

## Pistons

Sha EK

Look  
Aye, aye, look-look  
(Project X)  
Look  
Aye  
Niggas really be broke, you heard? Like  
Niggas ain't getting no money, you heard?  
Niggas ain't doin' nothing for they family, man  
Niggas ain't gangster  
Niggas be hoes out here  
Aye  
Look-look, aye  
  
Niggas be hoes, be chillin' 'round bitches  
You was not mafia, not tryna kick it  
Shit gon' get dark 'cause lil' brodie don't listen  
I got some shit when you talk gotta listen  
Ek in the hood, so it's Glock with extensions  
Newark hop out, then my niggas get missin'  
.33, in the navy, I'm feelin' like Pippen  
Slime ball, like he play for the Pistons (Grrah, grrah)

I throw a O's up for OGz  
Before all the rappin', it was uppinn' it doley  
Where the whips? Where the stollies  
Backdoor gang, we bookin' niggas Rolllies  
They tried to play with the dead  
Y'all really better have one in the head  
I'm goin' out for me and mine (Ayy)  
Y'all cannot take back what y'all said (Hol' on, look, wait), grrah

Ek hop out with the O's in Jersey  
Bitches on dick 'cause they see that we rap  
I got some hoes in the X  
He got some hoes in Newark that's tryna get clapped  
Get to the bag, I flex  
You ain't my baeboy, can't get you a dap  
Niggas know that we next  
Niggas been rappin', too, but still got left  
Can't fuck on that bitch, shit hot like Cheetos  
Put a bullet in a bike, Deebo  
I hit it once, can't find me, like Nemo  
I signed a deal, so shout out to Steve-O  
Look  
Look-look, aye  
Niggas be buggin' rockin' with lieutenants  
Stay a hunnid', I don't know who did it  
You could die for actin' like you wit' it  
I got homies facin' double digits  
Watch when they touch, nigga, we is livin'  
Strags in the telly, beatin' up the kitten  
I'm tryna stack the cake up to the ceiling  
I'm tryna stack the cake up to the, aye  
I'm tryna stack up the breeshcake  
She wanna link? Lil' bitch, don't be late  
Wanna diss, bae boy? Better be safe  
Might them niggas through on your B-Day

Best believe lil' bro got a day  
Ain't squashin' none that shit, too late  
My baeboy tryna send one to a face  
Might be in Cali, throwin' in a Wraith  
All it take is one phone call for lil' bro life to get took away  
But, I'm bigger than this  
I done came to far to throw it all away  
But best believe I'm totin' on the K  
Like a Adele, this bitch gon' spray  
That ain't my bitch, she just call me Bae  
She can be mine, it's just for the day, aye

Where the opp? Let's play  
I'm not payin' for shit, ima go through that end by myself  
Hollow tips burn when that shit hit your body  
On bro, that shit gon' make you melt  
If it's up, then it's stuck, then say that  
Ya'll was just EMS, now y'all jackin' the Maybach?  
We lost Diddy and Yellow  
Grrah  
So we gotta go spin and get payback  
Them niggas gotta get put in the trunk  
Them niggas gotta get put in the blunt, bitch  
I throw up L and the O  
Everything dead, y'all niggas not one of us  
Why I be arguin' with lil' ass kids that keep gettin' caught on the bus?  
Y'all really be buggin'? Real life, ya'll don't got no money tucked  
Grrah