

# Out My Circle!

Summrs

In that M6 Beam'  
That bitch, it might crash, hit up Neiman's for some jeans, yea  
h  
G-Star's on my ass (Summrs, haha!) and she know that I pop tags  
Sippin' on this lean, I'm movin' slow but drivin' fast  
Autumn! in the cut, this bitch, she talk too much  
I put her off a bean, she finally shut up  
Countin' up that guap, I'm countin' up them dubs  
Nigga talk too much, I hit his ass with the snub  
Packrunner bitch, yeah, we got all the drugs  
We got all the drugs, we got all the drugs  
I'm movin' slow just like a slug  
I'm sippin' on that purple, they say Summrs sip too much  
Can't keep niggas in my circle 'cause them niggas envy us  
In a foreign with no roof  
Your bitch, she boring, she suck the crew  
I'm in a two-door with your boo, ayy, yeah  
We gon' shoot up his whole crew  
I'm off a Perc', bitch, I'm feelin' loose  
He baloney, circus, a silly goose  
Yeah, lil' nigga, you a bitch, call up my troops  
And shoot at you, you, and you  
F&N with scope, this shit ain't no joke  
Smokin' big gas, shit make me choke  
Got this shit up off the ground, shit up off the road  
Niggas talkin' down, they ain't really with the smoke  
.223 hit his ass, yeah, hit them folk  
Leave his ass in the past, leave him with his folk  
Gotta go, I gotta blast, and I'm in the H  
In the H with Lil Blast, rollin' up that dank  
And my niggas on smash  
And your bitch, she gon' smash  
Lil' nigga, what you think?  
Bitch, I'm in first class

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