

We Droppin'

Sha EK

(Chee)

Gang, gang, gang

Grrah, grrah

We droppin' fours 'cause it's FourSevK
Smoke my pops, so I'm smokin' on Blay
Spinnin' Decatur, it feel like a good day
Every time that I'm lookin' for Ray
And McKinley ain't never did nothin'
Like tell me, stop all of the bluffin'
Like nigga, go get you some money
I was drippy, nigga, you was bummy

Grrah

Like, they gon react to this shit
Have ya' bitch shakin' ass to this shit
We got the drop on his stu' and my gang need a chain
So you know we snatchin' his shit
I'm a greedy nigga, I'll slime you
Have my O's standin' right behind you
Fuck a blue check
We get that addy and pull up like, "Who we gon' boom next?"
Catch a rapper, and he shot
Bitch it's like 17 shots in my Glock
I go crazy, for my block, she gon' die like that bitch if she smokin' my pop
s, on gang
All these drugs really got me buggin'
See these niggas, I'ma get to dumpin'
All these drugs really got me buggin'
See these niggas, I'ma get to dumpin'

Why these opp niggas suckin' dick now?
Like, I really beat up your brother
And your mom, she a dyke
So now we gon' beat on your mother
Why these opp niggas suckin' dick now?
Like, I really beat up your brother
And your mom, she a dyke (Grrah, grrah)
So now we gon' beat on your mother

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I was drippy, nigga, you was bummy (Glah, glah, glah)

Nigga, you ain't do shit
I was really outside on your block with a switch
Throw up the O like the WIIC
We really killin' bricks (Glah, glah)
You jackin' the opps, yo' ass get popped (Glah)
We clear up the block and we using a mop
Red on his head, I'm comin' to shop (Shop)
The last thing he heard was, "Fah" (Fah, fah)

Me and Sha finna fuck up the streets (Fuck up the streets)
Shorty be up on point like a beat (Point like a beat)
He got the heat, can't wait 'til we meet (Can't wait 'til we meet)
If I play, he gon' die in a week (Die in a week), ayy
He might die today (Die today)
If I know where he stay then I'm comin' that way (Comin' that way)
I got the drac', like bread, he baked (Like bread, he baked)
Get shot in the face, he dead today (He dead today)
Ayy, like, come get some get back (Get back)
We smoke all the opps at the kickback (Kickback)
First nigga swing, I'm showin' we with that (Grrah, grrah, grrah-grrah)
We sendin' shots, he get popped like a Tic Tac
Rockin' desinger, it's comin' in mismatch
We hit your bro, now come get your lick back
He fucked your ho', now come get your bitch back
Glah-glah boom, you know that we shoot back (Grrah)

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