

All Facts Not 1 Opinion

SOB x RBE

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Lil' nigga (ah), lil' nigga (ah, ah), lil' nigga (ah, ah, ah)

Me and Slimmy back to back you niggas in trouble (lil' nigga)
The Glock wit' me, two-toned the clip on a puzzle
Diamonds on us drippy drip they thinkin' we puddles
She gon' see the other side of me for thinkin' I cuddle

And when she see the other side she gon' see a demon
She fell in love wit' this dick 'cause I go the deepest
See a sucka and I'm trippin', I don't need a reason
Nigga fire wit' this chop fuck a vest, you gon' need Jesus

A couple strokes from the back she gon' need a breather
A bitch ain't gettin' shit from me, not a piece of pizza
Watch my relationship wit' God, I'm gon' need a preacher
Feelin' froggy nigga jump, nigga get to leapin'

I don't want that fake love, nigga you can keep it
Givin' love to the bitch, I just fuck and leave her
You can catch me in the field like I'm Jeepers Creepers
Keep on playin' wit' yo' life you gon' need the reaper

Oh you on my head? Then knock it off my shoulders
A gleeky on him while he leanin' make that nigga sober
My future gettin' brighter, but death been movin' closer
I got the info from the bitch, lil' bro you shouldn't have told her
Bitch play one game wit' me then the game is over
My whole gang delivers smoke, nigga place a order
They ask me am I feelin' fine? Yeah, kinda sorta
And yeah you the big homie but yo' money shorter

Light show up on my neck ain't no chain tuckin'
Masked up, pull a skit, we don't say nothin'
Wanna be up in this gang you gotta spray somethin'
And if you wanna be my bitch you gotta pay somethin' bitch!
Everybody gotta die, know my day comin'
Strictly only brothers, like I hate cousins
All my old hoes, you niggas stay lovin'
Need to get yo' ass a badge, 'cause you stay cuffin'

Bitch get up off my dick this don't belong to you
In the lab cookin' naw bitch won't make no song for you
They mournin' me, I'm tired of this shit Lord how long will you?
Where the 'woods at, naw I will not hit no bong wit' you (where da cook?)
Uh, sorry... uh, not sorry
Sayin' that baby mine, bitch sound dumb, call Maury
Naw I'm playin' take this pill, that's a problem solved
Get that situated then a new dick she'll be hoppin' on (ha, bitch)

I'm a funny nigga, you a bummy nigga
Ruth's Chris got me lookin' like a chubby nigga
You would text a bitch all day, lovey-dovey nigga
I'm a slide through and put it in her tummy nigga
And I hate a broke bitch that be actin' rich
Speakin' down on my name so I can't have the bitch
All these hundreds in my pockets, I'll bag the bitch

Ain't no sympathy for hoes, I'll slap a bitch

And if you thinkin' I'm a lick then you lack education
Why I smoke so damn much? That's my medication
And I ain't puttin' down the mic 'cause I'm dedicated
Yeah, was married to the Glock, skit got pulled then we got separated

It's a lot of chops in this bitch wit' me (in this bitch wit' me)
It's a lot of Glocks in this bitch wit' me (in this bitch wit' me)
Act dumb, you'll get popped in this bitch wit' me (in this bitch wit' me)
G23 I got Lebron in this bitch wit' me (in this bitch wit' me)

And I'll bust a whole nut on yo' bitch titties
And if you livin' off the bitch, then you Tim Timmy (then you Tim Timmy)

Like a blind man I got a stick wit' me
My bitch a goddess you be fuckin' on them miss piggy's

Penalty, 3 yards, bitch ya breath stink

Bitch I'm good, baby wanna make a sex tape

The only pass I'm givin' ops is the F grade

And this choppa flip a nigga like a pancake, bitch

Nigga, all facts

And not one opinion

All facts

And not one opinion

All facts

And not one opinion

Want smoke? Yeah we want all of that ay
Nigga, all facts

And not one opinion

Nigga, all facts

And not one opinion

Nigga, all facts, dick so good I'll blow yo' bitch back lil' nigga

Uh all facts, ha ha all facts, ha ha all facts
Ha ha all facts, ah ah all facts, ah ah all facts, ah nigga