

# Outside

Sha EK

Glo made that beat?  
(Uh-Huh) TG Gang, FloxxedOut Gang  
Gang-gang-gang  
Gang-gang  
OY-OG, yeah  
OGz the fuck up (Fell in love with this shi-)  
Gang-gang-gang  
That's a Blamma?  
Uh-Huh  
Don't run, don't run, don't run (Don't run-don't run)

We them niggas that's outside shootin' on camera  
Baby girl, we don't fuck with no Blamma  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers (Free bro-free bro)  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers  
I get jiggy but I'm not a dancer, bitch, and no cap in my rap (Uh-Huh, TG Gang)  
See a opp and you know he get clapped (TG Gang)  
Throw up Gzz, you cannot get a dap (OY-O-)

Smokin' Dummy when I'm gettin' smacked  
Fucked your bitch but her pussy was wack  
Oh you smokin' on who?  
When we see you, we chase you, we heard what you said in your track (Don't run-don't run-don't run-don't run)  
And we spinnin' your shit back to back (Yeah)  
And we spinnin' your shit back to back (Die Rey)  
Like I give a fuck about rappin', I'm into clappin, in my hood it get tact

Let's spin on these niggas (Grrah, Uh-Huh, Grrah)  
We gotta see what's they energy (Yeah)  
Adrenaline rushin', I'm geekin', start bussin', on bro I'ma clear the vicinity  
Know they remember me  
Gun get to singin' the remedy (Grrah)  
I'm slidin' on all my enemies (Grah)  
They stupid, they know it's no end of me  
Flockin' the 4s (Grrah)  
Start clappin', a round of applause (Grrah)  
Shots to his face, leavin' holes in his jaws (Grrah)  
He run up, we knockin' him off  
Puntin' these bullets, its dustin' him off (LA Gang)  
I'm clutchin', I'm dumpin', he fall  
Shots at the deli, he tripped out the store  
Double back just to make sure he off  
Shoot 'em again while he reach on the floor  
I'm ready  
I got my chop for the spin, facts  
If he run up on me while my gun up on me, on bro that nigga won't spin back (FloxxedOut Gang)  
No, GetEmGang, choppa gonna spit when he say that  
We creep by that park to leave 'em apart, this choppa gon' turn 'em to runtzy pack  
We flockin' the most (Boom)  
Too sanctioned, we doin' the most (Boom, boom)  
All on the net, got turned to a post  
Told brodie to, "Back out, and toast"

Clip holdin' 50, no time to be low (Grrah-grrah)  
If he bendin' through Taft, then he bold  
Thought I was bluffin'? I shoot through the coat  
This heater is leavin' him cold  
He tried to flex and I stretched out a hoe (John Glo)

We them niggas that's outside shootin' on camera  
Baby girl, we don't fuck with no Blamma  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers (Bow-bow-bow-bow-bow)  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers  
I get jiggy but I'm not a dancer, bitch, and no cap in my rap  
See a opp, and you know he get clapped (Clapped)  
Throw up Gz, you cannot get a dap (Grah-grah, boom)

Off this perky, that bitch gettin' smacked  
Told me to chill cause I'm on a mission  
See an opp and that boy get to clickin'  
When I talk all these niggas gon' listen  
Brodie be buggin, he flockin' at Blammaz (Grrah)  
He flockin' these bullets on camera (Grrah-grrah)  
Leavin' the function and we got the hammer (Grrah-grrah)  
He run up, then we gonna blam him (Boom-boom-boom)  
We get to slidin' on oppas  
Shooter get sent to the doctor (TG Gang, TG Gang)  
You got your knocks in the street? Better prosper  
Got some demons who'll pick off your roster (FloxkedOut)  
Bro you can't run and you know that we creepin' you (FloxkedOut)  
In the V? Then we shoot up the vehicle  
Hollows is hot, like food they be steamin' you  
Say my deads, the agents gon' Petey you (Blamma-K, Blamma-K)

We them niggas that's outside shootin' on camera (Grrah-grrah)  
Baby girl, we don't fuck with no Blamma (Grrah)  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers (Boom, Boom, Boom-Boom-Boom)  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers  
I get jiggy but I'm not a dancer, bitch (At all), and no cap in my rap (At a  
ll, at all)  
See a opp and you know he get clapped (At all-at all)  
Throw up Gz, you cannot get a dap (Grrah-grrah)

We them niggas that's outside shootin' on camera  
Baby girl, we don't fuck with no Blamma  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers  
Jay Gz locked, he was totin' on hammers  
I get jiggy but I'm not a dancer, bitch, and no cap in my rap  
See a opp and you know he get clapped (Baow-baow-boaw)  
Throw up Gz, you cannot get a dap (Baow-baow)

Dancer bitch, ain't no cap in my rap  
You know he get clapped  
Grah-grah, boom  
Cause' I'm on a mission  
See an opp and that boy get to clickin'  
When I see-