

Foxes & Boppas

YTB Fatt

Yeah, (Phew, phew, tss)
Yeah, (Phew, phew)
(Phew, phew)
Them Foxes out at 11:00, finna get two at night
Nigga, (Phew, phew)
(Phew, phew)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, uh

We mean business nigga
Ain't finna play with these niggas
I'm in South Vegas when I'm in the city
Me and some Foxes on tape with them killers
Scatpack the Charger when I'm in the city
Take the tags off and fill it with killers
Pussy ass nigga just rappin' inside them songs, won't even slide for his sister
My young nigga say he'll get the job done, (yeah), take a picture with the B readGang people
Gotta be cool rappin' 'bout these switches, (hrr), make sure the Feds ain't listenin'
They be like, "Where the fuck this young nigga from? ", I'm from the west of Memphis
Stop' through the city, I don't even check on my family, nigga, first stop is the kitchen
I'm with some Foxes, boppers, killers, 3-0-4's, and some people
All this smoke be comin' out the blue, FN-P90, sound like an engine
Bows, choppers, and switches, nigga you can ask shawty 'bout when I brought 'em to the trenches
I ain't like when that button had melted, told lil' bro "Take that shit off that glizzy"
(Phew, phew), I'm with some Foxes and killers
(Phew, phew), I'm with some Foxes and killers
(Nigga), I'm with some Foxes and killers
(Phew), I'm with some Foxes and killers-

And some boppers
Me and [?] was slidin' through, you know that we known for hittin' them chop pers
He bustin' corners but we still had caught 'em
6.4 [?] truck hawked 'em
I'll go snake for that skrilla
Talkin' 'bout Foxes and switches
Bitch go (hrr) when you hit 'em (Hey, hey, hey, hey)
I'm talkin' 'bout boppin' and chillin'
Backdoor shit, nigga, Fatt, is you with me?
I'm Sett, is you with it, jump behind the business
[?] ammo, we done with them niggas (Murder and love)
I'm talkin' 'bout ridin' with fifties
Cee ridin' with Cinco with automatic semis
Check the news in west Memphis
Cut that shit, highspeed the mission
I'm SlimeLife to my niggas, they watchin, they know that the Feds be listenin'
Man, walk and talk for the trenches, kill all the opps, they hidin', they missin'
They dyin' for @'ing and mentions
I see like the Reaper, got Devil's attention

Send five to his city, dumbass nigga tryna pop it, gon' die for an image
Stuck gold for the bows
We puttin' shit up, they already know
We upp'in' that sco'
Shoot up-top, hell naw, we ain't shootin' below
Two .30's, scots to his top blow
All you see is that fye jumpin' out this pole
Ask G about my artillery
You know that I'm fully every time that I blow

Yeah, um, Foxes and switches
Hoe, I'm boppin' and killing
Huh, murder and love
My shit 6.4, ain't ridin' no Hemi (Ain't ridin' no Hemi)
6.4, ain't ridin' that shit nigga