

Muscles

Trippie Redd

Yeah, woo, yeah
Uh, ayy
Yeah, yeah

Gang in this bitch, better not move a muscle, yeah
Chopper bullets rain, I don't like to tussle
Got it out the mud, I respect the hustle, uh
All my dawgs bang, hang with Michael Vick (Yeah)
Money ain't a motherfucking thing
.223s exclusive, bitch, they go straight to your brain
Yeah, I'm getting money, baby, hustle in the rain
We was shooting on that block, you was shootin' in the range

I was thinking out the box, that's what got me out of the way
Hey there, bitch, suck my dick then have a nice day
Smackdown, fuck that bitch in a steel cage
Feel invincible, I beat his ass, Johnny Cage
Two, three, four, five, bullets hit his ass, left him dazed
I got tunnel vision, baby, won't get caught in maze
I'm not from this planet, I ain't human
No heart, fuck cupid
Let that chopper spray for looking at me stupid
Yeah, Nike check, bitch, I just do it
I can't play no games, we ain't hoopin', no pick and roll
In a spaceship, I'm a extraterrestrial
Red laser beam, lil' bitch, I'ma let it go (Red laser beam, in this bitch, I
'ma let it go, baow)

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The day them niggas die, come back around, we made a holiday (Gang, grrt, bo
aw, yeah)
Whole lotta choppas on his ass, I think I'm Sada Baby (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Proud of you, how you work with that switch, you think that Prada made it (G
rrah)
Turn your favorite rapper to a pound, that shit ain't complicated (No, dopey
)
I don't fuck with niggas, never ask me where nobody at (Goofy)
Fitted cap better say V.Roy or that's somebody ass (Yeah)
Real killer, pop up on somebody in somebody grass ('Body grass)
Nobody better not be with you, that's somebody's ass (Yeah, man what?)
Gang, who? You ain't did shit, nigga, stop sayin' names, dude (Dude)
Change who? Get back for that goofy, foenem changed too (Yeah, yeah, haha)
I'd be mad as hell, we gave the city all them chains too (Chains too)
Everybody points, everybody gettin' flamed too (Boaw, boaw, boaw)

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