

## Beat Box 4

SpotemGottem

Ayy, walk 'em down straight to the ground, we make sure that he don't get up  
(Damn E, this shit exclusive)  
Call the reverend and his momma, tell 'em, "Come and pick 'em up"  
I'ma smack you with this .40, askin', "Is my Glizzy tucked?"  
Only like it sloppy, she gon' beatbox when she suckin' me (Come on, come on)  
Told her, "Bring a friend", if she ever think about fuckin' me  
Touchin' who? Touchin' me? To God where your ass gon' be (Prr, prr)  
Leave him stuck and send him up like he fuckin' with Cardi B (Prr, prr, prr)  
Park the car before we hit the street, I'm hoppin' out on feet  
Get up close so I can see his teeth but I'ma keep it brief  
Ask do he remember me, then introduced him to my heat  
Skrtrt off the block, you followin' this car, your whip be cream cheese (Come  
here, prr)  
Ain't no bush to beat around, you not duckin' no hunnid rounds  
Whole hood been down, fuck the count 'cause we just beat it down  
Ain't gotta spin back around because my target hit the ground  
Crossed that line, you out of bounds  
They gon' find you up in the crowd  
Nappy-ass dreadlocks, black Forces, black socks (Ayy, ayy, prr)  
Make the Draco pop, it's louder than a boombox (Prr, prr)  
Shoutout to OVO, this Drac' can make your bed rock  
We beat them four and oh, just check the score, it say a lot (Ayy, check the  
score)  
Ayy, I'm in Miami, she givin' me head on Ocean Drive while her nigga outside  
Sucked me so good, I thought that I died  
But when I nutted, I had came back alive  
Skeet on her face, it got in her eyes  
Now she tellin' me she legally blind  
Gave her a towel and told her she fine  
She kept suckin' 'til she started cryin'  
Point 'em out, shoot 'em out, I spot 'em, I got 'em  
He started runnin', so I caught 'em (Ayy, ayy)  
Bag on his head, I bought 'em (Ayy)  
Told my shooter do everything that I taught him (Ayy)  
Let me know if it's a problem  
Like a school boy, I be super quick to solve it  
Thinkin' my shooter retarded  
He take a pill and then snort it right off of his .40  
Snort it right off of his gun  
Shot a hunnid, then paid a hunnid for his bond  
Send a diss, I won't respond (No)  
Slam dunk a nigga like a nigga was LeBron (Come on)  
Leave a nigga where he stay  
Same place that I met him, I made him lay (Come on, come on)  
Let a nigga come and play  
He gon' tell his momma, "Plan the funeral date" (Prr, prr, prr, prr, prr)  
I got the power like Nelson Mandela  
You need a umbrella whenever I spray (Whenever I spray)  
Leave him shitty like Nutella  
He gon' need a Pamper if he survive this K  
Me and my niggas, we down for whatever  
We step on whoever in retro Js (Retro Js)  
Bullet, stick like a thorn, call it Bella  
Make him Cinderella if he betray  
Bitch

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, riding 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 wit' 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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