

Creep

SpotemGottem

Baow, hit the cut
Baow, he hit the cut

Free [?], free [?]
Gang

Aye, foe, he hit the cut, aye
Bounce out with this .45th, fuck 'em up
I like the way I finger fuck this trigger and it buss
I like the way she come on, throw that ass c'mon let's fuck
She ridin' me so fast, she got a nigga finna buss
See a opp, it's buss
Blow that bitch no fucks
300 block, I been done dropped that window, hit 'em up
Oh you think he alive? I don't think that nigga up

He ain't make it, new Jet, what the fuck
War ready, who the fuck wanna go to war with us?
Bitch I'm dumb, I move violent
I'm gooned up, I'm a nazi
Soon as he's swinging that gun, both drop 'em
Puttin' niggas to bed, may I lay you to rest?
It's a G-Shock, it's a XD, it's a fully, it's a Tec
She don't want no bubbly, today she want her some Moët
I won't sacrifice my niggas, you can put it in his head
Hop out the coupe, just tryna get my boots dirty
It was me and three, we had two .30's
Hit 'em up, on Compston, he curvin'
Now the nigga got blood on his shirt
Aye, spin, spin, all I know is spin
Got his man, we do it again
Caught a top, drop the top on that lil' Benz
Parked the car, lock up the engine again
Haha, on foe nem

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