

Yeah, gang, gang
Bro, what the fuck?

Gave me the sicku, that shit was immaculate
I just got a Glock, pussy boy, I'm not havin' it
"Man, Chris got the bitches." No cap, that is accurate
Gucci my body, I look so extravagant
I'm slimin' that boy for the check, like what's happenin'?
I came for the bitches, not lookin' for average
I light me a J and my bro gettin' half of it
You not tryna fuck? I'm sorry, bitch, you gotta go
And I'm not gettin' sloppy, shawty, hit the door
And that Glock in the whip make the boy do the woah
"Yo' yvngxchris, you sound like Comethazine, Tay-
K, X and kinda like G Herbo"
Bro, y'all niggas is dumb, I don't know if I feel you
You slide to the trap, then my bro gonna deal you
If I got a problem, I call up my shooters
Don't underestimate, that nigga will kill you
If that wasn't the guy, then he gon' find the real you
Extortion your crib, then my gang gonna steal you
You a bum ass nigga with no fuckin' money
I get to the green, nigga, like some mildew
Dun-dun-dun, dun, dun-dun-dun
My nigga, I'm hummin'
Bitch, I'm with the gang so you know how I'm comin'
(Oh shit, I'm with the Bloods) You know how I'm bummin'
That Glock .47, that bitch hold a hu-

This interruption to the song is to tell that none of you niggas are fuckin' with yvngxchris

I got my young niggas with me
Pull up to the crib and she beg for the glizzy
I'ma grab on her stomach 'cause she got no titties
Got a ho' in the telly, yeah, we gettin' jiggy
I'ma get to the money, nigga, I'ma calculate
I told her to beat it, nigga, no ejaculate
And I got a black nigga with a "athengay"
And bitch, I be ballin', nigga, check the accolades
Walk down, run down, give me yo' money
"Yvngxchris broke," nigga, you is funny
I'm slimin' the plug, nigga, for them gummies
And you not a thug, nigga, you a bummy
I'm off of the drugs, messin' up my tummy
And I'm off of the juggs even when it's sunny
And you pull out that gun, nigga, for them honey's
And you finna run, nigga, you a dummy

[illegible]

On gang