

Last Call

The Underachievers

Hey
YDNA

I'm a backwoods nigga, them gangstas with us
We far, that's word to the set
Brought the macs out with us, he backed out with it
Your team get hit with the TEC
Woah that's fine my nigga, I dive in bitches
In the world just to get in checks
Yeah we a mile high nigga, with the Gods right with us
We last, still smoking the best

I got the light, now she open like roaders
I get so high, I be feeling heroic
No GMO, get my weed from the growers
AK the illest, most valuable poet
I put a four in the tea, ya I pour it
You got some snakes in your grass, better mow it
She give me brain, like she download a modem
Trap with the pole, I ain't talkin' bout totem

My team be with it, my bitch be sittin'
My VS hittin', my wrist be spinnin'
My cheese get spittin', my benz ain't rented
My shit ain't tinted, my fit authentic
My G's ain't friendly, my gangsta's with it
Your gansta's missing, we blacks all living
Your sack ain't hittin', your wax ain't with you
No strap ain't with you, don't press that

Spittin' that fire no match for the coast
Called that shit up and I'm passin' the smoke
No heart get put but that ice on me cold
She give it up like her life on the ropes
Nigga I'm winnin', you stuck on them bitches
I'm forth, and them inches, I get to gold
Handle my business, I started, I finished, in part
And my linguish just smashing your ho'

Drop top nigga, like hats off
Tip top feel it, like that's shock
Feel like winning, no mask off
No no limit, like black cough
Stick to my business, like that's all
Real life livin', no wack sauce
Keep my digits, my bank tall
Drink till I'm finished, like last call

I sip that Henny, I whip that belly
Make shorty get loose in the truck
Nigga I grip that semi, my wrists feel heavy
My troops stay strapped for the fund
Yeah my hoes fuck with me, my chicks feel lucky
My team real comfy, your team look funny
That pack stay on me, your packs ain't potent
Your gang ain't homies, your strap ain't [?]

Pull up and then, get the pack for the low
Ain't bout a check, then I walk out the door
Strapped with the weapon, you step and we blow
Might loose my temper, and shoot up your home
My team official, you niggas is clones
She see the difference, that's why she be gone
I need my cheese, I need that provolone
These niggas is vegan, so I eat it all

Pull up on your bitch like skrrt
M4 coupe bumpin' A\$AP Ferg
Niggas can't loose if you put in that work
Niggas can't shoot if they get clapped first
Woah won't pass you nothin', you pass out from it
No handouts dummy, we cash out somethin'
Your life be frontin', your wife ain't loyal
Your time is broken, my eyes is sore

Talk a lot of shit, red dot em' like Hindu
You ain't coming back, nigga even with a Senzu
Shorty get a tax, like but then we gotta break loose
Gotta leave a mark, like graffiti what my days do
Grew up with the sharks, and you looking like bait food
Mommy go nuts, 'fore a nigga call her Babe Ruthe
Smoke in my lungs, hit a nigga like a quaalude
Claim you a thug, but these shells might change you