nigga them producers ain't want
But watch who you trust
Go get the drop windows tinted
You probably maneuvered a duck
Fuck all the shots and the rumors
We swappin' out shooters so much they be losing their guns
And dude, he got popped, and I really ain't want him to do it
I told him to shoot if want
Cock it and blew it, my nigga, my block game foolish
You knew that this ain't want you want
Bitch I'm the one
And I'm with some niggas that been with my niggas, since niggas was young
Play it, get hung
If I make a call then my shooter on top of the roof with a gun
And I ain't for nothin', these niggas just say they 'gon bring it
I promise that shit'll get bumped

Niggas get snatched for a shooting
They say they ain't singing, but still, they get home in a month

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