

Shit Trill

Webbie

Shit trill, I be jacking shit or selling shit
All about paper, if it ain't paper it's irrelevant
Bitch, I'm a savage I be jacking shit or selling shit
All about paper, if it ain't paper it's irrelevant
Bitch, I'm trill I be jacking shit or selling shit
All about paper, if it ain't paper it's irrelevant
I gotta get it so I'm jacking shit or selling shit
All about paper, if it ain't paper it's irrelevant

Boulevard what I rep but I been in old town for a sec
Shout out to them niggas 'cause they show love like a bitch
And off in PT can't forget ken that my cause
And nigga you know him, the little savage selling drugs
Much love to big head, you know I won't forget about 'cha
Just chill on your joneses, when you get out nigga I got 'cha
Got a lot of lil' rounds but there's some things that you must know
Mane fuck that Lil Webbie, don't trust Lil Webbie mane he cut throat
He all about Feti mane he ain't got no fucking feelings
He jacked my lil' brother so when I see him I'ma kill him
They screaming I don't feel him, mane, they just got some grudge in 'em
Talking all that shit but they ain't really got no thug in 'em
Webbie put a slug in 'em, savage squad represent 'em
Making mega cheese from December to December, mane

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I got the Glock, nigga, it's time to clock nigga
You sixteen still at the bus stop nigga
I told slugga this foolishness gotta stop nigga
Got it together this savage the fucking block, nigga
I tried to reach a flat mill through the neighbourhood
And all I got was that police and that ol' dirty judge
I'm still reaching for it, pushing crack and marijuana
Can't stop reaching something telling me it's right around the corner
Paid, I wanna be the grave, I don't wanna see
Before I die I hope the clock at least a hundred G's
I'm thinking bigger things, talking about a hundred keys
With a pretty dime piece on a fucking beach
You wanna shine you better grind if not you struggle dog
Mane from a brick to a one five get your hustle on

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Two hundred twenty five savage run the state with guns
Tryna clock six pushing more weight than pun
And it really don't matter nigga where you from
We got them bricks and them bricks come on get you some
If you want beef we gone beef until we settle the shit
And when I creep I'ma creep until I nail me a bitch