

Cops & Robbers

Shy Glizzy

(Ayy, Harto cooked this one up)

Ayy

Ayy

These niggas clique hoppers

I got bitches on my dick, they call me big papa

We be runnin' from helicopters, playin' cops and robbers

I be posted in them projects with them real mobbers

I'm a top shotta, baby

We just dropped five bodies (Ayy)

It's Young Jefe, but they treat me like John Gotti

Dump that beat and swerve off in that widebody

That Glock ain't got no safety, but that's alright

And that's hardbody, ayy

I can't stand these hoes

I spent ten racks on my bitch, now she got cantaloupes

Money only thing solve my problems, gotta sell these loads

My granny just called my phone and said she had a stroke

I almost crashed my Porsche, ayy

I'm on my Saddam shit

I keep an AK on my side, I keep me a bomb, bitch

And you can't get next to her, she be like, "Uh-uh, bitch"

All these niggas do is snitch, but we shoot like John Wick

Let them guns rip, ayy

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Ricky, oh

I mention that every song 'cause, bitch, I bought the store

I ain't even post a pic in half of the shit I wore

Better start invitin' a nigga out to them fashion shows

No, I'm crashin' those

Solitaire my ears

I asked my bitch what she said, she said, "This our year"

Ain't gotta tell my niggas to shoot, they just gon' voluteer

And they ain't even got no picks, they gon' spray over there

I'm talkin' everywhere, yeah

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