

Peek A Boo

SOB x RBE

And I know you ain't that nigga that you perpetrate to be
I ain't movin' to impress ain't gotta perpetrate to me
All them boots why ain't you spittin'? They'll put me straight to sleep
Sayin' all you state is facts when all them links make believe
He can fake it like he wit' it but I know he ain't a beast
RIP L'A Capone me and mines just play for keeps
You don't got no hustle you be breakin' every lease
Remember they ain't give me time but now they wanna marry me
When you feel death around the corner nigga that's a scary thing
These blue birds in my jeans talk like a parakeet
I got my own style bitch stop comparin' me
Ain't gettin' money stop the purpin' put his face wit' charity
Nigga 'less yo' name God bitch it ain't no scarin' me
And I just bought another chop this bitch Mariah Carey sing
I know you don't mean it when you said you care for me
Give up on me don't you do that bitch, shout out to Derrick King
Said she love me very much, told that bitch I'm very sleep
Told my girl that I'm 200 she was like, "you better be"
Soon as my higari broke that's when they wanna spread the peace
Came to the conclusion I want war and that's 'til I rest wit' tee
Damn Tre why it had to be you?
I got the news, couldn't believe, it was sad to be true
Bitch I'm always on my game I brought a strap in the booth
But when they ask for my government, I'm like you askin' for who?
And me and Brodie off a four and we just matchin' a deuce
And that's hi-tech now I got green day I might crash in the coupe
Everybody rap 'bout guns what can they actually prove
Before I rocked them foreign kicks I had Shaq on the shoes
Ha, yeah I'm thankful for the struggle
Real chip getter, I'm just thankful for the ruffles
Slippin' wit' the bitch then we aimin' at the couple
Four on my bodyguard nigga I don't ever rumble
Yeah, bitch we don't ever chunk 'em
Must I say again pussy we don't ever tussle
Never had a bop so I lent 'em to the uncle
Survival of the fittest I'm just thuggin' in the jungle
Bitch, and you be thuggin' wit' your feelin's
Knock my bitch, yo' bitch too, fuck it call up Jerry Springer
Follow every step I take, they just followin' the leader
If you run up on me wrong, then you followin' the heater
Fake ass thug, you be borrowin' the heater
Brodie all about the bitch, we just borrowin' her Visa
Nigga what? Who is you to tell me what the fuck I need to do?
Niggas hidin', choppa find 'em, lil' nigga peek a boo
And you won't see a eyebrow when we creepin' through
I don't gotta lie to sell nigga I can speak the truth
Nigga if you ain't thuggin' then my music may not speak to you
Tryna keep up where you can't compete you niggas need a boost
Bitch I'm that nigga for real
They hear my shit and take down notes it's like I'm givin' them skills
Nigga you ain't never been on no mission to kill
And every verse a nigga spit I be givin' 'em chills
On the gang

Yeah, givin' em chills
Givin' em chills
Tisk tisk z písničky-akordy.cz
Ah, show 'em how we feel

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