

We spinnin' blocks with the chops out
We saw our opps, so we hopped out
I fell in love with the chop sound
Shit go, grtt-grtt
Oh, they jacking the rips
They better not lack on that strip
Two V's, ten locs and shooters
Eight chops, four Glocks, four luggas
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They all on my feed, better watch where you step
Don't look one, cause they breaking your neck
is faster, so we ride with a tech
I live and I die by respect
But I'ma say less, Jamore got hit in his neck
Slide through the Haven and catch free Reck
Free Saint, he did anything for the set
Oh we dropping the fly, that's not for BDiddy
EK with me, and that nigga get jiggy
You do with me, and that nigga get busy
Back at the sitch, I bet he ran Ricky, hah!
I bet he run, he ain't live die by the gun (Bow, bow!)
I bet he run, if he bunny hopping he get, boom!

Go pick up the man like a bad habit
In this film, you gotta move tactic
Niggas be broke and hating
I raise hell like Satan
Ever seen two Benz that's racing, shit is beautiful
The opps, they pitiful
On a .9, I keep a few
If we in a party, and they in a party
Chops go, ra-ta-ta
Cuz, I can't lie, I can't lose my guys
He died from a chest shot, we hit him up watch his bed rock
We getting a cup, rolling dead opps
Stay with the beam, that's a headshot, like
Who did what, they know who, who did, did what
Call my 'ooter he come out the cut, boy have verse lie
ABG the gang, come play about mine
I don't even know why they got me on hots
Catch another Jack, that's a Jack-in-the-box
Killing one way, from staying zero rocks
Remember losing the whole thing in a pot
Like, we really different
We playing the win, and we still winning
We playing the win like the lottery
All I see is sparks, is hard to see
Cause they taking shots like henneseey
I pop out the cut, like remember me

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They be like Spazzy, be spazzing out
I can't wait till he get out on bail
Free Ace, Free Saint, he the reason we smoking on-
I'm on a whole lotta Crippies
Throw up the five it get mixy
When I'm on a drill it get tragic
If your bitch do a dick, wanna have it
Throw up the G, I'ma turn to a savage
Throw up the Y, you gon' die, by I stab it
Oh yeah, that's the opps so we hopped out
If I don't got the-, he get knocked out
Don't tell me chill, cause I'm smoking on Chill
That lil' boy got left in the field
They call me lacking, but I had to ratchet
I'm tryna aim for the kill

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