

## Pitbulls

Skengdo x AM

Drop-top, headshot when your roof down  
A Mally with the bally, got a new sound  
Boop-boop-boop-boop, that's a tre pound  
And now you're thinking that you should'a never came out  
12-gauge dot-dot  
Chat shit, get shot  
Dis spots got hot, gotta change out  
Catting for a hot-wok, or a steakhouse  
And if my nigga don't eat, I'ma spray rounds  
And if my nigga got beef, then it's my war  
How many niggas in your set would you die for? (Grr)  
And if your nigga got shot, would you shoot back?  
You got a gun, but you don't know how to use dat

Mind how you talk on the phone  
My two pitbulls walk around on their own  
It's best that you leave me alone  
My bro got his watch from Sierra Leone (Diamonds)  
Mind how you talk on the phone  
My two pitbulls walk around on their own (Bitch)  
It's best that you leave me alone (Leave me, baby)  
My bro got his watch from Sierra Leone

You got a trap but don't know how to get it jumpin'  
You in a fast car, but don't even know how to push it (Skrr, skrr)  
I'm in a fast car (Skrr, skrr), getting T; like I'm Pusha  
You say you a killer (Skrr, skrr), but now we gotta push ya'  
Two 30's under tee, like I'm Booker  
Slide on ya late night, like a hooker (Two 30's)  
Send my young boy to smoke you like a hookah (Wah)  
They gon' think that he a chef when he cook ya' (Bow-baby)  
Pick a chopstick up, and chop you like a butcher  
Take the magazine, now we pluggin' like it's hooked up  
You be shootin' in the air like your shit looked up (Bitch)  
Let it go 'til ain't no more like my shit booked up (Diamonds)

They're like, "Skeng, you better calm down"  
Your gonna end up locked or rottin' in the ground (Rotting)  
But they know I can't stop; I gotta make the pound (No, no, no)  
Old school, out the window, wouldn't make a sound (Shh, shh, shh)  
Hella man chatty, yeah, they're bitches  
The bitches, tellin' me I should do kissing (No, no)  
She's mythin'  
Only the cash I'd be lipsing (True)  
The big ting, she shoves it in her mouth-she ain't thinkin'  
Dem man der fear the kitchen (True)  
But that's cool cah the corn game is different (Bow, bow)  
You don't wanna see my dargs when we risen (No, you don't)  
You don't wanna see my dargs when we risen (Bow)

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Gimme one chance, gimme one chance  
Shouts Drake but, I don't need one dance  
Need a big red bone, wid' the bumboclaat  
And hometime, if she can't hold firearms (No, no)  
I don't fuck with that bitch, if that bitch is lame  
The only reason she about cah' she givin' brain (Noddy)  
And she a ten-out-of-ten, then I'm running game  
And I attempt to catch a M, it's in my fucking name  
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And she a ten-out-of-ten, then I'm running game (Rrr)  
And I attempt to catch a M, it's in my fucking name  
I was upsuh, billin' up; billin' up grub  
I'm a shotta, living up in the gutter  
With a rasta  
Spinner up, helicopter  
Then I fucked up  
Hit and run, I got sucked up

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