

Ayy, ayy, ayy (grrah)

Semi automatics, pistols clappin', ayy
Fuck a Tec, I got mad tools
We ain't talkin' 'bout no niggas like these hoes do
Think I'm pussy, nigga, run up, bet I showed you
I bounce out with a.30, bounce out with a stick
I'm the plug, call my phone if you need a fix
Do a hit, and then I tell a bro to ditch the whip
Mouths sealed, we ain't fuckin' with that snitchin' shit

I'm chicken chasin', chasin' chicken, just to get the paper
Them bullets comin' through them brick like they was some laser
s
No barber shop, but bet this blade'll leave him with a taper
I'm the man and I got bitches, come in all the flavors
Want beef? we deliver shit like pizza hut
RIP my nigga fredo, so we keep it cut
When you hear me in your car, turn yo speakers up
If you catch me in that field, keep that heater tucked
If you ever catch me lackin, better blow nigga
We ain't really with that talking, really smoke niggas
Big poles if you thinking it's a joke nigga
Let it blow nigga, If you thinking I'm a hoe nigga

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