

Jay & Twan 2

Tee Grizzley

(Helluva made this beat, baby)
Lil' Jay and Twan, Lil' Jay and Twan

Lil' Jay chillin', he just got back
Glock 40 and two hundred K on his lap (Yeah)
The big dog now, no more runnin' in no traps
He fired up a Back', thinkin' hard like

I come from the way where you don't live long
Can't nobody save you, they gon' do you wrong
My niggas'll walk you down, then put it in a song
Gotta keep a Glock or two now before I leave home

Damn, snake of the year and the whole hood hip (That's crazy)
Jay Ru killed his own brother for a Crip (That's crazy)
He ain't even stressin', blue tips in his clip
As long as that FN don't jam, he gon' live (Got it on)
They all on the internet talkin' 'bout what he did
Niggas know where he lay, so he bought another crib
Caught him away, youngin been flyin' through them bricks
He lowkey missin' Twan, wishin' he could see him lit
His phone ring, "Brrr," "Hello?" "Go clutch" (What?)
"Twan out that coma, nigga, he just woke up" (What?)
"Instagram goin' crazy, he talkin' so tough" (What he say?)
That nigga comin' back, sure 'nough
Lil' Jay like, "Damn, I hit that nigga in his head" (Hit him in his head)
That wasn't enough, that nigga ain't dead (Damn)
And he still thuggin', he ain't even cut off his dreads
And I know he woke up out that coma seein' red (What the fuck?)
Twan like, "Who shot me?" "It was your mans" (Jay)
"Him and opps put a play down, two hundred bands" (Two-hundred)
"Pops tried to tell you these niggas ain't your friends"
Jay think he big man now, he fuckin' with the tan (Gotta kill him)
Lil' Twan know he gotta spank that bitch (Yeah)
If Jay in the hood, he 'bout to flame that bitch (Yeah)
Nigga hands shakin', he can't wait to bang that blick (Ooh)
Twan feelin' on his hand like, "I ate that bitch" (Shit ain't nothin')
Yeah, he got a K, he need another glee
Jay like, "I'm rich, I can hide, ain't no touchin' me" (I'm out the way)
Twan might have to look into another beef
But he know Jay don't give a fuck about his other peeps (Where his people?)
Twan ridin' 'round trippin' with a chopper (Grrah)
Everybody get back, that lil' nigga a problem
For two hundred, Jay would've killed his own mama
Now he rich, layin' low, tryna dodge all the drama (That shit crazy)

Ayy, a couple weeks ago (Week ago)
Jay got him a freaky ho (Caught him a bad one)
And even though she'll go
She ain't just an easy ho
He used to dream on it (He used to dream on it)
'Bout to put a ring on it ('Bout to put a ring on it)
I think he got what he wanted, yeah
Ridin' in a sleeve, ayy, and they
Mobbin' to the music (To the music), this is how they do it (How they do it)
all night
Got a Glock with two clips (Two clips), can't be out here snoozin' (Uh-

uh), it's a war outside
Just Jay and his bro (They ridin')
No worries at all
Ridin' through the trenches (Niggas feelin' good, ridin', you know what I'm sayin'?)
Ooh

Damn, Jay dropped his gun, shit hit the fan
Twan pull up lettin' the AK slam
They in the longsleeve, he hangin' out a Ram (Come here)
A hundred shots long, he ain't stoppin' 'til it jam
After a minute, he hear the Ram truck leavin'
Car smokin', now he tryna control his breathin'
Look and see his girl in the driver's seat leakin'
Don't know if he hit, but he can feel his arm stingin'
Damn, but he don't get a pass
The Ram truck bust a U, comin' back fast
He hopped out and ran, but they was on his ass
Bullets flyin' 'til he hit the grass, nigga

I come from the way where you don't live long (You ain't gon' live long)
Can't nobody save you, they gon' do you wrong (They gon' backdoor you)
My niggas'll walk you down, then put it in a song (Then go rap about it)
Gotta keep a Glock or two now before I leave home