

Fuckboy what is happening?

Get the fuck out my sight, I'm rolling with my dragons
And we will end your life, I grab the AK and cock it
It wants to exercise, this shit is jumping
Ain't no mothafuckin' compromise, you going to die
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Straight out the psych ward with a mothafuckin' machete
Do not come out doors, I'm an outlaw creepin' with a M4
Put the mask on and I'm ready for an all out war
I don't think these fuckin' boys even have a clue
What I'm ready to do, I'll bring pain to anything that moves
I'll raise hell if I have to, if it means bagging bodies
Then I'm back to the booth with a mad tune
Shots popping off sounding, like a mothafuckin' NASCAR
When I'm coming through
Got the whole gang outside and we mobbin' through
Like a fuckin zoo, I'm a menace too
Sit the fuck the if you ain't 'bout this shit
Throw the gang up if you rep my set
We don't fuck around with them lame ass kids
Bitch stay in your lane or you'll wig will get split

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Bet you little bitches wanna brawl now
I'ma keep on goin' 'til you fuckin' face down
Too much talkin keep yo mothafuckin' tone down
Better look up instead of just fucken runnin' around
All these mothafuckas thinkin' they can talk all that shit
But have nothin' to prove but got a mouth that don't fit
After awhile, man, I'm sick of this shit
When the reaper comes to put a fuckin' end to this shit
And the world is mess
So now my mind is mess
I grew up from the fuckin' gutter so I'll never confess
And the panic that I feel always up in my chest
I take a couple of xans and I've settled with less
Be a lesson learned, with the things we earn
More money, more problems it becomes a concern
I wait for the day that, I'm put in a urn
And I thrive in the pay, 'til it has taken it turn yeah