

Lane Changing

SOB x RBE

RBE, SOB man that's the gang man
Fuck you sucka's
For you other niggas, I ain't fucking with
(RBE SOB that's the gang bitch)

What you fuck niggas saying?
Glock in the party, I be strapped like a gay bitch
Niggas lane changing, don't know where they lane is
I carry big bills, nah nigga I ain't changing
Slide down, lil' nigga that's a trespass
Named the whip Ralph, with them straps we'll wreck that
Throw a dime with the Glock, like a chest pass, a nigga run up, big shells w
here his legs at?
Strictly Only Brothers, if you not you irrelevant
Big clips, longer than the trunk of an elephant
A nigga stressed out, pouring 4's for the medicine
My circle like a dot, where a white bitch freckles is
Get paid, fuck beef, nigga get paid
Cops come, lil' bro...switch lanes
Uppercase, young nigga tote a big k
And all our guns hoes, run up nigga get laid

Speaking down on a nigga you a hoe nigga (You a bitch)
Why you lying, actin' like you toting poles nigga (You ain't)
Catch you lacking, guarantee it's a scope nigga (Boom boom)
Talking all that cash shit but you broke nigga (You broke)
Watch we send Fox out to some fuck niggas (You a bitch)
Whats the sound when them hollows get to busting? (Boom boom)
Some nigga's getting bands and some others is bitching
All you hear his body drop and them the cups click
SOB the gang, all my niggas with the shit
I'll bust at a opp, and I'll bust at a bitch
No drive-by's 'cause my niggas tryna' scope
Young nigga with the Shrek, 'cause you tripping with the pole (Tear it off)
Shit real in these streets, you gotta play it right
Don't let the bitch be the reason why you lose yo life
Never lying on this shit, Imma gon' tell the truth
I ain't gon rock with that boot, if I ain't gon' shoot

These niggas can't stand us
LOL for what though?
Because we the reason nigga's main bitches getting fucked on
Keep a small circle, new niggas I can't trust those
These bitches fuck whoever bill's bigger, so let's fuck hoes
I go down and they get me in that room, I'm on hush-mode
North Vallejo turf nigga, Crestside, cutthroat
XD-s, Gluco's, Draco's we bust those
And every nigga that I call brother, I'll bust for
Shooter's everywhere, get you smacked for a softdown
Leaning off this 2-Liter Sprite, like the cough man
Fuck talking, slide through and get to sparkling
This funk, will have you niggas MIA like the Dolphins
SOB the gang, we the niggas talking cash shit
G got that K, quick to make a nigga backflip
Wolf-Grey chop, but I'm rocking with this plastic
Money blue and green, I'll get it out a fat bitch

Ever since day 1, I been the same nigga
Nigga please, don't, confuse me for a lame nigga
30 shot's in that Glock, with no aim nigga
11 shot's in that stock, spraying paint nigga
Circle got small, I can't trust niggas
Bitch I been a hot nigga since a young nigga
Took a loss, but you neva' seen me run nigga
Thought I'm dumb nigga, 'till his face meet this drum nigga
10 deep in the foreign, riding back to back
Catch a opp nigga slippin, runnin' lap to lap
All blue's in my loaf, nigga stack to stack
She gon' do all my bro's, nigga back to back
Ha...yea nigga's know the gang nigga
Talk shit, where the diamonds in yo' chain nigga?
All chrome 32, had to tuck that
Two-tone 380, had to bust that
Upgraded to that Glock, bitch don't touch that
And it ain't on my hip, if I won't bust that
Clutching in the party nigga clutch back
Put that barrel to his face, blow his buff's back
Make a nigga strip..like a thot bitch
Call that chop Ray Rice how it drop shit
Doing pop-ups, mom's house, tech shots, 2 Glocks, headshot, Young Money "Bed Rock"
Man's turned on me, so he gotta catch a leg shot
Fuck cops, fuck opps, 40 in the tuk spot
Bitches want a nigga all for fame, I can't trust thots
SOB the gang, with more shops than a gunshop
Bitch

Ah, 30's, 50's, 100's bitch we got 'em
We been getting money
Talk shit when it's diamonds in yo' chain bitch
SOB the gang bitch