

## Squeeze & Buss

Unknown T

Who made this? JB made this  
Ghosty

The po' hate me 'cah there weren't no solvin' (Uhm)  
Gunman stance and the club said 'no smokin'  
But we brought that smoke in (Whoosh)  
I'm the best at my age, no boastin' (I'm sorry)  
We know fanboys hate when I'm ghostin'  
Jailhouse ting, no smoke  
Let me jump on the tech', call my babes and lotion (Uhm)  
Beat up the yute, don't poke him  
GM's cut when the govs approachin' (Duss)  
Deceivin' opps ain't reppin' their block in jail, on a joke ting  
That boy caught stress when he held them pokings (Yuck)  
But he's still on free flow  
Bitchin' to different blocks as he's still tryna moisten (Washed)  
Bro just said one drop on a opp  
One chop had his vocal broken (Neckshot)  
We beat man out of his head  
Curled up in the bed but the gov ain't spoken  
Don't trust anyone in the can  
He can be your right hand and pree up the soakin' (Urgh)  
Free up, free up my goons in the jailhouse  
Bang 'til the gates break open (Free 'em)  
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Hands up, hold this, squeeze then buss  
GS corn is a must (Bow, bow, bow)  
Pop smoke 'cah everyone's talkin' tough  
Rudeboy, I'm callin' your bluff (Uhm-mhm)  
Bare man duss when they heard it's us (Us)  
Tryna squeeze and buss (Bow, bow)  
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Mask on then teef that B in the trap  
Who teefed that? Me and my darg  
That nigga tried bop and then he got whacked  
Abuse that dot-dot, plot in the gaff  
Barkin' hell, that's smoke on the crash  
He ain't got heart but still wanna do this  
Tar don't dash when the .38 clap  
Brap, he can feel this wap (Grrrrr)  
Feel this wap, when they clocked on it's us (Brap, brap, brap)  
See bare man dash  
Bark off and the opp boys scream like yats  
Me and bro's tryna chase this batch (Brap)  
I just beat off the M, no cap

Got three indictments off my name, I'm gassed  
He froze up when he heard I'm back  
Fresh home, fresh home, straight back to the cash  
Two Rambo blades behind your back  
While bro's tryna beat that mash  
Big brown booty, rewind her arse on Snap  
Let me squeeze that nyash  
Eyes roll back, she 'uckin' me off on cam  
Man buss on her lash  
Stop shinin' the wrists on 'gram  
It's VS1, it don't need no flash  
Drive out of town for the cash  
Fly off the buj and three and a half for the light  
I can make that splash  
Rap then turn that bread into plaques  
HMP, just me and my co-dee locked in the gates, no Zack  
We still got halves when we're breakin' racks  
Free up, free up my bro, that's facts

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