

Coe Pt. 2

Sha EK

Just do that and then let the music do somethin', and then do that again, th
at'd be enough for a record
I mean, you only want two and a half minutes if you can get it, you know, th
ree minutes max-
Down the chimney, he will come
With his great big smile
And you'll find that even the kiddies
Are swingin' in the latest style (Yo, IV, doin' magic)
C.O.E shit, nigga
OGz the fuck up

Grrah
We used to be cool, now it's up
OYz I see gotta duck
We almost put lil' shh in a trunk (Come here)
They kept on talkin' on all of my deads
So, I put Notti in a blunt (Notti)
They kept on actin' like they was one the puttin' on
Free bro, Mat S** in a runtz (Dirt bike gang)

Them niggas not no threat
What they said really got me upset
Roscoe, how you got stabbed in the Bronx, pussy?
And you still ain't do nothin' yet (Go get back)
I'm about to get disrespectful
Fuck Benji, he died in his jects (Benji)
Since he dead
Tell his pops that he gotta duck 'cause that old nigga next, grrah

They talkin' on bro? Okay, one gotta go (Gotta go)
Walk up on the Hill, let it go (Like)
Not on the block? Get the drop on they show (Get the drop on they)
Notti, Glo, where they go? (Where they go?)
We breakin' they broom if they sweepin' (Grrah)
Drivin' slow up that block, we can't wait to see 'em (Can't wait to see 'em)
G Pop died, I be steamin' (I be steamin')
G-Lock on me, get to squeezin', like (Get to squeezin', like)
And this shit got a beam, ain't no runnin' (No runni-)
Hop out, dumpin', opps get to stumblin' (Stumblin')
They know what we did to the- (Did to the opps)
What we did to the opps, ain't no bluffin' (Ain't no bluffin')
New opp, he gon' fall on his muffin (Like)
Notti died, nigga thought he was buggin' (Thought he was buggin')
Ran on Lotti but still make a song, nigga bluffin' (He bluffin')
Drop a L in our spot, we gon' dust 'em (Gon' dust 'em)

Like, we on that block (We on that block)
I just got the drop (I just got the-)
Both ways, we tryna let it flock (Tryna let it)
Like, okay, they talkin' on the guys (They talkin' on the)
Die Blamma, die Blamma (Like)
We smokin' Chico, he dead in the sky (Grrah-grrah)
And Jay Benji, he tried to slime someone out
That's why that nigga got shot (Like)
Get the wheels, we out to Harlem, let's go to the Hill (Go) Douglass to Nick
(Bow-bow)
Lz shit, we was steppin' on Blitz (Bow-bow)

Shells drop when we caught lil' (Bow-bow-bow)
Paulie was runnin' that day on the third
I think we chased him right back to the six (Grrah-grrah)
Wait, what? Oh, that's his bitch?
Niggas went live and threw milk on that bitch (And threw milk on that bitch,
like)

Lz, shells, we gon' slide with a stick
Notti got poked, DD got lit (Notti)
Roscoe, poked, they took his kicks
Can't forget Aj, nigga, took his grip (Go get back)
Can't forget Lotti, you know that shit punchin'
Nobody up, like, why they runnin'?
Everything shot if he yell out, "What's Gunnin'?"
It get mixy and shit, I gotta bring the gun in (Grrah-grrah)
B-B-Bitch try to run, I'ma Goon (Like), like
No, he can't run when I boom
Yus Gz, get back, you ain't do nothin' for Woo
You got shot, and they ain't do nothin' for you (Get back)
AB Da Jett gettin' crashed, foo
Bro put the beam on his back, shoo
Blitz Gz got beat with his dad, too
Fuck Wasca, he did a flip on the news (Wasca, the fuck up)

Grrah
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