

187 (Outro)

Sleepy Hallow

Great John on the beat, by the way

1-8-7 if they showed you they ain't loyal
1-8-7 if they talking down on you (Yeah)
1-8-7 if they ain't do a thing for you
1-8-7 got a hundred rounds for you, yeah
They tryna see me now, ain't wanna see me then
Ain't tryna help me make, but tryna help me spend
A broke nigga got jealous and shot his mans up
A rich nigga got jealous and copped a Benz truck

Slide down your block, tryna make a beat like 808
Stand on that block like we ain't have nowhere to stay
They only love you when you dead and locked away
You cashing in and making plays
They capping, I know the game, look
Lace up my kicks, I'm tryna ball like Hall of Fame
Tried to take me out of my lane, your shooters ain't have no ai
m though
We let it off and your shooters busting a Tango
You know I ain't really going unless the gang go
Catch me in traffic, I'm shooting shit like I'm Rambo
Can't put your trust in these hoes, they leave you dead broke
I told them niggas stop fronting and put they mans on
I put these drugs in my system to let the pain go

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