

Terminator

The Lox

Dunny

I stay with a big Glock, I put em in ziplock
You put em on Tiktok, what happened to hip-hop?
The dope ass emcee, the DJ, big crates
I first heard double dutch bust on them little eights
Mr. Magic playing turn it down, it's too late
Chuck D and Cool J, the era was so great
Feeling the flashback of this dope ass rap
Right now my foot is on these little niggas backs
Click clack the iron, whoever outdid dying?
Spin back, shoot whoever else did [?]
Forgive me Lord, the drug dealers ain't teach me none
I had to learn, I seen niggas get killed for fronting
Now I'm outside your Air BNB
From the era where they was scared to rhyme at DND
Y'all niggas better stop, y'all know about D Block
Funny ass dances nigga, all we had was the wop
Maybe running man but I was tired for that
Crack rocks nigga, black tops and ratchet
Oh that's my little homie's sister? She can catch it
Headcrack, what's in your bank? I can match it
Yeah, don't let these niggas throw you off
Like you supposed to die for them to go up north
When a nigga that you following is extra soft
Take his gun and smack him if he fucking cough

I stay with the f'ing, I'll teach you a lesson
It's not my fault [?] you last in
Too much hate is why you're missing your blessings
Like my chances with any contestant
Lower your tone now 'cause we all grown now
That bid you did don't mean nothing, you home now
That just mean you can catch two in your dome now
Really I be going home, party alone now
You ain't make it, you got no talent
So use your rights and just remain silent
Save the tough talk 'cause you ain't violent
You just on drugs, you ain't wildin'
When they knock your teeth out, you ain't smiling
I pay taxes and you ain't filing
I'm still hungry, my stomach is growling
And the fangs is out, that mean my niggas is howling
Hate's expected, we already seen love
You mad we really getting the money you dreamed of
Thirty three and a third, everything between us
You seen loyalty every time you seen us
Boy's a genius, get off my penis
Before you force me to send the cleaners
What I am is my brother's keeper
And what do kill you will make you weaker
Fuck boy

What up boy? G lines

Imma hit him twice, he think I'm throwing the peace sign
Double tap, it's a bubble wrap
If they cooking up then it's coming back
Hit him with an axe like a lumberjack

Timber

Lance with the thirty eights in em for niggas that think they ninjas
Boy like Zeke in the finals, when I'm injured
Gangsta, hate it when Sam fell for Ginger
Dope boy, imma be gone til November
Come back in a new drop
Boiling to shoot like the NBA two spot
What you really tryna do, huh?
I'm the top boy, what you need a little food akh?
You should know I'm the gold standard
Fuck with the horn boys, the black Ghostlander
Niggas better than Ghost? Nah that's so random
Niggas hard and they GOATS not, but no Cannon
I ain't make the ball bounce but I made the bars bounce
Started on the corner with a hard ounce
I ain't tryna play the yard for the yard count
Rather be on the island whipping the car around
Niggas is mad, block in the tar now
But cut your bullet hole off, scar now
Ghost