

(Ayy, Draco, how you do that?)
Mmm-hmm, they know why we come, man
They know that shit be in the street (Ayy, Mj, what you in here doin', bruh?)
)
Fuck

FTO, I'm standin' on business (Standin' on business)
Ty roll right now, bump head and collapse (Collapse, nigga)
Double one, I ain't dodge no wreck
When time get bigger, go hop in that ride (Hop in a Sprinter)
You spin, we spin (Get 'em), nigga, let's go body for body, eye for an eye
Backed up, my niggas quick and they anxious (Anxious)
Give me respect, come on, murder pay time (Nigga, pay)
Hell nah, nigga, he ain't gettin' no pass (Gettin' no pass)
Headtap two times, get him clapped right now (Clapped in the head)
Hit the backstreet with fullies (Fullies)
HDG on that car right now (Hawk Down Gang)
Mmm, gave 'em three hundred (Three hundred)
They known to wrap when nobody around (DOA)
They droppin' that hundred (Drop that bread)
I'm bringin' him back, nigga, they do a lot
Go down what? (Go down Tate?)
Spin on who? Ain't nobody die (On murder, nobody)
He runnin' with Crook, certified member, I know he'll fire (Think about check mark)
Got fifty for a week, I'll drop my lo', I'm on murder right now
Nigga, rest in piss (Fuck you, nigga), EK nigga, all opps gotta die (EK)
Russian Drac', bomb landin' now (Bump down)
Seven-two ripplin' through his spine
.308 flippin' shit, close range (Trail him)
Go out of pocket, put her in line (Put her in check)
I can't knock her, shit-eater timin' (I don't want her)
King Crook, murder and diamonds (King backdoor)
Off the block, extortion and slimin' (Off the block)
She gave the drop, perfect timin' (Perfect)
All out the bushes, closin' his body (All in the bushes)
Let 'em do it, this right here mine (Come here, man)
Stand over him, wanna see his mind
No, he ain't on that, quit lyin' (Quit rappin')
FOX body, now he think he a giant
Good rappin', I can't go for the rhymes (Rappn')
What the fuck, nigga?
Think you tough, nigga?
Pumpin' you nuts, nigga (Pumpin' them all)
Know where I come get you touched
Bendin' they block in a Tonka truck, nigga
Three hundred shots and the clip bust (Bust, nigga)
I'm in the mix gettin' shit slushed (Get 'em crooked)
Still active, sprinter, I ain't rusty (No)
They ain't on shit, nigga, I got 'em musty (Bossed up, man)

You pushed this, nigga
But I'm a shooter, bitch, I'm a shooter
I'll blow your back out, you don't know it
Fuck it, I ain't save niggas
God ain't gon' save shit