

Grahh, grahh-boom
Ayo Stacks, what's the fuckin' word bro like (Yozora)
Niggas know what's goin' on
We ain't fuckin' around
Glahh-glahh
What? Ga-
Grahh, grahh grahh-boom (Bow)
What, gang gang (What? Bow bow bow)
Glahh, what, glahh, glahh (Gang, gang, gang nigga)

When them niggas talkin', I swear they just chattin', cause them niggas never gon' shoot that
Put the chop to his chest make him move back
If we spinnin', we totin' like 2 straps
Look, Edot Baby, I drive them crazy, if you know me then you know that
He got put in past tense like a throw back
In the party you know we control that, like
Fuck all the oppas, forever the shotta
If he move wock, I'ma toss that
He got shot in his , caught a hunchback
Now he rappin' and makin' them diss tracks, uh
But I'ma keep stackin' and pass it to Stacks 'cause I know brodie gon' floss that
Get the drop on an opp and just off that
Glahh, glahh glahh boom (Glahh, gang gang, ga-)

Spin his block, then he hop out the whip
Dotty the 'rip and you know he stay totin' the grip
O's to the nine in this bitch
Call up my 'ooters, don't matter who started this shit
Drilly Gz to my dick
Tdot, you a bitch, you ain't on shit
Turn yo' ass to a spliff
Have him bunny hoppin' out the whip, then I'm back to the strip
Some niggas be talkin', some niggas be actin'
Niggas be pussy, put him in a casket
Check the score, and send us a
On the news, yeah they said somethin' tragic

Soon as I up that, bet they run
Jackin' he drilly, get put in a trunk
Stacks a demon, he ready to dump
Up it on , yeah he do it for fun, like
Fuck all them opps, them niggas they be on my dick
Shout out to Timmy, he restin' in piss
O to the nine, bitch you know we tote sticks like
You touch one of mines, you know I'ma spin
Stupid lil' dummy got turned to a spliff
Niggas be talkin', but never gon' spin
Shout out my apes, and I fuck with some 'rips

Glahh, O block, O block
Glahh, O block, O block
Glahh, O block, O block
Glahh, glahh-glahh boom (Lotti)
Like, O block, O block (O block, O block)

Fuck that let's spin, like
Woo died, who next
on beans, and this shit gotta kick
And I fuck wit' my 'rips
O to the nine when I walk thru' your strip
Like, can't go out like Nick
Edot my brother, for him take that risk
Like, told brodie don't miss
Fuck it, just give me the grip
You fuck with them niggas, you know that it's lit
Look, and I'm gon'
Flock at his V and I flock at his friend
I don't fuck with no Gz, I catch DThang and you know that it's lit
Free Quan, and he totin' on grips
You fuck with them niggas, you know we gon' spin
And you know we gon' spin look, just give me the grip
Fuck it, I'ma just empty the clip
Tmac, and you better run quick
And I fuck with my 'rips
That was your bitch, and she gave me spits
Look, now she runnin' like rick

Grahh, grahh-boom
Grahh, grahh
Grahh, grahh-
boom (Like suck my fuckin' dick nigga, SugarHill get the fuckin' money)
Smokin' Lotti (O to the nine, man)
Grahh, grahh-grahh-boom
(Yozora)