

Duck No Smoke

Sett

Yeah, mmm, you know how we comin'
Free FTO, yeah
(Red, that ho so fuckin' bumpin', bro)
Yeah, I'm still thumpin' and stealin'

I brought a hundred out to the 'ject
I put a silencer up on the TEC (Pew, pew, pew)
My nigga shootin' shit without a net (Yeah)
I'm standin' frontline without a vest
After I touched, nigga, I put the test
My nigga crankin' up a TRX
We hit the gas, nigga got a kit (Kit full)
Some nigga was masked, I got him blitzed, fully
Bump on your block, my nigga make a mess
Fuck a nigga gang, this shit come from Sett (Fuck your gang)
Linkin' with niggas don't make you a threat (Make you no threat)
This fully chopper smack, make shit spread
This .308 knock a chunk out his head (Noodles)
We beefin' with niggas, they already dead (Dead-ass niggas)
We creepin' from Raleigh to Frayser (Yeah), we smokin' on Bezzal (I know 'bo
ut Bezzal), you still be lookin' for Ced (Yeah)

Come down Tate, nigga, do what you said (Do what you said)
No rap, no fakin', lil' cuh real scared (Cap-ass nigga)
Back-to-back spinnin', got bread on they head (Spin on them)
Back smackin' on shit for speakin' on my deads (Speakin' on my niggas)
You catch him, smack him, nothin' else said
C4s are better, Draco or ten milli'
Every time somethin' happen, my gang get mentioned (Get a mention)
Niggas workin' ATF up in the trenches (Trenches-ass nigga)
I'm chuckin' the trey, but the four we bendin' (I don't bend the three)
Out of bounds, nigga, we catch him, we blitz him (Dump 'em off)
Back door, when we runnin', we lookin' for Ricky (No Ricky)
Stop all that cappin', you ain't doin' no spinnin' (4K)
Who you smackin' there? Niggas ain't hittin' (Ain't hit nobody)
I signed for an M in the trenches (Gucci Mane)
I put a bag on your bitches (Blew that shit)
I'd rather do it myself, though (It's Crook)

I brought a hundred out to the 'ject
I put a silencer up on the TEC (Pew, pew, pew)
My nigga shootin' shit without a net (Yeah)
I'm standin' frontline without a vest
After I touched, nigga, I put the test
My nigga crankin' up a TRX
We hit the gas, nigga got a kit (Kit full)
Some nigga was masked, I got him blitzed, fully
Bump on your block, my nigga make a mess
Fuck a nigga gang, this shit come from Sett (Fuck your gang)
Linkin' with niggas don't make you a threat (Make you no threat)
This fully chopper smack, make shit spread
This .308 knock a chunk out his head (Noodles)
We beefin' with niggas, they already dead (Dead-ass niggas)
We creepin' from Raleigh to Frayser (Yeah), we smokin' on Bezzal (I know 'bo
ut Bezzal), you still be lookin' for Ced (Yeah)

Four to the chest, two to the head

It's a limit of shots the switch that I'm hittin' (Frirt)
Keep on duckin', don't wanna get close (Get caught)
The way you see four hit the club, Drac' troll (Drac' caught him)
Hawk Down Gang run them down in white lows (White lows)
I need somethin' dead 'fore I go to a show (Go to my show)
You know you ain't shoot up my show (Shoot up my shit)
The whole Dixie and Tate know you a ho (Fuck DracBaby)
Ayy, 12 got shit off the shoulder
.458 make your car do a note (Do a note)
Keep gettin' up close, seen shit explode
The bullets high, they ain't low
I got a member, bullets up the score (The score)
I'm Mr. FTO (Fuck The Opps Crazy)
Smack 'em, smack 'em, smack 'em again (Smack 'em, smack 'em)
Fuck the opps, smack 'em again

I brought a hundred out to the 'ject
I put a silencer up on the TEC (Pew, pew, pew)
My nigga shootin' shit without a net (Yeah)
I'm standin' frontline without a vest
After I touched, nigga, I put the test
My nigga crankin' up a TRX
We hit the gas, nigga got a kit (Kit full)
Some nigga was masked, I got him blitzed, fully
Bump on your block, my nigga make a mess
Fuck a nigga gang, this shit come from Sett (Fuck your gang)
Linkin' with niggas don't make you a threat (Make you no threat)
This fully chopper smack, make shit spread
This .308 knock a chunk out his head (Noodles)
We beefin' with niggas, they already dead (Dead-ass niggas)
We creepin' from Raleigh to Frayser (Yeah), we smokin' on Bezzal (I know 'bo
ut Bezzal), you still be lookin' for Ced (Yeah)

Come down Tate, nigga, do what you said
No rap, no fakin', lil' cuh real scared
Come down Tate, nigga, do what you said
Back smackin' on shit for speakin' on my deads
Come down Tate, nigga, do what you said
You know you ain't shoot up my show
The whole Dixie and Tate know you a ho
Come down Tate, nigga, do what you said