

## Burial Grounds

Unaverage Gang

Damn, T.R.I.P., that shit lit

Burning with the burner, bitch, I mob with my niggas  
I got the semi automatic with a Manual transmission  
Bitch I'm wolf, you a dog barking all that shit  
You rolling with a bunch of pussies claiming that they legit  
It's young T.R.I.P. never trippin' on a hoe ass bitch  
I gotta keep that pistol grip incase a bitch run they lips  
I gotta get that fuckin' money just to blow on the whip  
You caught me rollin through yo city throwing up that triple 6  
I'll take yo' bitch up to a sacred place  
And let her tell me all the fake shit you pussies claim  
Sacrificing my haters then I fuckin' let it spray  
UNAVERAGE GANG and Nijalveli will have these pussies just turning in  
they grave hoe

Still havin' visions, ownin' my decisions  
Mothafuckas try to get in our way as we lay down the precision  
In addition, one thing that everbody keep forgettin'  
UNAVERAGE GANG in this bitch and we stayin' persistant  
Long days, long nights, we give every ounce  
Just grind, work hard, let's make this shit count  
Key to success is to havin' a motive  
The world is full of haters and distractions, VAGUE, how you stayin'  
so focused?  
If you haven't noticed, I'm never open that should of been noted  
The only person that knows it, be the person that wrote it  
Scripture covered in roses and next to the lotus  
Find another motherfucker like us, proven to be so devoted

Hope they know if niggas snitch the chop will make him float  
And his bitch get hit by me or poach slid that to my bro  
I was trapping dope back when I had minutes on the phone  
You know I had the shit, niggas took one hit and they was gone  
I'm 'bout to pick me a freak up  
After I drop lil' zeke off  
I really been sticking to the g code  
Niggas been sleep in the streets tho  
I got my clientele geeked tho  
Shoot 'em light work like free throws  
I really had xans and the grow op  
Hit up soto and got the fro chop  
Niggas all drama like soap ops  
Aim for the top like a Mohawk  
Still lick yo' crib if the door locked  
I got some work put away at my whore spot  
Capping get you and your boy cropped  
Unaverage gang you know we on top  
T.R.I.P. make yo flip with that pole dog  
VAGUE get you hit in the dome pop  
We in this bitch so it don't stop