

# No Response

Sha EK

Gang, gang, gang  
Bitch, huh?  
Gang, gang, gang (Huh?)  
SugarHill get the fuckin' money

Pop out the cut, then I'm gon' panic (Huh?)  
We gettin' money, but no we not scammin' (Gang, gang, gang)  
That boy was chattin', got hit with a cannon (Gang)  
I'm with the O's, no need for preparin' (Gang, bitch, gang, gang, gang)  
We just gon', pop out  
We all bout' the smoke, bring Glocks out (Huh?, gang, gang, gang, gang)  
Chapo was talkin' but then he got knocked out  
All my [?] feenin' with chops out (Huh?, bitch, gang, gang, gang)  
And she wanna, shake it (Hey)  
Throw her in the oven, then I'm gon' bake it (Bow)  
And she wanna, taste it (Bow)  
Put a yerk in her blunt and she feel amazin' (Bow, bow)  
I'm with the gang, and you with your gang, but when we pop out that shit ain  
't the same (Gang, bitch, gang, gang, gang)  
She throw it back and she make it clap  
And you know that she doin' that shit for the gang (Bow, gang)  
Like, just [?] in the O, we tote them knocka's and no we can't go (Huh?, gan  
g gang gang)  
It's Edot Babyy, my name you know  
Say that shit once and she drive the boat (Huh?, bitch, gang, gang, gang)  
Like, they can't keep up  
Double [?] shots, I'm uppin' the bluff (Bow, bow, gang)  
Niggas be chattin', I keep one tucked (Gang, gang)  
I'ma clap, no poles, then leave shit [?] (Bitch, gang, gang, gang)  
Slow shit down, I'ma speed shit up  
And gang in the spot, and we lit as fuck  
Call up Ta, then we bend blocks (Huh?, huh?)  
Niggas love chattin' but never send shots (Gang, gang, gang)  
But baby get sturdy, and pour some shots  
We in the spot, don't move too hot  
Try to run up, you might get flocked (What?, what?)  
Bitch, facts (Gang, gang, gang)  
Now it's back to the basics (Huh?)  
Let's talk 'bout them facts how you ain't even lay shit (Huh?)  
No, you ain't even spray shit (Gang)  
Only fuckin' with niggas that's uppin' that K bitch (Bitch, gang, gang, gang  
)  
Heard y'all writin' them statements  
But y'all chat on the book like it's us, we don't say shit  
We'll spin every day, bitch (Huh?)  
But y'all put in no pain for us to escalate shit (Bitch, gang, gang, gang)  
Now it's back to the real talk  
Fuck that, tote straps, now it's back to the steel talk  
All my niggas is real dawgs  
If y'all slide to my side, you get hit with that steel, dawg  
Mask on with a pokey  
Do a drill then I gotta get lowkey (Huh?, huh)  
24, no kobe  
I'm sendin' them shots, now he screamin' to police  
You niggas don't play with big guns  
I'm spinnin' ya' block, and sendin' some shots  
My niggas, they bangin' with big drums

And he tried to run and got hit with a mop  
Big .45, [?] knocked off his top  
Come with the straps, get low from the cops  
Now it's a new opp pack, we on hots  
Bitch, gang, gang, gang