

Dead Opps

Sha Gz

.40 gon' black out, open his matta, we gon' score up the scene
On the block with the knock out, moving to promised, gon' geek up the beam
This .45th came with a beam, he try to run and he gon' be a [?]
You know how we rockin', we see an opp, we reversin' the V
Gang on the block, late night, back out, he scared like stage-fright
Mans died, I spinnin their block same night
Catch me an opp, yeah, I'm shooting in daylight
Like pass me the perc, 'cause I need 'em
Big knock, gon' smoke him like [?] gang
My niggas keep chop for a reason
My niggas gon' run up and leave 'em
Back up chops for fightin'

And we got hammers, vikings
4 a lot, it sounds like lightning
And we got guns like ISIS
Hollows hit 'em, blick 'em, lifeless
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I got poles, so you cannot harm me
We got guns from the army
The O's lack in that party, stomp 'em, leave his brains on the concrete
30 shots flip em like Hardey
Run 'em up in a Marley
My shooter is going retarded
Spot 'em an opp, Sha Gz aim for his target

Spin his block, them I'm uppin' that knocka
Can't wait til I catch me a Flocka
Fuck the Top 5, I'm a Top 3 Shotta
[?] on court, like he play for the rastas
I be buggin' like "Brodi, what's that?"
Like Jdot and Pdot a rat
Most of my opps do not live what they rap
Fuck a thottie, I'm sendin' her back
She a baba, that lil' bitch a thot (Baba)
If she line me, then she gon' get shot (Dumb bitch)
Oh, she right there? Oh they chill with Kay Flock? Like hold on—
They like "Sha, you be thuggin' and buggin'"
Why they runnin' and bluffin' and duckin' (Don't run, don't run)
Brodi got chop, ain't no need for discussion
That's on gang, you my brother, I'm uppin', bitch

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