

Opp Pack

UnoTheActivist

Damn, damn
Broke the Internet (Tell you what)
Put that nigga ass in the dirt
I'll tell you what, are you doing too much talking? (Free kill)
Fuck wrong with you? (Free kill) I'll tell you what, though
What? What?
(Staccs on the beat so it sound different)

Yeah, it get hot in the streets, so I gotta keep a cooling kit on the table
(Dig?)
Nowadays, the first thing a nigga do is start fake beef then sign to a label
(Dig?)
New opp pack in the air, go ahead and gas him up, inflate him (Dig?)
Poke a nigga up with the mask on, talking 'bout Jason, ain't talking 'bout Tatum (Dig?)

I cannot beef with a nigga, he dead
I got some niggas I raised from the dead
I was brought up to keep one in the head
No, it's no talking, my name is not Ted
I'm gonna give these little niggas the blues
Won't stop 'til I see a whole lotta red
Popping these Percs, on a whole lot of meds
Kill all the opps and then run from the feds
Tie that bitch up in the bathroom 'cause you know this a home invasion
Niggas on the net talking all that tough shit, tell the nigga drop location
I'ma let the hollow point come out the blick just 'cause I like vibration
Nowadays, a nigga die over a bitch when it all was an entanglement (Dig?)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I can't beef with that little nigga, he dead (Dig?)
Yeah, I can't beef wit' 'em, he dead
Murder your mom, shoot your dad in the head
I got some jewelry, it cost me some bread
Fuck all the jewelry and fuck how I paid
Throwing the paint, we was toting the lead
It's a new gun that's stuffed inside the bed

Yeah, it get hot in the streets, so I gotta keep a cooling kit on the table
Nowadays, the first thing a nigga do is start fake beef then sign to a label
New opp pack in the air, go ahead and gas him up, inflate him (Yeah)
Poke a nigga up with the mask on, talking 'bout Jason, ain't talking 'bout Tatum

Yeah, yeah (Dig?), yeah, yeah, yeah (Dig?)
Yeah, uh, yeah (Dig?)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah (Dig?)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Dig?)
Yeah (Dig?)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm going to walk in your crib with the chop, when I walk out, I'ma leave with a limb
Told you little niggas this was an invasion, I kick the door, I feel like I'm Zim
Yeah, it's a choice, yeah, they taking that harder way, I'm calling 'em Tim
Bro will kill you 'cause the color of your brim
Twelve will kill you 'cause the color your skin

Kill a street nigga and it don't mean shit, kill a rap nigga and get famous
And I'm gon' kill every rat I see, I'ma kill 'til they endangered
Told you, a nigga gon' touch on these chains and you know that I got to stay
dangerous
If you walk home with the stuff in your sack then you know I got to chop off
your fingers