

No Discussion

SOB x RBE

(RBE, SOB that's the gang bitch...)
Yeah...

First things first shooter with me and he clutchin'
Air this bitch out ain't got time for discussions
Switch whips then go chill with my bitch like its nothin'
But you would never know when you fuckin' with them suckas
Can't trust hoes, I can't even trust my mainey
She tell me that she love me that's a mothafuckin' shame
Buffs on my face cost a mothafuckin' range
But you ain't gotta pay it when you snatch it from a lame

Can someone please tell me why they hate us so bad?
Why these niggas so mad?
Probably cause yo bitch want an sob nigga
Cause she tired of yo ass
And I'm still with the same niggas I was raised with
Strictly only brothers, we be strictly on some gang shit
And that's why
Bitch I'm too anti
I can't trust these hoes
So don't ask me why can I
Cause she only want a nigga cause I'm on nigga
Can somebody please tell me if I'm wrong nigga
Buffed up like a strong nigga
12 years old was bustin' moves like a grown nigga
You got the right nigga, but
The wrong nigga
Feds on the line girl I can't be on the phone with you
If you ain't a loyal bitch can't get along with you
If you a broke nigga I can't smoke no strong with you

I don't send goodmoring texts
I'm the nigga who receive them
These hoes ain't shit
Ima dog 'em then I leave them
Cut a bitch off
You the nigga tryna keep 'em
Prescriptions through the buffs
Fuck niggas I don't see 'em
Aye, and what these lil niggas mad fo'?'
How they feelin' froggy but ain't leap
Must be tadpoles
Keep a big clip, this bitch longer than a afro
I'm married to that cash
Fuck a bitch I'm a asshole
Black nigga with the mac like Bernie
Bro got the 30' he'a shoot like curry
Tense on the buffs
Mothafuckas get blurry
And niggas talkin' down lol I ain't worried
If it ain't money I ain't pickin' up my telephone
And how these niggas real?
They get to run around and tell on hoes
White frames see through fake like a telescope
These bulls come into a nigga life like it's Periscope
Gang

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George got the chop
Make you lean like a bo' sippa
T.O got the stock 20'
5 shots fo' 4 niggas
Knew what these streets was
When a nigga dove in 'em
See you broke hoes a mile away
I got hoe vision
Was shootin' at the ground
Tryna have a nigga toe missin'
I'm up top with it
Tryna have a nigga dome missin'
And if yo bitch slide
She get all head, no kissin'
Thinkin' ima cuff lol bro this hoe trippin'
Pause bitch, ima mothafuckin' dog bitch
And I stay strapped like I never gon' raw bitch
Y'all can have a million guns
Still ain't goin' spark shit
Gang full of demons
Ain't no nigga finna cross shit
Bro's turned to fake niggas
Swear I hate snake niggas
Seen true colors
So this 40' have to paint niggas
7.62's for you suckas and who hang with 'em
SOB bitch, if I'm fuckin' then the gang hittin'
Bitch

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