

Shawty told me come over (uh)
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Real nigga riding first twenty-fo
Glock 19 because I'm insecure
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I keep that glockie on me
That bitch look trifling on me
Baby I'm feeding on beef
Don't mind the guap in my teeth
I got that Glock concealed on me
Play with my life get killed homie
Street shit really get real don't it
You never really seen the field have you

I got depression put pills on it
I hate my reflection, but deal with it
Shorty understand me, so we still kick it
Every time I fuck her yeah I feel different

Shorty wanna talk, but I just don't care
Got my Glock 19 cause I'm insecure
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Got my Glock 19 cause I'm insecure

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Niggas used to die for face tats
I'm off perc and vicodins I write a verse and reminisce about the fuck up things I did
One time I broke a nigga jaw because he was arguing
One time I shot at the crowd because they tried punkin' me
One time I robbed him for the loud cause I was hungry
One time I swung on my papa because he swung on me

Bap bap bap bap
I can't get this feeling out my chest
Bap bap bap
Feel like I'm gon feel this shit till death