

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, that's 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

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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