

## Beat Box

SpotemGottem

Let's go  
Damn E, this shit exclusive  
Stretch gang  
Face shots at the face, don't trip on your lace  
Mafia

Bur-bur-burn away a carbon beam, knocked 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 Reebok's, riding with a G-SHOCK  
Shh- I heard he shot, Draco make a 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  
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, riding 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 needed 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, now I got her taking 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 goes on and on  
I'm kickin' shit like Jackie Chan till they got my kicks on  
And I'ma hit my target, I'ma up this bitch regardless

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