

7evside K

Sdot Go

She's a killer queen
Graah, graah graah
Gunpowder, gelatine
Niggas acting like niggas won't come to the Bronx, nigga, word to bro
Sweepers sweep nigga, better watch out nigga
Keep playing with me
Nazzy, care 'bout his brothers (Smokin' who?)
Sweepers, ain't nothing-

Smokin' Nazzy don't care 'bout his brothers
Sweepers, ain't nothing above us
Ask about when I ran into Thunder
He couldn't sleep, we threw piss on his covers
Teamed up with the Yagis, they duckers
I said it's up, I don't think that I stuttered
Watch out, like I'm 'bout to up
We trying to see who be fucking with Dougie

Scored bad so they teamed with each other
Nazzy, Rippy, Diddy, Budda
Kay Flock, nigga ran when we upped (Like like)
Free all the guys that was buggin'
Matt, Kt, Gutta, we Tryna put a Sev under

Kazmiyagi was duckin' for cover
I had a beam Nigga asked him the color, like
C-Hii, Rippy, Blay
Dougie B how you say bro name?
For G Poppa, I'll let it flame
DOAK, I'ma spin thru the Rey, like
Now since them niggas wanna play
Word to bro niggas flicked on Kay, like
Go get back for your gang
Bobby dead, that nigga pain (Bobby!)

I put beams on the-, don't run
Nazzy, JB, C-Hii, blunts
I know brodie leave a Nigga slumped, like
Where do these new niggas come from
Like Sevside this, Kaz, stop sucking Sevside dick
Niggas from Harlem talking bout a 'rip, like
Nigga go play that strip
They like "Jay Hound where you at?"
When that sun go down I'ma black
And he ain't going nowhere, I'm too tact, like
We was just on Money Ave
Had a Sevside bitch in the spot shaking ass, like
Brodie completed his task
If I see a DOA flock I'ma blast, like (graah, graah-graah)

Niggas think I won't come to the Bronx, hop on the train if I can't get a car
Put a beam on if he too far
I'm tryna turn that Nigga to a star
I'm on bad time, so don't start
On the Sev trying to throw on they park
They lost Blay, that shit hurt they heart

He tried to run, took a trip to the dark

Smokin' Nazzzy don't care 'bout his brothers
Sweepers, ain't nothing above us
Ask about when I ran into Thunder
He couldn't sleep, we threw piss on his covers
Teamed up with the Yagis, they duckers
I said it's up, I don't think that I stuttered
Watch out, like I'm 'bout to up
We trying to see who be fucking with Dougie

Graah graah boom, nigga
Come here, come here
Like, smoking Nazzzy don't care bout his brothers
Sweepers, ain't nothing above us
Ask about when I ran into Thunder
Pussy