

# Walking Again

Toosii

They like he walking again  
They like he walking again  
They like he walking again, oh  
They like he walking again  
They like he walking again  
They like he walking again  
(Oh yeah, Berki, this the one right here)  
They like he walking again

They like you walking again  
Same shit I spent on my whip  
Could've went bought a hundred and one bricks  
Went to the store, bought a hundred and one guns for the hood  
Then I bought a hundred and one dicks  
I bought a hundred and one sticks  
Try me, then you what your family gon' miss  
I'm tryna body-bag 'em, toe-tag 'em  
Put 'em way deeper than just six  
Ain't tryna fight with a bitch  
I know my right to the bitch, I won't wife for one night in the bitch  
You put a ring on her, cool, that's what you do, I guess you liking a bitch  
I put my all in this, word to Niko  
I got killers with me, word to Baby Tay  
I grew a beard out during quarantine  
But these bitches still call me babyface

They don't move how I move  
36 tucked in the drug rag I'm ready to shoot  
I cut my phone on, go on demon time  
[?] when I'm right in the booth  
Bitch, I'm ducking them shots [?] shoot  
I keep saying you not me, I'm not you  
I like my personal space, bought a coupe  
In a two-seater, watch the money maneuver  
I got money now, but nah, I ain't new to this  
Started rapping, I think I could get used to this  
Tinted windows just so they don't know who it is  
Knocked his face off, they don't know who it is  
Ten piece for a feature, tell 'em fly 'em in  
Don't bust 'em down, sell 'em whole  
I'll ship packs and go hit me a lick 'fore I ever contribute to selling hoes  
For my family to be straight, I'd sell my soul  
And I know it sound bad, but I'm the realest  
I'm the neighborhood hero, bitch, I ain't a villain  
You could say that I did it, I ain't got no ceiling  
For my family to be straight, I'd get 'em gone  
And I know it sound bad, but I'm the realest  
The neighborhood hero, bitch, I ain't a villain  
Say that I did it, I ain't got no ceiling

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Bitches still call be babyface  
Word to bro, he tote a baby K  
Glock 23, feel like LVJ  
Don't wanna hit it if she tell me wait  
Don't wanna hit it if she tell me wait  
I'm a shooter, bro, tell me spray  
Want real love, she can't sell me fake  
Yeah, bitch, I can tell he fake  
A nigga don't hang with snakes  
Rap nigga, probably hang with Drake  
Toosii slid on a nigga, know Toosii gon' bang his face  
Flip the whip, he don't bang nothing but brakes  
Gotta tell him to pump that  
Dirty stick right on my waist  
If you come on the street too much, I'ma dump that  
And the shooters don't care if he dump back  
If he play, he gon' lay, we gon' slump that  
Ski mask, I be feeling like fuck hats  
No supporter, ain't wearing no Trump hat  
Know I stand for the people  
Buddy play around and he dying, 'cause nigga, we equal  
See it all through a peephole  
They kill one of my niggas, we clap every day like a sequel

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