

## VIOLENCE

YG

Ayy, if you slidin', niggas dyin', with that violence, I ain't lyin'  
Don't believe me, come and try, nigga  
Ayy, call me slippin', perfect timin', if you diss me, he was top  
What's up with all that right, nigga?  
Ayy, with the shootin' and the fightin', got em fryin'  
Best friends would die, 'cause we don't like you niggas  
Ayy, the money callin', I'm excited, flyin' private with the gang  
Nigga, chains, I'm doin' life with niggas

Niggas dyin' if we slidin', hit your block with what's behind me  
Click, clack, bang, the guns, they flyin'  
Glizzy with a stick on it, the glizzy poppin'  
Caught him slippin', we weren't tryna hide it, sick, stick to hidin'  
Your gang can't hang with me, I shouldn't divide it  
Gangster on the internet, but he a whole bitch in private  
Wake up, get fucked, then I get deposits  
He's a broke boy, 'cause he don't get the process  
Four-hundred milli', that's a must, nigga  
No, I don't trust niggas, so I got a trust, nigga (Ayy)  
Plus the crib plush, nigga  
Seven-hundred horsepower, left 'em in the dust, nigga (Ayy)  
See an opp and get a rush, nigga  
Somethin' wrong with me, really, what the fuck is up, nigga?  
Beefin' with a rapper, but he suck, nigga  
I'm like the goose, when you see me, better duck, nigga

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I'm in the streets where niggas be  
A hundred-thousand, it's on me, I move around like I'm OG  
You bitches, you ain't shit to me  
You niggas, you ain't shit to me, you'll never be a nigga to me  
All my mans dyin' and it's a victory  
Ballin' out with my nigga, send a check, we split the fee  
Niggas tryna re-write history  
Claimin' he's a nigga in my city, he's a mystery  
Fuck it, hit the Lamb' to the truck  
Quick fast, got to pump, do 'em sad, sad as fuck  
The opps trash, bag 'em up  
His bitch bad, bad as fuck, slaughter gang, stab her up  
I'm on some whole other drip now  
The AP Plain Jane, but I bust your bitch down  
Ridin' with the bros, we got blicks out  
Real street nigga, over me, they gon' spin out

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