

Oxycodone

Summrs

Heard you got the racks, let's plot, whoah
She finna push my spot, yeah
Amiri, Amiri, the holster on my Amiri will hold my Glock
We ain't finna play no games, ma' goddamn cousin will come at y
a block, yeah (yeah, pop his ass)
In the stage with me or not, whoah
We in a sport mode sippin' on the red, at a red light, we ain't
gonna stop
I ain't finna play with this nigga, if I tell my nigga "shoot"
he gone shoot at them opps, yeah
I ain't finna play with this bitch
I ain't texting all day, are you gon feel me or not? Yeah
Hunnid rounds in the K
Lil nigga, we ain't toting no motherfucking props, yeah
Off of that oxy, ok, yeah, I'm feeling good, my heart finna sto
p, yeah
Lil' Kan play with the beat, man, somebody tell that lil' boy t
o stop, yeah
Lil' Saint with the GD's, ain't nun to get yo' lil' dumbass pop
ped, yeah
Oxy' going in my vessels
This bitch got a bitch, she thinking she special, yeah
Glock 9, I ain't finna wrestle
I'm rocking Chrome Hearts, lil' bustdown bezzel, yeah
Off of dem perc' last night
Had a dream that I made a deal with the damn devil, yeah
Real runner, nigga, you is not real runner, you is not my godda
mn level
Hollow tips at his temple
I'm off that lean walking like a cripple, yeah
Niggas love to copy me, love to copy me, they love to resemble,
yeah
We in the Honda talkin', busting bands out, all my niggas civil
, yeah
Anarchy symbol tatted on my chest like a motherfucking emblem
Stop trying to be me, nigga, it's simple, yeah
Red dot on his forehead, from a distance it look like a pimple,
yeah
Lil' Rino, baby, I'm drawing a blueprint, where the fuck a penc
il? Yeah
You just sucked my nigga up, what the fuck makes you think I'ma
kiss you?