

Gang Shit

Uncle Murda

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah
I put that coke in the water
I work that shit by the quarters
Niggas, they call me for orders
I get that shit 'cross the border
Niggas be tellin' these lies
I see in they eyes that they ain't on that gang shit
You see the pain in my eyes
Free all of the guys, we all on that same shit

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My new plug a Dominican (Babe)
He military, he move disciplined (Woo)
He a old head, I be laughin', tellin' him he a senior citizen (Nah, nah)
He be movin' like Pablo and Chapo, he think he a narco (Yeah)
He killed the nigga that was tryna leave the game alone, I call him Benny Blanco (Yeah)

He was on the block like Alonzo (Woo)
On money, better pay him pronto (Yeah)
You don't want me, that new loud-
bass nigga roll up in the front though (Side)
When we see them niggas, we gon' take a shot (Bang)
That's where they hustle at, we gon' make it hot
Niggas go to jail, turn Muslim for protection, that ain't what it makes a lot

On that gang shit, but I ain't gang bangin'
40 Cal, leave your brains hangin'
He literally out his mind, tryna rob me, I don't know what the fuck he was thinkin'
Stash box got Glock in it (Bang)
Ops 'bout to get flocked with it

Hit one nigga like thirty times, motherfucker thought the cops did it
And that's closed casket or burn his body, I ain't fuckin' 'round, I swerve the mic
Get to work for the low, shit look like twenties, fiends gon' come and find me
Now the competition can't compete, what we make in a day, they make in a week
We the reason that they shit slow, got they bricks, turn them into antiques

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I was fresh out the cell, eatin' Jack Mack (Back)
Vanessa Jewel, go for crack pack (Jewel)
My nigga eatin' like a snack wrap
.40 on me, order Black Mac (Grtr)
Fuck up the white hair and cat stacks (What?)
Can't really tell you 'bout the trap facts
Push a button, call back back (Woo)
Niggas talkin' money, what's the rap facts? (Nah)

Turn his head into a snapback (Grtr)
They try and play me like a Ratcat
They go, 'Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo' (Brtr)
Nigga, that's how the MAC clap (Grtr)
In the P's buggin', got the G's thuggin' (What?)
Bitch, I corner shots, I had to seize blood (Yeah)
I don't need bitches, I don't need lovin'
If you need trees, then I'm weed pluggin' (Woo)

On the highway bumpin' Kanye (Shit)
But the stash box full of fine yay (What?)
Do I grind, yay? Nigga, crime payin' (What?)
I have killers sittin' in your driveway (Grtr)
Turn a fine day into a massacre (Yeah)
Gettin' blood diamonds out in Africa (Yeah)
I don't know you, don't get close, dude, I have time keys comin' after you (Woo)

If it's mask on, then it's bad for you
Black gloves, black mask for you (Grtr)
I be OT smokin' OG, livin' lowkey with some traffickers (Woo)
I get the stacks and I go (Woo)
I pull a MAC and it blow, back from the go (Grtr)
My nigga traffic is slow (Woo)
Still let it clap and they know (Woo, woo)

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