

Turner Field (Stadiums)

YFN Lucci

Too many real ones locked up
I want them niggas to hear this from stadium to stadium
Free Major Grams
Free Shell
Free Poochie
Gangsta Grillz
Free Pookie-Pook
Free my nigga kenny
Free 20 Dog and free Maro
Free the whole Edison gang
Free my nigga Q Money

Look, two cups of Promethazine got me faded
Big boss worth a couple mill, bitch, I made it
Uh, Super Bowl ring and my cup look like the stadium, yeah
I remember we used to hustle by the stadium

Bendin' blocks and runnin' from the cops, yeah, uh
I remember ridin' in hotboxes, yeah, uh
Ay, we were somewhere tryna pop and lock
We spot it out then we gon' pop the top
Made eighty thousand on the auto mall on that boy
I can't fuck with none of you lil' suckas, you niggas lollipops
And we good at poppin' Glocks
My lil' brother Jay caught a body, he don't know how to stop
I'm trappin', bitch, I might run off
Uh, we be in the 'partment, uh, we got hard and soft, huh
Used to pull out, get a ten, come back and break you off
Now my leather real soft, now I'm prolly at Weezy house
I put VVs in my mouth, my potna cold clean you out, yeah
We made it this far, nigga, we stars (Uh huh)
Plus I hold the chopper like I hold a guitar (Yeah)
Now I pull strings like a guitar
That lean got me throwed off, BG just like O-Dogg (Yeah)

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Ay, you think we just gon' sit here and starve
Fuck wrong with y'all? (Nah)
Think we ain't gon' play by my dawg, what wrong with y'all?
We ain't got no pressure slangin' gun, fuck the law, huh
If we ain't got no paper we gon' go sell the raw
Call my youngin, they pull up with stick, sell 'em somethin'
Only for the money, they tryna take holmes head off, uh
From where we comin', you know we so hard head, y'all
I lost my cousin to a bitch and my cousin wasn't even involved
I'm thuggin', ready for war (What else?)
They ain't care about my nigga, why the fuck should I care about y'all's?
Fuck it, go kill 'em all, uh
Raised up in public houses

With no room on the bed, we had to sleep on the couches, yeah
Now we in the club, I got my foot on the couch and shit
My nigga dead, we gotta shoot up they house and shit
They like, "We train with the feds, we don't know how to miss"
Only med sippin' red, I don't know how to quit, yeah

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Yeah
Rest in peace, Gino
I remember we used to hustle by the stadium
Yeah, yeah