

Bang Bros

Warhol.SS

We don't do no talking like them action figures
Working on my income, I want them multi-figures
Think this bitch might be dumb
Can't give time to her
It ain't no Fanta
Put that codeine in that Cactus Cooler
I'm moving careful cause my loyalty can't get abused
Them niggas think we double crossing
But we X them too
Yeah we gon X them out
It's crazy niggas get bigheaded over that baby clout
You ain't got no motion and it showed
Like how you treat them hoes
You put bitches over your niggas
Damn you fried, I can't go
Them niggas killed your partner
Than go slide, pick a pole
We execute them niggas mafia style
Cut his throat
Float like a mother fucking butterfly
Sting like a bee
I hit niggas left hook
He falling like Ali
I done seen a good nigga turn sour to the streets
Can't never move too cautious
Dot your I's and cross your Ts
14, Coming down King Drive
Early morning on my way to school
And I seen three died
Riding past, bodies bleeding out
I was traumatized
Then I learned fast niggas better not know you pack
Good exotic burn fast, beam me up the Scotty
I forever got that juice with me like
Boujee bitch she rocking poochie
Drinking Acqua Panna
I want that Roc A Fella money
Like I'm Shawn Carter
Vlone jeans, 2016
And that glizzy in these bitches
So don't talk to me
Wockesha calling it's addictive
Like them coco leaves
I find a hard time believing all these niggas Ps

Foreigns back to back, it's a car show
I don't spend no time on these thot hoes
I be getting sad when the bank close
Switching with my twin, we the Bang Bros
We gon kill the scene
Leave the case closed
Steph Curry's, pocket full of queso
I be down south, like it's Clayco
All I know is hustle hard like I'm Maino
Foreigns back to back, it's a car show
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I be on that day and night
Like I'm Kid Cudi
I was never intimidated
He softer than some silly putty
Fuck his hoe and now I want a minaj
She said pick a buddy
Break the weed down
Get the leaf it's time to stuff it
Rocking Rick, but I ain't riding in no Maserati
He said it's smoke but now he high
Nigga quit it, finally
Me and Ceelo fuck them hard, huh
The Hardy Brothers
You put your feelings in them bitches
I could hardly love em
What he smoking, dead niggas
They know folknem get to throwing
And these fast pitching
I ain't worried bout no obstacle
This crash course
I don't do nothing with them niggas
They shit feel forced
And I'm stealing white tees
Cornerstore they love me
Ain't no-one above me
We solid like that concrete
Cuzzo keep his head on a swivel
He be on street
And niggas be beyond me
Hit CTRL, ALT, Delete

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