

# Smooth Operator

Yung Bleu

Came a long way from that block, I swear to God I did  
Used a long run to the top, I gotta feed my kids  
If you want to I can show you all the shit I did  
If you want to I can show you all the shit I did  
I got too many haters  
I make moves, I'm a smooth operator  
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I heard niggas plottin' on my chain  
Got a rocket on me now, you play some games, I bust your brain  
All this dope that we distribute, keep one eye in the rearview  
Can't let a nigga scare you, gotta get back and make 'em feel you  
Them bullets they flyin' like birdies  
I'm frontin' them cook in the burbs  
My trap do numbers like nerds  
I get you killed for a word  
Five K for a verse  
I'm poppin' like gasket, see you in traffic  
I get the plaques then you get to panicking  
I got that work, I'm part of the management  
I got a problem for buyin' that Louis  
I got a problem for buyin' that Gucci  
We got the raw on the plate like it's sushi  
Mag or the Glock, whatever that suit you  
I ain't gon' hug you, lil bitch I'm gon' shoot you  
Don't pick a side, better be neutral  
They want me dead, the feeling is mutual  
They want me dead, the feeling is mutual, yeah

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The shit I can show you unlimited  
I'm in Chicago, this shit can get treacherous  
Gave me a pack and they told me deliver it  
If it don't make it this shit can get serious  
I slept on the couch with the rats and roaches  
Gotta watch your friends, the one's that's closest  
Can't give me advice if you don't know shit  
If I got a gun he got a gun too  
Kept his mouth closed when he supposed to  
We done went global, shout out Young Bleu  
There go nasty nigga, came a long way from rags to riches  
Hit me a lick, my bags is bigger  
Gave me a bag, turned up with this fashion, yeah

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You see this shit expensive I'm rockin' lil nigga  
This shit Givenchy I'm rockin' lil nigga  
I stood at the top on the block with a rocket lil nigga  
Got me feeling cocky lil nigga  
I had to step on 'em, I had to rep on 'em  
They say I changed, they say I went left on 'em, yeah  
I don't remember that  
Pay for the dope, I don't pay for that kitty-cat  
Six chains, nigga know I don't fuck with you, how you  
How you gangster, I grew up with you  
I'm the nigga poppin' on the backstreet  
Keep it in the street, don't at me  
I'ma have you runnin' like an athlete  
You ain't never heard Bleu over some rap beats  
My shit don't make it there, I had to take it there  
I had to take a left just like I'm racin' there  
I hop out a foreign, I hop out a sport  
You call it a pistol, I call it a toy  
I was fourteen when I hopped off the porch  
I was fifteen when I first went to court  
I fucked your bitch at the spa and resort  
Dope in the whip and I'm dodging the narcs  
They want to beef, I show up with a farm, yeah