

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
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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'mma 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