

Pop Shit

The Reason

Yeah, uh
Uh, yeah

Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit
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Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit

Wait, ride with my block, ride with my steez, pop shit
I ain't need help, I got the keys, locksmith
f*ck who the best, I clean up mess, mop shit
Get shit off my chest, I took too many steps, Rockets
James Harden, my fame gone and my game Marvin
I can bag 'least ten of your finest, I came farther
Than a lot haters said that I could, became your father
That's just 'Pac shit, now I pop shit, REAS' in cockpits
Wait, high as planes, my stock is raised, let's be honest
I was ballin' way before the bucks, feel like Giannis Antetokounmpo, these niggas is too slow, done found me a loophole
Competition, I been takin' care of niggas, it's a group home
Stacks, been gettin' plenty, spittin' crack in inner cities
Rap game, had to stick my foot in
Like eenie-meenie-minie-moe to you niggas
Feel like the GOAT to you niggas
Also known as Prince of Del Amo to you niggas, wait

Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit (Wait)
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit (Wait)
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit (Wait, wait)
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit (Yo)

Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit (Yo)
Ride with my block, ride with my block, pop shit (Uh, yo)

Dance on my heels, mob in this still
Plug in my wheel, dubs what I fear
Ride for my tears, wait
Die for my block, rise in that pot
Lead to my opps, dead in that box
Stones in my bop (Woo)
God in my rack, shells on that ass and I know it (Yeah)
How dare niggas speak my name and they ain't glowin'? (What?)
Jumpin' out that big boy thing, the gun smokin' (Uh)
What's back seatin' when loccin' was no gimme (Ayy)
Now benji, ayy, it's Blueface, baby, and I'm greedy (Blueface baby)
Ee-ee-uh, chef boy groovy while y'all sleepin', yo, we feastin', ayy
Nine years in and it's still pink, and yo, let's go for ten, uh
Belt's snuggie, he got them M's, huh (Yeah)
Benz, rim rub, big bank, the main shooter (Shooter)
The house tulips, palm trees, the crib Cuba (Yeah)
The ox bandit, blank face, the crash landin'
The gun toter, one dream, to win solo (Brrt)

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