

Ric James

Summrs

Woah, roll one
Nah, roll one
Summrs, haha!
Ayy, yeah

Put my bitch in Neiman Marcus
Coolin' somewhere where them sharks is
Bullets rippin' through his cartilage
Smokin' tree out the forest
Little, li' bitch clueless, she askin', "How do I do this?"
Know I gotta stay true to this (Who do I trust? Me!)
This bitch gon' act like she new to this

Bitch, you know you suck the squad
Bitch, you know you suck the gang
Bitch, I'm smokin' on that gas
Smokin' on propane
Off a fuckin', fuckin' Xan'
Off a Xan' for the pain
In that big body Benz
Switchin' on them lanes
One thing I never been (It's Moe Trappa and you fuckin' with Surreal
Gang!), I never been a fuckin' lame
.223 up on my side, catch you tryna snatch my chain
Sippin' on that purple shit, sippin' on purple rain
You would think that I'm Prince, but my diamonds Ric James

Ayy, kickin' shit with my side bitch, kickin' shit with my main bitch
Know these niggas stay plottin', on my gang, I'm never changin'
I'm in Texas, swangin', and I'm tryna be bangin'
He don't really be on gang shit, he don't really be on bang shit
I could see it in his eyes, I can see just how he came in
Seein' right through your disguise, I see that you a lil' bitch
Took your bitch, you wonder why, 'cause she know that I'm the shit
She gon' think my name hold weight, yeah
Smokin' gas 'til I'm baked
Smokin' gas 'til I can't even feel my motherfuckin' face
Flexin' on these little niggas, flexin' like I lift weights
If you ain't tryna suck the squad, bitch, then get the fuck up out of
my face (Who do I trust? Me!)

Yeah, get the fuck up out my face
Get the fuck up out my face
Get the fuck up out my face
I'm smokin' gas to the face
I know that I love that bitch face
Smokin' gas to the face, yeah
It's Moe Trappa and you fuckin' with Surreal Gang!