

Zip 'Em Up

Styles P

Gudda

Yeah (Bo, Bo, Bo)

Yeah (Ah wha mi say)

Yeah (Bo, Bo, Bo), Yeah

Huh, I'm live streaming from the underground

Get up under your skin 'til I push the blood around

I'm at your baby momma crib pushin your son around

The world is mine I'd be pushin the sun around

Moon dust in this chain, let it twinkle

It look bright in the light when I let it sprinkle

This is not rap money, thats why its crooked and wrinkled

Cause I was pushin my work instead of pushin my single

This is raw, so holla at me if you need it cheaper

I spit crack, holla at me if you need a feature

This that sizzurp, nigga who need a liter

My car foreign, my engine need a visa

The nickel millimeter trigger need a fever (hot...)

The refer that I deliver need a speaker

Loud, hot copper, top shotta

I punch niggas in their snot locker (wadup?!)

We in this thang

We in it good

We out chea out

We in the hood

Them boys huntin

They in the woods

That red dot on your head, that ain't good, zip em up

Put em on their ass now, zip em up

Feel em with Tabasco, zip em up

Bring another toe tag, zip em up

Bring another body bag, zip em up

Body Bag em, I zip em up

Body Bag em, I zip em up

Body Bag em, I zip em up

Body Bag em, I zip em up

Grafh Wadup

I'll zip em up... Ghost

Body bag, DOA ADHD nigga letting the heater spray

Coo coo, no clock

The four pound and the Glock'll make the show stop

Put a bullet in your bitch like Botox

Before you get robbed, get gun butted and throat chopped

Wolves here

Alpha male rep for the G niggas inside and out of jail

[?] on ...and ... [?] on

King Pin jeans when niggas had their Levis on

Body bag, toe tag

Mirk em and forget about em, end of the smoke bag

I'll rip em up, knock em out, pick em up

I'll stick em up, clip em up, hit em up

Body bag, niggas better zip em up

Ghost put em down, bet you can't pick em up

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Vital lines that'll pleasant doctors
The shots I throw hot as Russian vodkas
Its hard to withhold they came cold and stuffed in lockers
My art gothics in the age of forgotten logic
Getting these pockets high as white chicks scary flick octaves
I'm fine vintage, the life is just dying with us
Mind wicked, a few thoughts will kill a nigga wit nine endings
My kind ended off with the loss of John Lennon
When human minds didn't recognize the reflection was God's image
Life vengeance for vengeance, get your hinges kicked in shin
Then go up top to the chin
Thats how we get it in, when your doors rushed
Another screw ball's clutched in my vice grip
And the wrong turn to get your life stripped
Sit tight, listen to dawg on it with God on it
This knife split whatever fall on it, I'm for-warning
This how killers hunt, my style's draft out, you witness Lux
Might call K-Shine to zip you up!

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