

Make Her Dance

SOB x RBE

Bet these hundreds make her dance (Make her dance)
New key Glock, it ain't gon' jam (Ain't gon' jam)
Bullets hit you and your mans (And your mans)
Broke nigga, where your bands? (Broke nigga)

Broke nigga, where your cake at? (God damn)
Told her that I love her, I'm a j-cat
When this blood shed, nigga, you can't take back (Hit your mans)
Tryna slide on a sucker, where that Drac' at?
Crest nigga, real cut throat
Niggas dissing but they unknown
Tryna find a thick bitch to fuck on
Big forty, deuce-deuce, we don't bust those (Nigga)
You can find me where them thugs be
Bitch broke, you can't fuck me (Can't fuck me)
MC Hammer, you can't touch me (Can't touch me)
We want funk, nigga, fuck peace, nigga

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Bitch, I done spent over 50 just to stay high
Bitch, all my niggas pits, not no canines
I don't give a fuck about the bitch if she ain't mine
Heard you niggas was hatin' through the grapevine
Bitch, if we made a hundred albums, still ain't break time
Let the gang on your song, we gon' take shine
Bitch, this a Glock 20. not no tre five
And you can put your trust in me 'cause I hate lying
I just popped another Perc to keep my body numb
AR hanging off my neck, this ain't no Tommy gun
KelTec with the build like a shotty pump
You niggas was a hundred deep, lil' bro was Hi-Techs
Never answer when I call, delete 'em out my contacts
Damn, this P-Lo bass serious as bomb threats
How I run through so much and I ain't sign a contract?
Yeah, that shit sound good, but y'all talking non facts
Naw that ain't this, nigga this is not that
Not a dollar in they pocket, but these niggas got strap?
Don't know where you lips been, nigga, we cannot match
All my niggas play their roles and I'm the fucking top hat (Bitch)

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Nigga, I could take your bitch in my bad clothes
And nigga if I wasn't cuffed, I'd have mad hoes
And you can get your ass shot for tryna act bold
And all these chops got extensions with some add-ons
Who the fuck these niggas think they is? Ain't got no bands
Bitch, and it's Strictly Only Brothers, ain't got no friends
Bitch, and I never been that nigga that'll hold hands
Bitch, you could get your ass stripped, you and broham
And I'd still be that nigga if I wasn't famous
Don't give a fuck about your nigga or no reputation
We all bleed, nigga, jump and meet your expiration
And I be smoking Berner packs, so I be hella faded
And if he go against the grain, that's a dead man
I'ma grow, and up a bag, long as my legs can
Nigga I ain't switching on the gang on my dead mans
And if you slide down this block, that's a dead end

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