

Track It

SleazyWorld Go

WhiteBoyMadeThis

Yeah

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

Yeah, come here

Where you goin'? Uh, uh, uh

I'ma hop out on the drill, I'm tryna get it done

I heard he died tryin' to run 'cause his dumbass ain't have a gun (Yeah)

Swing the choppa like a swing, the last nigga swung

He got smacked all up in his shit, the shots hit his gums (Yeah)

And don't mention me if you don't get active

Hopped out with a Drac' like and start clappin'

Scopin' a beam on a Glock thing, this bitch tactic

Told the bitch to leave the AirTag in his whip so we can track it

He was online, trollin' all the time, that's how he died (Stupid)

Stay out the fishbowls, it ain't got tint, then I can't slide (Nope)

And if I die, that same night, my dogs better slide (They better)

And if I go down and do some time, my bitch better ride (Yeah)

Shoot at a opp, I take my time, I'm tryna make the shot (Come here)

I ain't create Debo, big ass would have had to box the Glock (Yeah)

Yeah, yeah, I would have faced him

The last nigga probably would have got away, but bro chased him

He got lined up by a bitch, he was thinkin' with his jimmy (Stupid)

So many shots came out the Glock, this bitch made him shimmy (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

And bitch, I want all the smoke like a fuckin' chimney (Uh-huh)

Heard there's money on my head, tell 'em, "Come and get me" (Yeah)

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