

Gang Nem

Yungeen Ace

For that drop
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Where is the nigga to vouch for me? Boy, that nigga is dead as dead (Dead as dead)
I gotta watch what I say on this mic 'cause I ain't tryna go to feds (I ain't tryna go to feds)
I told the bitch to close her leg 'cause I just want the head (I just want the top)
I can't fall for none of these bitches, I'm tryna stay ahead (That's facts, nigga)

Huh, huh, I was on the block with a G-lock (G-lock)
Uh, uh, you can tell the police all these guns props (All these guns props)
Uh, uh, got the streets on fire, in a headlock (In a headlock)
Uh, uh, runnin' niggas down, give 'em head scars (Boom)
Uh, uh, give this bitch some bread so she can get the lo' (So she can send the low)
Uh, uh, load up all the sticks, nigga, it's time to go (It's time to slide)
Uh, uh, you can call him granny, the way he servin' 'bows (The way he servin' 'bows)
Ayy, he just locked the wrist, he steady on the stove (Damn)
Blocka-blocka, that's that loud sound from this Drac', nigga
Skrtrt, skrtrt, left a nigga dead on his face, nigga
Ha-ha, ask him how it feel when that heat hit him
Blocka-blocka, call me gravediggers, I six-foot niggas (Six-foot niggas)
Ayy, shots what he love, he sent the chase, nigga (He sent the chase, nigga)
Uh, like to get up close, hit in face niggas (Bang)
Uh, babysittin' bitches, had to train them (Had to train them)
Uh, uh, yeah, she with them niggas, but that's gang them (But that's gang them)

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Yeah, you know that money be
Takin' away my pain, feel like it's numbin' me
From the streets
He ain't nothin' like me if he don't dump his yeek
What a week
I damn near passed out, another hundred G's
Hope he don't see snake inside my face and think it's somethin' sweet
Triple cross, we whacked the biggest dog, stood over, punished him
Bake a cake so big 'til it's enough to cut lil' bruh a piece
Fuck a chase
Better not turn away the day you see my face
Or you goin' to heaven gates
Your folks up there, you'll tell 'em, "Wait"
Better days, even the devil pray he send a brick of Hank
Way before that 'nyl made us stars, we was all at war
We all know who wasn't and who was, get inside them cars
Bend until they feelings gone, send 'em sittin' in front of God, nigga

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