

Gotta Blast

Tay-K

I'm with Bandman
Countin bands man off the kickstand
Catch me in the trap with Tay Kay 47
Don't play with us new Draco for my weapon
Young Diego Money but call me the juugg man
Neck all gold, know we toting poles
30 with the red dot, aim it at your nose
Look at my wrist
It'll leave you froze
We ain't smoking on no gram
I'm smoking out a bowl
One phone call and have my shooters at your throat
They don't want smoke
Know we love smoke
Got all white diamonds like a pound of coke
You can come to the hood if you want the dope

I shoot the K until that motherfucker shake in smoke
These niggas talking, niggas lame
These niggas going uh
I put that motherfucking k into his fucking throat
Pussy boy make it home

Pop up out the cut
We get up witcha
Smoke him down like a damn swisher
Fuck a thot cause I need my bands bigger
Thought she was a keeper, but my mans hit her
Yea my mans hit her so I gotta switch her
Yea my mans hit her, I let Blast switch her
Call up Blast yea yea he's a ass kicker
Call up Bay-Bay yea he's a class ditcher
Call a shooter yea I gotta Blast nigga
Gotta Blast leave you in the past nigga

I was ditching class for the cash nigga
These niggas talking
But I'm on they ass nigga
Can't get that money
Had to get it fast nigga
I didn't do no work
Just count that cash nigga