

# Make A Wish

YBN Nahmir

(Jordan...)

I said, "Fuck it", I grabbed the MAC right off the dresser  
Looking for my victim, feeling paranoid 'cause the reaper calling  
I could tell all he seen was black  
When this five-double-0 hit him from close range, I had him falling back  
Go with your move and you gon' see  
I'm still digging up all these hoes, my house starting to stink from my dead  
enemies  
I take a sip and then I ride  
AK-47 chop your mama into pieces, have you crying for weeks  
They know I'm all about that 187  
Hit the lights at 3:00 and send them demons on niggas  
Ayy, without this pole, I spit straight facts  
Four hollow tips to that nigga back  
But I ain't gon' speak on that  
Niggas know we put them guns in the hood  
Before a nigga had some money, fame, was chopping your hood  
Before a nigga had some money, I was knocking your bitches  
Two Glock 40s with a thirty, I was shooting that bitch

Everybody hide when we slide  
I got some demons on my soul, there's angels talking when I ride  
Don't make them killers pop up and hit a nigga's shit  
I be in that field, I be taking risks  
Ayy, I be in that field, I be taking shit  
Nigga try to play with me, I'ma kill his kid  
Bitch, you shouldn't have fucked with the bossiest bitch  
All these chains on my neck, I wish a nigga would

Pistol, AR, up in the Maybach  
Nigga flexing all that bread and I'ma take that  
All my opps dead, I got 'em smacked off a PayPal  
Niggas talking pounds, I got that bread on that Cash App  
A young nigga, smooth like a nigga should be  
OG, young nigga but I'm stacking blue cheese  
I wish they would try to play me like a kitchen cabinet  
But whole time, they ain't on shit  
'Cause when them .223s hit a young nigga whip  
He dead and you can not bring him back  
Put him in that casket, you got his mama sad  
I ain't no bitch 'cause I'ma take that risk  
I don't fuck with FNs, I got Glocks on my hip  
I'll have them shooters laying in your grass  
It ain't no whip that we don't know  
They get to running when I bounce out with that four-four  
I hit that nigga with this chopper in his damn nose  
I know his big brother hella mad  
Then why you ain't stand up on that business, nigga?  
These niggas really bitches, swear to God, I can feel it  
Get that nigga get back, you still gon' get clapped  
You say that one more time, bitch, you still gon' get clapped  
They know I roll that nigga every day up in the tree  
Two bands for a body, I'ma catch him in the streets

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