

Beat Box 2

SpotemGottem

Let go
(Damn E, this shit exclusive) Stretch gang
Face shots to the face, don't trip on yo' lace
Mafia

Bur- Bur- Burn away a carbon beam, knock your legs off
Tried to get away from me, had a standoff
Hit him in the spine, knock his dreads off
My woadie just caught a body, I nicknamed him Randy Moss
Thuggin' in my Reeboks, ridin' with a G-SHOCK
Shh, I heard he shot, Draco make 'em beat box
OG made that sharp turn, woadie spot 'em, peeled the car
Had a mask on, Draco make 'em beat box

In Miami with my motherfuckin' heat out
With another nigga bitch, said she got her feet out
I walked in the party, I'm on my big goon shit
Ready to get it started, bitch, I got no sense
Oh, he the plug, ridin' 'round with four bricks
Call me Kobe, twenty-four on me
Can't fuck with' her no more, that lil' bitch, she do the most
I get my groove on every time I see them folks
I got the antidote, I'm thinking that's something you need to know
I'm smooth and I'm cold, she know my wrist on froze
Skinny jeans on with a big bankroll
She playin' my song, I got her takin' off her thong
I'm tryna get it on, she feeling all over my Peter bone
Two rights don't make a wrong, it just go on and on
I'm kickin' shit like Jackie Chan 'til they got my kicks on
I aim, I hit my target, I'ma up this bitch regardless

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I'm strapped up with' this jug, one in the head, already de-cocked (It's de-cocked)
I pop out when the beef hot, won't see me creepin' on your block (Nope, nope)
I work the back seat, we went three deep and got ten people shot (Blrrrd, blrrrd)
I hit the auto-switch and made it twerk and while he dumped the Glock (Blrrrd, blrrrd)
Got the drop on all his spot, he gettin' robbed if he go or not
I know the taste and love Wock', he pourin' up in exotic pop
That booster hitter tried to pull a move and that shit got him dropped
Blrrrd, blrrrd-blrrrd, you pussies know what's up
Turn a nigga to a pack, we break 'em down and roll 'em up
Ain't shit changed but the whip, now it's a Rolls truck when I'm pulling up
And I still ain't check the time up on my Cartier, just hold it up (Blrrrd)
Don't come around acting gangster, we call your bluff (Blrrrd-blrrrd)
Put trust in these firearms, know we dangerous

If you catch me speed up, bitch, give it up or I'ma buss
We shoot your shit up on the E-Way, get out the same lane as us
Blrrrd, blrrrd-blrrrd (Same lane as us), Big Blrrrd

Bur- Bur- Burn away a carbon beam (Blrrrd), knock your legs off (Legs off)
Tried to get away from me (Yeah), had a standoff (Blrrrd-blrrrd)
Hit 'em in his spine, knock his dreads off (Blrrrd)
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