

Rules

Sha Gz

Grah

Like, it's that Sha Gz Nigga

Like, y'all Niggas know what's going on like

They took over to see my whole face

Have my dreads and get down like a lace

When I flick on the beam they gon' pick up the pace

Like, don't run he gon get chased

Rule number 1, bitches ain't safe

Clear the whole block out, give me some space

Like, bitch I'mma up that move out the way

I shoulda flocked that I threw a-

Rule number 2, Like whatchu gon' do?

Like, I think I spot me a goon

Like, I'mma just pull up and boom

When I kick down your door we gon loosen them screws

Rule Number 3, don't trust in no smooch

She gon' lie to you that bitch want 2

She act naughty 'cause that bitch want deuce

Tryna line me then you get it too

Like, I make it rain in this bitch

Hit a flock start flaming and shit

Cops on my dick tryna take me and shit

They on my dick cause I'm famous and shit

Like, Nazzy dead, fuck his BM

Why his kid growing up with no father like

Notti, Yellow, Bobby, like

Smoking on deads, that shit hit me harder

Like, Sha EK got shot, Yellow got popped

RB got flocked in the whip

Hole through my jeans when I walk down they strip

Like masked up, dread down, with my blick

Like, I'm tryna hop out and blitz

Shoot through they block 'cause they ducked on my flick

Move out the way, don't run!

Like, I'm tryna click on this bitch

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