

Yeah, go dummy, Kyle

I hit a lick on yo' block, these niggas cappin' a lot
If they not yo' gang, then they finna plot
He talkin' to gang, he see the red dots
You outta that clock, goin' straight to the top
And we settin' up shop, with the Glock, I might pop
We wet him like a mop, then his body gon' drop
And I just hit the drop for my niggas that drop

And my niggas, they proud of me
I spilt the lean on my Prada jeans
She fuck with me 'cause I am a young prodigy
Niggas, they hate and now they wanna copy me
Walk in that bitch with the Glock right on side of me (Slide)
Yeah, my niggas gon' slide, 'member my brodie died
All I could do is cry, was gon' load up my .9
Make sure somebody die, two sticks, Bonnie and Clyde
For my niggas, I ride, I put that on my mom
I put that on my dawg, slide on his boulevard
With them Glocks and them rods, I be committin' fraud
We can link like a cord, out of space like a zoid
All these hoes be annoyin'
Ayy, I'm gonna throw up all the racks up
Talkin' down, lil' nigga, better back up
Talkin' down, then we pull them MACs out
City Girls 'cause we finna act up
Off the lean 'cause I cannot stand up
Got some guap, I'm runnin' my bands up
Yo' mans hatin', but he is a fan, yeah
Don't fuck with niggas, Ku Klux Klan, yeah

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