

On The Gang

Xavier Wulf

Aye
Fuck around then
Spark this blunt
Which y'all we smoking?

Aye
Black a nigga eye for talking silly
(Gang)
Knock a nigga off his bike look like he popped a wheelie
(Gang)
Knock a nigga off his skateboard
He laser-flipping
(Gang)
Once she let me hit it
Then I say them digits

Let me hear the gang
Let me hear the gang
Let me hear the gang
Let me hear the gang
(Fuck nigga)

I'm beating pussies up
This ain't no fucking sex position
(Fuck nigga)
I'm looking on the bad side
Die Jeffery pessimistic

I got my chain made in Jotunheimr
Twist with the lemon lime
Bitches think I'm Honenheim

(On the motherfucker)
Yo bitch is texting paragraphs
She sent the deposition
(On Gang)
Put all their opps in grass
Dr. Jeffery optimistic

I got my chain made by Jotunheimr
Twist with the lemon lime
My bitch came straight from Jotunheimr

(On the motherfucker)
Put all their opps in grass my body counting triple digits
(Fuck nigga)
You heard I got that check and spent that shit on stripper bitches
(On the Gang)

Let me hear the gang
Let me hear the gang
Let me aye
Let me hear

Should I send 'em hitters?
Hitting a direction if I need it to
For real yuh he Memphin
We stepping like we shame the booth

Check the scholar
Rolling 12 an O
She getting critical
Took the tear
Throw way high their hands and with a bitch and dude
This Gen 5 call it block-boy cause all they do is shoot
I'm outside straight standing on business
Partner shit we the truth

Who the fuck is this?
Pull up just to pull off on a bitch
I be glatchin shit
And he think I'm sly 'cause I'm rich
I'mma spin again
Then I put his pack up in the wind
Let me hit it nigga
(On the gang)
Let me hit it
(On the gang)

Fire that blunt up in the Hill
I ask my boy which opp is this?
I fuck every hoe I'm with
Your bitch just be hit or miss
All my bitches got me blocked
My iPhone be dry as shit
If the function smoking opps
Niggas wanna try shit
And don't play with us unless you tryna die shit
(On the Gang)
Nigga play with one of us
He must be high as shit
(On the Gang)
Smoking opps
Who God is this?
Let me hit it
Gang
Let me hit
Gang

Let me hit it On the Gang
Let me hit it On the Gang
Let me hit it On the Gang
Let me hit it On the Gang
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Let me hit it On the Gang
Let me hit it On the Gang

Mine!
On my soul I want you gone today
Pray that anyhow nigga own it too with a gun
Say you stepping on shit
But ain't seen it and that on my mama
He never crashed done slid round 50 round drumming
Gets you gone without putting on no money
And that's how I'm coming
Had them young boys in there on your block
Like they Andre Drummond
Gen 4 we hold 34
Like I'm Terry Cummings
Word to bond
Whatever I say
Pussy know I'm standing on it