

Wait Your Turn B

Styles P

Chillin' at the Amaco
Lighting up botanical
Seen a nigga I ain't like
Shouldda let the hammer go down to do the dirt
But I know the church is Manago
I don't want the sin on my soul 'cause I plan to go
So I keep rolling up
But he ice grilling and he swollen up
But he ain't old enough to never see another day
I'm thinking this but I ain't put my gun away
He act, I'mma clap, and these people gon' run away
They gonna get my plates and the make of my vehicle
I'mma be upstate full of hate tryin' see it through
So I put it in first I'mma catch 'em all alone then I'm putting work

You wanna test me? (You gotta)
Wait your turn B
There's a long line of niggas that's ready to burn me
I put my foot down firmly
Stick the nose of my gun in some shit that don't concern me

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In the club by myself getting sized up so I just rised up but I didn't need help
Had a knife in the belt and a bottle that was comp
I'm always ready to romp, I move kinda stealth
Hammer in the ride with the driver outside by the door with cocked back four
He familiar with the war and the tour keep a bullet in his jaw
Know for sure that shit can get raw when I slide
They say what up, no what up back
Ghost bust first, no bust back
Keep that same energy, hope you remember me
I'mma be that enemy that won't ever cut slack

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Couple a niggas don't even like Ghost
Start shit up, get lit up like they a light post
I ain't into arguing, I ain't into bargainin'
Get a and a hoodie, knife and a cardigan
You see me throwing the peace sign
That two could turn to two guns up when it's creep time

Slug through the peephole, now he sleep though
He the one asking for sleep time
Test me, you gotta wait your turn B
Get a bag full of guns and prepare for the journey
Get six pallbearers, a couple attorneys
You gon' either not leave or leave in a gurney
Ghost

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