

Vip Lap

Tsu Surf

It's a movie when we see yours
He come 'round, he not from 'round, we turn around, he detour
It's on me right now, these Adderalls they got me p-noid
Couple niggas gave us problems, final outcome destroy
He survived, we hit him though [?]
I grew up a savage
Heartless like my momma, got my daddy habits
Grab the 'matic
Dump the clip, the handle melted, shit was plastic
If I pull up I get me one at least
The killa's average
Who can doubt that I'm a maverick?
Opps know we back
Money on his head, bank green, this a open bag
I'm gon' like the picture, confirmation that we smoked his ass
We ain't get no news after the mission but I hope it's bad
Big homie is idle, he don't care 'cause he don't know his dad
Only trust these hammers
Nipsey asked me where I see myself, ain't have no answer
Baldhead clip look like I sheltered those for cancer
Gettin' head, my phone ring, "I call you back Grandma."
This one got a switch so it don't matter if you runnin' out
Granny left a message, said a prayer, she love me lot
Least they get is broken bones, stitches, cuts, bloody clots
Nigga he was with wasn't even bangin', he got buddy shot
Life's fabulous, my cougar look like Emily
Caught up in that V, don't make it easy, that's a Kennedy
I won't lie their score but if we keepin' count it's 10 or 3
She just need a flight, her carry-on and some Hennessy
We ghost niggas
What you see ain't what you get, they cappin', that be most niggas
I just wanna hustle 'round my marathon be prolific
All that actin' grown like he crazy got his soul lifted
Feed him to the demons, I just tell the dogs to go get it

If we slide catch his body, what you got to swap?
We got another buck and if you got the drop
We spend money 'cause we got a lot
I'm a cold shooter and I got the shot
Had to leave the city when we got it hot
Fucked around and fucked off a dub on Prada
I fuck around and really hit [?]
We signed it in blood, I'm Mad Max off shottas
Everybody ain't got body but they all riders
I really put 10 killas at a round table
We fire sticks, we ain't usually around cable
We did it with the 'caine way before it sound able
I ain't need a label and I wasn't rich but I was stable
The realest nigga in it
Man, this ain't no fuckin' gimmick
They came down shootin', we ain't run no fuckin' scrimmage
We do the Hellcat, the Rambo and it ain't rented
But you know it's tinted
Peep 'em squintin' tryna see who in it
Every single day I'm tore
I still made it through the war
Gettin' busy in Dior, get them killas a reward

Spill his blood, leave him crip
But we ain't even gon' trip
Shit gon' kick but I'ma vet so I control it with the grip
Know for sure my mom tired of me
But more so she proud of me
We go ah-ah-ah, it ain't no eye-for-eye with me
I show you how to move
It ain't no way that you should lose
I try follow 'em but niggas make me say fuck the rules