

Focus Up

Sdot Go

G-g-get to the money
Ayo Double, you killed that on foe nem grave (Graah)
Graah-graah, boom (Like)
-Lit when the sweeps pullin' up
Yo 'dot, focus up

Yo 'dot focus up
It get lit when the sweeps pullin' up
.40 put him to sleep, Nyquil in the gun
Nazzy start 'ootin' like Book' on the Suns
Beam on the G, ain't nowhere you gon' run
If he loaf on that block, baby sweep throw a ton
And I got aim, no, it ain't about luck
We got the city, let's keep it a buck, like

Lil' Neaky was stuck
How the fuck Neaky ain't in my blunt?
Shot after shot on that block, that was us
Lil' bro sturdy, he start movin' clutch
On the shh-on the shh-, no, we ain't get enough
On that block, I was movin' too-
We was swervin' through 8th, bro was throwin' like Russ'
And I went kuu on that block when I spun
Big G2 wrappin' him up
Lil' Del, we was slappin' him up
I bet, I throw out the back of the-, like
I bet, I throw out the back of the truck
Boutta-boutta flick, but the D's in the cut
I broke my heart with a whole lot of love
Get off that block, I was lining it up
If I catch a hit, then, I go on a run
Bullets flyin', they kickin' like Lee
Lil' bro tryna' hop out the-
Lil' bro insane, tryna' hop out the V
And we on [?] spinnin' in a Jeep
Baby, go on a drill, he a tweak
And [?] whoever in the P's
'Ooters is flickin' anything they see
Sweepers is sweepin' tryna catch the-

Me and bro 2 deep, we was walkin' outside
Let me tell a story on how it went
That's TMB, who I see, I'm 'bout to throw before he get to dip
Like, hold on, I can't breathe, like
I think he faster than Rick
Bro in my ear, like, why this shit won't click?
He got low on his mans, why the fuck he ain't trip?
Like-like, I'm tryna' catch him
The way I'm shootin' my G, it's impressive
He think I won't boom, he playin' wit' my bop, like
I'm not the one to be testing
After I throw, he gon' go with the reverend (Word to bro)
Bendin' through 5th 'fore I end up on 2nd
I'm 'bout to flock if this nigga don't tell me to chill, like
Let me fix my gesture
Lem-lemme get it together
Doub-double hand when I flick make it better

Came 'round chop, I'ma blow on my sweater
He try to reach, that's the day I won't let him
If I'm throwin' shots just call me the QB
'Cause I bet that I'll catch this shit like Odell Beckham
Like-like, I'm the aggressor
Rollie came with his G, throwin' pressure
I keep on flickin', no I cannot let up
She tried to line me, won't fall for the—, like
I won't fall for the setup
Like, in the spot, I made them get they bread up

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