

Blick-A-Thon

SpotemGottem

People, it's you
Hahaha
Aight, [?]

Nigga, uh (Uh), I call this the blick-a-thon
You know me, I will not leave the house without my gun
I know y'all lesbians, bring your best friend, then let me join
Pop (Pop), niggas get stepped on just for actin' dumb
This an FN, mini Draco, this ain't no Tommy gun
All these dead opps in my lungs, I'm high as fuck, I'm off a ton

I'll show you how to step, nigga
They say what is talked, he got somethin' up on his belt, nigga

"Jackboy, is they fuckin' with ya?" (Fuckin' with ya?), He-hell, fuck nah
These niggas ain't been fuckin' with me since the crackers took the cuffs of
f
These bitches been [?] out the 'Ghini, she wan' suck it 'til I'm on soft
Came in the game with no flaw
Stood ten toes, these niggas still tall
Always round with a gun, bitch, I'm taught to keep it with me
Ain't no rule when it's beef, shoot yo' mama in her titty
I been movin' smooth with this Glizzy
This fire, I get litty
You gon' die, you come to my city
Saw ya with a opp, bitch, you silly
DickdickDiamonds bitin', Mike Tyson
Glock on me, no time for fightin'
Guap on me and a nigga still spinnin'
They hate on me, but a nigga still winnin'
Catch a nigga slippin' like I'm Cuban link tennis
[?] catch a case when I go 'round the business
When I go 'round the business, I don't leave no witness
Hit the whole house, I don't got no feelings
Give no fucks, we killin' children
Fuck the law, we out here purgin'
Drop a nigga, then go back to splurgin'
Hop in a Lam' back, popped it, [?]
Hop in a Lam', now I'm back to swervin'
Can't do what I do, his pockets hurtin'
Stuck on [?] 'bout to [?]
I'm back to the block, my phone back churpin'

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I already know that she a freaky lil' bitch
Only thing she good for takin' dick
Uh, Cuban links match my neck and my wrist
With a fully, I hopped out and did my shit
I be fly as hell without no stylist (Stylist)
Girl, give me that neck, girl, give me that shit
I'm feelin' all on they ass, I'm just grippin' that shit

[?], I was booted up in this bitch

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