

## 41 Ways

Sha EK

(Droski)

Baow

(Young Madz)

OGz the fuck up

(Chee on the beat)

Everything dead, gotta stand on that shit

Gang, gang, gang

Grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah, grrah

Nobody ever wrote shit for me, nigga, you dumb? All of this shit off the top

If I never was rappin' or tryna make music, then bitch, I'd be stuck on my block

That lil' nigga should've stayed in college, he gon' get put in a box

'Cause it's forty-one ways to get killed, forty-one ways to get shot

They know we comin' in with the Scott

And we can get in with the chop

See a soul if I see me an opp

See the Gz, so we gotta drill on the dot

Free the Os in the field, they be wildin', on bro, niggas got it on lock

My opps reactin' to videos now, y'all niggas just gotta stop  
I know the real, I knew them niggas who's whack, they was just livin' on Flock

We made them niggas pay us for a feature

I was on court and y'all was on the bleachers

And I taught half y'all niggas how to rap, I was movin' like a teacher

And they sayin' that she not that gang no more, niggas still go n' bleach her

They got me mad, I gotta talk, we ain't have V's, we had to walk

Now I be gettin' money from my label, get drip, I don't care what it costs

And I know that I'm winnin' this shit, but I prepared for a loss

When it really come down to this street life, bitch niggas know that I'm ready to toss, grrah

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