

Corey Heart

"F.A.N"

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[Hook - 2x]

Fake niggas finna pay, for talking down on us
In glocks we trust, so niggas you ain't fucking with us
We dangerous, and if you wanna know who we be
I ain't finna be bumping or talking, you run on up and
let's see

[Trae]

I'm taking it to another level, talking down on Trae
You must don't know about the way, these young
niggas don't play
I'm a Guerilla Maab gladiator, cocked back for the plex
You underestimate my skills, I'm finna go off like a tech
With verbal assaults that's raw, I'm breaking mics like a
jaw
Ain't finna be calling no laws, you finna get straight
rubbed off
My niggas ride for the cause, and keep they back on
the wall
And keep they eyes open for fake niggas, that change
like draws
A wolfpack black leader, while bleeding blocks with
killas
You know us niggas be real, that's why the streets gon
feel us
From sun up to sun down, all around when we rap
Them little skills think that you got, I be blowing it off
the map
Thug made affiliated, my niggas be complicated
Like bitches with menopause, so niggas get annihilated
By most of the underrated, with million dolla mouth
pieces
A street terminology, nigga that's sick with my thug
thesis

[Hook - 2x]

[Yung Redd]

It's a fact, I got henchmens and goons
That don't pack guns, that send you to the upper room
Hot headed, Redd just misunderstood

I'm like a mechanic, I put slugs under your hood
Lock and load, Redd hit your block and explode
In a van with sliding do's, boguarding the road
Don't ask me how I'm doing, I'm going to say
Try and play me, I'll put two in your brain
That's me, running with the sparking techs
Bout to rearrange your hood, like a architect
Roll up real quick, and park the Vet
I'm off the chain, but I ain't barking yet
Day or night, we still provoke your set
Leave you and your whole crew, soaking wet
So anybody in the way, better hit the deck
I'll twist your neck, for showing any disrespect

[Hook - 2x]

[D Drew]

Situations thinking, you knowing your fucked up
The laws on the bis, and they running up in the cuts
Niggas who you trust, they ain't giving a fuck
For the love of the dolla, they be giving you up
Now you stunt to the FED's, you got the block hot
The laws on the blocks, they snapping your every shot
Dead End niggas, they be keeping it locked
If they ain't then who would, you be running the shop
Now I'ma tell you off top yo
I hit you with the rock, and I could leave you wet hoe
Coming through, in the four do' Bentlo
Sitting on 20's, so you know I'm blowing endo
D Drew coming through, nigga wrecking verses
Bringing hearses, calling nurses you on maximum
finna hurt em
You niggas y'all ain't feeling that, I grab the Mack
And twist your hat, at the same time break your back

[Hook - 4x]

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