

COE CYPHER

Sha EK

(Major, that's you?)

(Alpha)

(This wicked, Edott)

Grrah

I'ma push up, I'ma creep
I done took some niggas off they feet
Fuck it, I'm tryna catch me a Sweep
Jay5ive, don't get hit with this heat
G-Pop, that nigga dead in my blunt
I was on Douglass totin' my gun
I used to bend niggas' blocks just for fun
When that shit boom, it gon' sound like a drum

Outside with the-, niggas know how we get (Niggas know how we-)
Always on go, we don't fuck with impostors (We don't fuck with impostors)
Jay5 send an opp to the doctor (Send an opp to the doctor)
All black on, dreaded up like a Rasta (Grrah, grrah)
Like, these niggas ain't makin' no dollars (They ain't makin' no-)
Flock, we walk him up, send, do him proper (Proper)
Dissin' in raps but don't post on they block
Like, these niggas can't fuck with our roster (Like)
Pop out, let it spark on the opps (Let it spark on the-)
Brodie be geekin', he told me to pass off (He told me-)
Free the bros in the spot on they bully
Step in the spot, we done bet you won't last long (Bet you won't last long)
Let it flock and I ain't have my mask on (I ain't have my-)
Grrah, done flipped all the opps with a cast on (With a cast on)
Been on that shit since a jit, we was buggin' (Like)
Came to they block, they was runnin' for mad long (They was runnin' for mad long)
Like, he throw up a Y, we gon' drop it
Grrah, this.43 came with a moppin'
Opp bitch, she in the spot tryna top it (Opp thot)
Creepin' up, we knock a G out his socket (Out his socket)
Any 150 you see you gon' what? (What?)
Like, we pop out and see you, we gon' pack you (Grrah, grrah)
Yommy, heard you got hit with your gat too (Like, what?)
Niggas see us and freeze up like a statue

Free Thirty, free PJ, AP, those my Locs
It's C and an E next to my O (Grrah)
These niggas pretend, they just follow
Jumped off the porch, I was boomin' them hollows (Baow, baow, baow, baow)
Hold on, oh, I think I see Roscoe (Like, Roscoe)
Watch how we start lettin' shots go
161, but we ain't tryna box, though, like (Grrah, grrah)
They know we still let it flock, though (Gang, gang, gang)
Baow, baow, we jump shells in they 'jects, like
Somebody tell me who next
Yommy got shot, Dummy got left
Lee mentionin' X (Ah), niggas took Baby Jet (Baby Jet)
Grrah, grrah, it ain't no worry (It ain't no worry)
L'zzz here, we got like thirty
D's on our dick, tryna shoot it like Curry (Tryna shoot it like-)
Never got caught on a drill 'cause I'm sturdy (Grrah, grrah, boom)

We tryna creep up, I'm not boxin' (Don't lack)
You could get shot in your shit tryna politic (Grrah, grrah)
Free all my grim niggas takin' lottery (Lottery)
Spot us a rapper, he gon' catch a hollow tip
TG and Thunder got beat and they hoppin' it
Don't run, it's no remorse for the opposites
Like, don't run, 'ooters clickin', ain't no stoppin' it
Like, no, I don't dance, but I'm still Notti Boppin' it (Notti)
Like, he better watch who he speakin' too
Better not throw a Y when we creepin' through (Grrah, grrah, boom)
Bro tryna pop out like peekaboo
They know L'zzz gon' hop and the V and do (L'zzz here)
Like, I'ma push up, I'ma geek
Like, Wiki gon' slide with that G (Gon' slide with that G)
Like, just don't lack when you crossin' that street
Scream, "Legshot," Dotty got put right to sleep (Legshot)

Hollows bumpin' and shit, spit him up like the vision (Like the vision)
All them shots to his car, that shit caused a collision (Caused a collision)
All the opps on my dick, I'm the one who they mention (Who they mention)
I been tuckin' my hands 'cause my finger been itchin' (Rah Rah)
Got hit with that shit, he was glitchin' (Grrah, grrah)
Got hit with that shit, he was bitchin'
I got them all duckin' tops when we bendar' (When we bendar')
I keep my G by the guap when I'm spendin' (When I'm spendin')
If he do it, I'ma bringin' him gifts like I'm Santa (Like I'm Santa)
White girl right in the club, call her Anna (Anna)
I got that wocky, mix it with the Fanta (Fanta)
Bro let it blow on the niggas like the Phantom (Like)
Tryna get up and run, we shoot him when he stand up
This ain't hopscotch, niggas hoppin' when that TAN up
Blam him, niggas turnin' into dancers (It ain't)
(And they duckin' the smoke 'cause they don't want no cancer)
That's a prize, they never knowin' what's next
Sdot, he gon' get hit for the set
Leg shot, I always aim for the chest (Aim for the chest)
Like the last opp, that nigga brains made a mess (Made a mess)
Opp thot lookin', I will not be the last one (Last one)
Fuck that, hop in the car, that's the fast one (Fast one)
Let him reach out for a hug, I'ma blast him
Like, if he don't got the guns, I'ma crash him

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