

# Cottonwood To South Vegas

Sett

(Ayy, Draco, how you do that?)

Uh, know what it is

You already know what it is, nigga, Big Fuck The Opps Crazy  
Cottonwood to Tate

Yeah, nigga, Vegas to Cottonwood

Vegas (Co-murder, nigga)

Ayy, ayy (Whatever it's called now, bruh)

Nah, we ain't duckin' the switch, I ain't runnin' from shit, when it beat, m  
an, you know how that go (Know how that go)

Uh, yeah, he got off a few times, caught him lackin', he can't do it no more  
(Can't do it no more)

Naw, beefin' with me 'bout the ho? Man, the whole gang was in her throat (In  
her throat)

Yeah, OJ da Juiceman, coupe mayo, I move like the Pope

Ooh, splatt, stunt on your ass

Nigga, I'ma kill him regardless (Regardless)

In the Yami with switches and boppas (Switches and boppas)

Young nigga timing, stolen V8 Charger

On murder with killers, go body for body

Shake shit down, should've went to county for a robbery

I ain't chase him, the bullets gon' catch him (Catch him)

Seven-two or a Five-seveN'll stretch him (Stretch him)

V12 engine, got caught in the striker (Caught in the striker)

Got caught in the jam, gun, knife him (Knife him)

From the back, shot him, piped him

Fuck all the opps, we one-night 'em (We one-night 'em)

Bitch, don't feel too entitled

After I hit ya, the gang'll strike ya (Gang gon' hit her)

Yeah, bitch, no, I can't wife you (Gotta quit her)

Shit-eater, know she triflin' (She triflin')

Two deep, me and Sett finna bend the curb (Brrt)

Fuck who? Make them niggas eat they words (Brrt)

G Herbo Glock, make a nigga swerve (Brrt)

Bro, stand down, 'cause I'm on the verge (On the verge)

Ayy, runnin' this shit like the president

Shell catcher catch the evidence

Bullets catch him, wet him, baptize him, we be blessin' shit (Mhm)

If he caught a body, we'll bless him in (Amen)

We don't do put-downs

Homie, go catch you a hat and bring it to big homie, that's me (Big homie)

Nigga, we handin' out hearses in the 3 (A hearse)

HDG, put niggas on tees (Hawk Down Gang)

Bang shit, nigga, Chief Keef

Lock him in the trunk, throw away the key (Throw the key away)

Hush him and wrap him, make sure he don't breathe (Hush him)

Ain't no takin' no pictures, ain't no RICO-ing me (Takin' no picture of me)

Uh, out in public, I'm speakin' (Speak)

Try me and ask a question, I'll tweak (I'ma tweak out)

Uh, NLE

Murder and love, Cottonwood to the 3 (Murder and love, nigga)

Dumb-ass ho asked how I'm at South Vegas if I'm from Memphis, Tennessee  
Thirty deep in the 3, slidin' on shit from Cottonwood to Tate Street

Do it for Saint, yeah, Paul Walk-in' shit down on the backstreet  
Better make it to surgery, chopper look like some nurse shit (Like a nurse or somethin')  
Bullets get to flirtin', touch you up, it's perverted (Like a pervert or somethin')  
Bag him like a Birkin, toe tag him like we purchase (Like we bought bruh)

Yeah, nigga, you know we put shit on Taz  
We ain't callin' the apple, though, on nothin', nigga  
On murder and love, nigga, headtap, te amo  
Nigga, you was the man  
No plans, nigga  
We on murder  
NLE, Top Shotta  
Got the bombs like Al-Qaeda  
These niggas traumatized, bruh  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh