

2 For 1

Sett

(DrvmLord)

Two for one, nigga, fuck 'em too
Two for one for this shit

Two for one, look at you, not fun (From Vegas)
My 7.62 come with ghost gun (Ghost Glock)
Got bread on that head, whack him, that's a stunt (No cap)
Blitz shit in the dark and in the sun (Dark and the sun)
You niggas my baby boys, they my sons (My baby boys)
Big Settoff talk, then you niggas chin up (Chin up)
Boy, shut the fuck up, what you talk up for?
It's a whole lot of shit I heard you done fucked up (Fucked up)
I'm back to the bread, ain't nothin' like a rapper, I'm a trapper
I just feel for this love
I see too much, here come SlimeCrook
My 5.56 shoot out green tip (Green tip)
My bad bitch still pokin' her lips
Muggin' and shit, I ain't worry all that shit
Munch, shit-eater, I'm labelin' that bitch
She could be a dime, I'd get ten more bitches (Ho)

I'm turnt up, brought cash in the trenches (Cash)
I'm the one gave nigga hope in the city (City)
I bump down in a nigga hood, let's get it (South Vegas)
These niggas ain't checkin' my gang or my nigga (4K)
Bury these niggas with all these switches (Switches)
I'm gettin' money, man, these niggas be bitchin'
Bad bitch with ass and titties
Four Glockes, nigga, and they all four fifties
Long as I rap, forever we rich
Trap and scam, my lil' nigga lit (Off trap and scam)
Rap for it, I just swiped for the fit
Just find the extra, I just switched out my clarity
She ready eat dick, she heard that I do music
Her whole team, I don't know what I'm choosin'
It's four of 'em, I don't know which one I'm doin' (Yeah)
This Perc' and the Addy, I'm up, I'm screwin' (Off the Addy and Perc')

Two for one, look at you, not fun
My 7.62 come with ghost gun
Got bread on that head, whack him, that's a stunt (Yeah)
Blitz shit in the dark and in the sun (Sun, all the time)
You niggas my baby boys, they my sons
Big Settoff talk, then you niggas chin up
Boy, shut the fuck up, what you talk up for?
It's a whole lot of shit I heard you done fucked up (Fuck the nigga)
I'm back to the bread, ain't nothin' like a rapper, I'm a trapper (Yeah)
I just feel for this love (Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?)
I see too much, here come SlimeCrook
My 5.56 shoot out green tip (Smash)
My bad bitch still pokin' her lips
Muggin' and shit, I ain't worry all that shit
Munch, shit-eater, I'm labelin' that bitch
She could be a dime, I'd get ten more bitches (Man, fuck these hoes)

Three niggas got they guns to the ground (Okay)
My niggas, they clutchin', ready shoot the round

Heard they deep, washed the block from out of town (Fuck them)
Headtap, we gon' do all 'em out
Members on point, that's they alarm (Yeah)
Thumbs up, we know this good (It's good)
Thumbs down, we know this dumb
Finish him, get rid of him, uh
Double cup turn to juice my lungs
Fed boy, can't forget my run
Pull the move on a nigga, front lil' more of 'em
On God, for a whole card
Track somethin' broad day, ten-minute spark (Bah-bah)
Keypad, crack 'em down with the key fob (Brrt, brrt)
Got petty balls, they know we still went large
Now I'm gettin' paid off my rap and my bar

Two for one, look at you, not fun
My 7.62 come with ghost gun
Got bread on that head, whack him, that's a stunt (My life)
Blitz shit in the dark and in the sun (Dark)
You niggas my baby boys, they my sons
Big Settoff talk, then you niggas chin up (Sett)
Boy, shut the fuck up, what you talk up for? (Yeah)
It's a whole lot of shit I heard you done fucked up (Fuck the nigga)
I'm back to the bread, ain't nothin' like a rapper, I'm a trapper
I just feel for this love
I see too much, here come SlimeCrook (Here I come)
My 5.56 shoot out green tip
My bad bitch still pokin' her lips
Muggin' and shit, I ain't worry all that shit
Munch, shit-eater, I'm labelin' that bitch
She could be a dime, I'd get ten more bitches (Ten more hoes)

On God, fuck this shit
Fuck these bitches, young and turnt shit
We gettin' bacon, man, murder and love, the mafia
Nothin' else, two for one
Yeah, this shit one of one though
Only way we doin' this shit, gotta be street