Chi-Raq To L.A.

Tyga

187

Know some Hoover niggas that's down to ride
For a homicide, when its drama time
Niggas thinkin' that they MCs
Can't get touched, well its hammer time
Who the fuck is Lil Durk?
I dust you like ash and purp
Your flow wack, my flow crack
Got marble floors, your floors crack
Got rap shit, mice traps
These niggas broke, need ankle wraps
Don't ride around in LA, if you ain't come on Jet with the strap
My niggas 52 Orange roofs, orange coupes, Ciroc orange juice
Trel said fuck all you, my OG Chimp out soon
H rat, shout out ScHoolboy Q, still my dog
You're a real one, I owe you
Shot at them niggas when you heard the news
If your daughter ever need something, don't hesitate I got you
Posted up on sunset at the House Of Blues like it's all cool
Might get trapped in Vegas too, call Mally Mall he with Big U
I might be in Bel Air, still got niggas in the field
20 million, LK real
With Yeezus in that SLR, T Raw upper echelon
No Lil Jets just G5's
Free CB, H Rat
Lil Punch and baby Nitty
My Maybach cost 2 chickens, you ain't got one? Don't talk my language
I'm king shitting on yo bitch
Southpaw and we in the gym
Tryna be a baller? End up like Flip in "Above The Rim"
You too small like Smeagol
I'm swatting the mosquito
I'll put you under the earth now it's a garden on your tombstone
You shit stain teenagers, barely teething on hundos
I'll hold you like the slave you are, all my whips mayo
You from Illinois? I'll bring the noise
You ain't platinum? Don't talk to me. Grammy nominated? Don't talk to me
20 Million? Don't talk to me
It's levels to this shit boy, you basement, Don't talk to me
You want the fame? I'll take your name and that weak bitch you fall asleep w
ith!

Ain't got no time for this rap shit, Blood Money, Cash Money
Ain't got no time for this rap shit, Cash Money, Blood Money
Ain't got no time for this rap shit, rap money, drug money
I'm straight nigga, straightjacket!
Yo Trel let a nigga hit him with a ratchet
Big U let a nigga get some matches
I'ma torch the building this La Familia
Pull up and spin a nigga backwards
Light it up, smoke a nigga like a Backwood
(Gotta channel DMX)
Coming through with my dogs (grrrrrr)
That chopper going through walls
This beef shit? That's me shit. Pull up bangin' that Meek shit
That monster truck pull up side of that Benz?

(Niggas ain't saying nothin')
Choppers aimed at yo whip, nigga!
(Niggas ain't saying nothin')
Cash Money, Family Hustle like Tip, nigga!
(Niggas ain't saying nothin')
Come through, few Bloods, few Crips, nigga!
(Niggas ain't saying nothin')
T Raw? I got you, don't trip, nigga!

First off lemme go on 40 Glocc again
Talk about my kids on Instagram?
Nigga must wanna get his ass socked again!
Tell a lie like I pulled out a Glock on him
Don't make me resurrect Pac again!
You ScHoolboy like Kendrick and Top and them
Have a bitch nigga running to the cops again
It's all Gucci Mane, Waka Flock and them
(Green Light)
That mean go nigga, if you ever see this ho nigga, on mama nigga it's a
(Green Light)
From where my nigga died to Riverside, even your niggas know it's a
(Green Light)
Better run through the red ones, fuck around and be a dead one
(Jump in the middle of beef, cause I don't like no one)
(Step behind these bars and I don't write not one)
(Niggas bumping they lips but they don't like no guns)
(Just close your eyes and that light gon' come)
I don't fuck with no new niggas, they like to sue, no woo nigga
Tyga hit me like "Durk dissing"
Dirk Nowitzki? Dirk who nigga?
Never heard of these niggas
Some of the nerve of these niggas
Don't make me put on burgundy nigga
Let the AK *gunshots* I'm serving these niggas
Yo T raw, time to murder these niggas
Black suburban these niggas
I'm taking bitches, I'm taking chains, yeah I'm Young Bergin' these niggas
Ain't start making guns when they made you nigga
Ain't no JayHawk but I'll K you nigga
And I know Hoovers, I know 60s
(I know Westside Pirus, niggas down to die too)
Move in on them 50s
(I got niggas on west and the Southside of Chi too)
Pull up in an 87 Cutlass
Throwing bullets like Jay Cutler
Fuck this. What's this? Niggas talking all that fuck shit
Tough shit. Put a nigga on like Trukfit
I know Lil Wayne, I know Lil Reese
I know Lil Herb, I know Lil Keef
I know Lil Boosie, that nigga free like this ass whooping
Come fuck with me, I got hands, I got bands
Got damn I am what I am
.45 go blam with no jam
Bring a nigga Vietnam, let's go ham
Niggas runnin' out of ham, let's go spam
Nigga dip through your set like Killa Cam
I'm talkin' to the man, with no fans
This is a DM with no gram
Ridin' through the Chi, ain't ever seen Oprah
Hit a 300 with my little nigga Sosa
Brown paper bag, sippin' on a Four Loko
Nigga get love, I ain't talkin' 'bout The Notebook
Niggas got killers out here, west side, they feel us out here

Like Weezel [?] and Chicago, realest out here
Old man and the capitol hill is out here
On the low end, all my BD niggas bring the dope in
BD twins locked up in the feds and my nigga Bump J, hold your head
If you getting money nigga hold your bread
Rock my Pelle P like LED, them Bogus Boys? They Fuck with me
I fuck with stones till I OD'
69, Seven Deuce
Marshalville I mean Murderville
Yellow G, gave me a bitch off of Damen Ave I use her to kill
She from the Chi, but she ain't shy
She ain't never met a nigga who can't die
I'm so Southside I'm so Northside
I'm so Westside, nigga "Ain't I?"
Got more niggas in the Chi than Jay
(Chi than Jay)
I might be more Chi Town than Ye'
(Chi Town than Ye')
I'm on the low end with my nigga Par K)
(with my nigga Par K)
And he A GD, but it's free Bump J
4CH but I'm like Barksdale in this Shark Tale
OG like a car sale
Chopper spins, you do cartwheels
Lil Durk under a lil dirt
(And nobody knows you)
Dis ain't what they want!
(Nobody knows you)
(Bitch I thought that was Future's song!)
(I'm bout to show you)
You done caught yourself a Little L dog
(Man nobody knows you)
You heard of Lil Durk?
Nigga, hell nah!

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!