

# No Hook

YBN Nahmir

Gang  
Woah woah woah woah  
Gang gang  
Brrrrra  
Bitch YBN shit  
Bitch ay ay gang gang ay

I'm chasing a bag, counting guap  
While you niggas on some broke shit (bitch)  
My brother stay strapped  
Pop any nigga on that hoe shit (bra)  
Internet shooters  
Man these niggas ain't gon blow shit (they ain't gon blow shit)  
And you ain't my brother  
So you can miss me with that bro shit

Niggas say you flipping work  
Then I'm on that kick a door shit (on that kick a door shit)  
Take a nigga down get on that ground get on that floor bitch  
Your Broski he a clown  
Bro move around 'fore you get domed bitch (bro move around, ay)  
Had to cut him off  
Cause niggas snitching on that hoe shit

Ooh, I'm 'bout the cheese and the guap  
Your bitch she a thot tryna take off her top (bitch)  
Ooh, my brother just burnt out a lot  
Had to go cop a foreign just to drop out the top  
Ooh, I gotta watch for the opps put a drum in my Glock  
That's a whole hunnid shots  
Ooh, niggas want beef with the gang  
But the whole fucking time they be telling the cops

I'm up in traffic know that my pistol be clapping  
Run up you think that I'm lacking  
Bitch I'm a savage I ain't never run from shit  
Bitch I be letting 'em have it  
High off dope  
No, I don't fuck with them average  
You niggas not 'bout that action  
Slide down if a nigga want smoke  
You should have known that I'm packing

Ooh Bitch I be high like an addict  
Balenciaga nigga copy the fashion  
Shootin' up shit like the navy  
Illegal guns cause these hoes automatic  
How you want smoke with the gang, but you stay put up  
Nigga you don't want static  
Rented the Lamb for a week  
Let Nahmir drive it and he almost crash it

You niggas copy  
You niggas dissin' for fame  
You niggas really be lame  
Pop off  
If I catch you then Jay rubbin' off the paint

If I see you at that drive-thru I might have a nice day  
Bitch this ain't no Mickey D's I turn your M into a K

Bitch I'm the man, my diamonds they dance  
Yo bitch on my dick like a fan  
I feel like Tay K, I just did a race  
Cause I had to run up the bands  
My niggas real shooters so why would they fight  
You know they not using no hands (nah)  
Why niggas mad, cause I try to make it  
That shit was just all in the plan

We ain't fuckin' with no Ford, so I'm bringing out that Porsche  
Bitch I'm probably in the Jeep and yet that bitch ain't got no doors  
Bitch I'm speeding in that Rari, know that label got a horse  
Leather print up in that bitch, so yeah I'm slayin' up them doors

I'm not from the Chi but I'm throwin' L's  
Cause niggas be lame than a bitch  
Chasin' a bag, not chasin' a bitch  
Blue hunnids like Lilo & Stitch  
Don't fuck with no niggas, just me and my brothers  
Cause I know how quick niggas switch  
He talkin' that shit, two to three shells  
Split that boy's shit like a Twix

When we pull up and hop out these niggas run (niggas run)  
They be talkin' like oh shit he got a gun  
Know that K, it hold 50, it got a drum  
Know that choppas got bullets size as a plum, ay

Bitch you already know what it is  
Nigga YBN shit. Nigga duck yo motherfucking taco bitch  
YBN shit bitch. Huh  
Sly bitch, ay  
Bow Bow bitch, ay