

D – d

Every opp shot (Grrah, nigga)
Everything fucking dead, nigga
For real, nigga, suck my dick (Grrah-grrah)
It's that DD Osama, nigga, 41K
(Is that Chris?, Ah)
Ayy yo, TG, suck my dick
Why you talkin' on Notti? JB got hit
(Rrah, rrah) fat nigga, he ran and tripped
Then Nazzy had died right after JayRip
(Grrah, dummy) still 41K, bitch
I'm smokin' on Lay and I'm smokin' on Blay
(Damn) if I catch me a 41, he goin' away
AJ Wvttz is my cuzzy, don't play
And 83 my devil, for him, I'ma slide (Slide)
Forever 14, 'til the day that I die
(Die, grrah)
I'm only 15, wit' a fume on my side
(Grrah, grrah)
If they talkin' on Notti, they all gotta die
(Grrah, grrah)
And I'm feelin' real disrespectful, like
Why they keep dissin' my block? (Ah)
Franky, Keith, Matt, Lee, Rah (Damn, damn)
Like, how many niggas got shot?
41, yeah, them boys some rookies
Caught Mr everything-Dead, he was pussy
(Pussy)
Now I'm out tryna throw on your what? (Grrah)
I don't gotta put a mask on
All I need is my hoodie (Grrah, grrah)
Ayy yo, Sha Gz, suck my dick (What?)
You keep talkin' on Notti, like
Did you forget? (Grrah)
Ni-Nigga ran on his mans and
Now he in a spliff (Lotti)
Rah, Dubs, Beanz, hit, grrah

Lee Roy, Gatti, dead in a ditch
(On bro, they dead)
We gon' visit his grave just to piss (Grrah)
Franky, C-HI I, Matt, spliff (Like, what?)
S-So much deads I could write me a list
(Like, grrah)
Like, so many dead in the Sev (Rrah)
Rippy got shot, he was holdin' his chest
Nazzy, Blay, stuck on the floor (Nazzy)
40K, I'm gon' smoke him some more (What?)
A-AJ a dick, nigga died in the whip (Damn)
On bro, I'ma spin through they strip
(Grrah, grrah)
Why the fuck would I hang out the whip?
(Like, what?)
I'm on the Rey tryna catch me a Crip
(He dead)
I know an opp that got shot in his lip
(Like, what?) jay Six
Off drink, pourin' up at the liter
Dudeylo's gon' spin with a heater (Heater)
Shh got tagged, he was doin' a seizure
(Seizure) if they talkin' on Notti
They must wanna meet him (Meet him)
And we flockin' for bro, yeah, y'all know
We gon' clap if they send us the low
48, yeah, he thought he was cool
Like, JayRip got put on the news
Free Move, he got locked up, like brodie
Be home soon spin-Spinnin' through blocks
Tryna creep through they parkway
(Like, what?)
He got popped wit' his dawg on the concrete
(Grrah) bu-Bullets attack him
They shoot up his artery (Grrah, grrah)
Throw shots at the, make the car shake
(Grrah)
When I bend it, I bet I'ma buss it
I seen DD, turn nothin' to somethin'
(Like, what?)

Dudeylo off the yerky, he bussin' (On bro)
Shit real, I'ma shoot 'em for Notti (Ah)
Late night, we gon' creep
First one we see, he get put on a tee (Ah)
Daylight, I can see
First one I catch, I'ma put him to sleep
And this shit really hurt
Got "Forever 14" on my shirt
Bro, when I shoot him up
They gon' feel it the worst
Fuck up a lil' bitch, we
Gon' finish the work, grrah
Shot after shot, he need more than doctor
Set Da Trend, niggas smokin' your father
And my brodie don't play, yeah, he on that
(On that) rG, lay him down like a doormat
(Lay him down) he tried to bend
Bet these shots make him floormat
Hit a milli' for Notti
I know that he saw that (On gang)
Like, I hop on the beat and go kuu
For Lil' Notti, I'm boomin' at you
(Grrah, grrah)
Grrah, free Quan, yeah, he shakin' the room
(Grrah, bang)
Throw a shot, bust quick, and then move
Grrah grrah, grrah, grrah
Suck my dick, nigga
(Suck my dick, nigga, every opp shot)
It's that DD Osama, nigga, man
Every opp shot (Grrah)
Every Flocka shot, nigga



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych