

Wire

"Story"

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Yeah, check it out, uh yo

[Verse 1 - Loon]

Yo, I was sittin on the block with the deuce-deuce, the
bubble goose

Nigga popped up in the blue Coupe, this nigga Moose
This nigga fishy, this nigga he stay pissy

Run up behind niggaz, the blizzy and get busy
I seen niggaz resent, some nigga wrist be broke over
this coke

or pocket full of crispy

Dollar bills make nigga swallow the steel

And most niggaz can't swallow a pill, know how that
feel?

But back to the skit nigga, in back of the whip

With the windows half way down about to clap on some
shit

And I'm rappin and shit to this platinum chick

It was fucked up, I got shorty back of the whip

I'm paranoid but still got the gat and the clip

If them niggaz spit, I got to spit back at the whip

If it go down, shorty whole back'll get ripped

And that's low down, real life theatrical shit

so I grabbed shorty hand, took a couple of paces

Said some "Hail Mary" maintain my patience (*4 gun
shots*)

Oh shit, this nigga spit four quick

I threw shorty down and let off the whole clip (*several
gun shots*)

Then reloaded but holdin the whole whip (*gun cocks*)

In broad day, so niggaz done witnessed the whole shit

Had to flee this shit is blasphemy

I took a couple of steps and the nigga blasted me

(*gunshot*)

This nigga Moose got loose from the caboose

Ain't thinkin about a truce, try to knock my dick loose

My deuce-deuce ain't fuckin with Moose .40

I try to save the chick but the nigga done lose shorty

Two to her gut, one to her chest, one to her head

Now shorty layin puddles of red, fuck it I'm fed

I'm tryna figure was it somethin I said

That got this dumb nigga bustin out lead, discussion is
dead
I understand this man, he got a cannon in his hand
The sound alone, this shit is bananas
My one plan was to hit him and run fam
But God saved my life, when he made his gun jam
Time to leave but he still tryna squeeze
Instead of tryna buy him some time on his knees
Nigga please, you got no reason to buck up
Knowin that you 'bout to get shot the fuck up
Duke was brave but his stupid ways
Is the reason why I'm 'bout to twist Duke toupee
And I'ma squeezin but the gun wouldn't shot no strays
Now we even but the nigga like 6'2, what would you do?
I'm 'bout to out fox this nigga
Son at 165, I'ma box this nigga
But what he don't know, Loon 'bout to ox this nigga
Hit him dead in his fuckin neck, when I chop this nigga
But thoughts in my mind, tellin me let it slide
So I'ma get in my ride and catch Duke another time
Just circle the block smoke a purple of choc
This nigga heart stop, nigga died right on the spot
No bullshit, collapse right on the block
Crackheads went in his slacks, hit him right in his knot
Save me the trouble, now my phone on bubble (they
comin for you)
Feds tappin my line, like nigga condone the trouble
Walk out my motherfuckin home is a struggle
Fuck them pigs, I don't own no shovel

[Outro - Loon - talking]

What the fuck
Now all that bullshit I done been through with this nigga
I ain't lay a single solitary motherfuckin hand on this
nigga
This nigga drops dead, these motherfuckers is all on
my ass
Like I did somethin to this nigga
Word to my mother, this shit is some real bullshit man
This nigga killed my motherfuckin bitch (*bells start
ringing*)
Now I'ma runnin around like motherfuckin Harrison Ford
Like I'm some motherfuckin "Fugitive" or somethin man
This is some real bullshit man
But I'ma ride this shit out man
Cause I'ma motherfuckin Bad Boy

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