

## Guerilla Maab

### "Everybody Gone Know"

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feat. Lil' B

[Trae]

Guerilla Maab in the trunk, when I'm whipping the boulevard

Rearrange the block when I swang and bang, I'm gripping grain

Banging Maan when the cd change, and leave stains till a motherfucker

Know my name I'm Lil' Trae, hey nigga what they say  
The young gun fin to come, tipping up few quay, blue over gray

AK's on cock I don't play, on the grind full time to ball and parlay

I can flip my tongue, and make a nigga say whoa  
If you really want plex, what it do here I go

Niggas don't no hoes, are coming up out of the Maab  
Stepping out pimp stripes, laced up with a Dob hat

Grab a gat, nigga where the hatas at

Like that Mr. Fat Pat, we fin to rat-a-tat

To make a nigga blood back, you don't wanna see that  
I'm fin to be breaking em off, when I click on wax

Cocking the glock dropping the top, and making em up out the box

And body rocking the lot, and leaving a nigga shot

When I step out, bitch niggas be on the run

Nigga come and get some, you don't really want none

I'm a thug nigga, fucking with me you fin to get sprayed

I'm screwed up and throwed off, and gone in the brain  
Representing my click, to the fullest everyday all day

Stepping to us, fifteen coming your way

Shotgun blast, keep a nigga moving it fast

When I set it off, making a nigga feel like trash

Guerilla Maab competitors stand, and hitting yeah

And if a nigga don't know, I'm fin to be breaking yeah

Pretty licking yes a nigga, what you be talking about

I'ma ride for the South, till the house get burned down

Shut down, nigga be coming way too throwed

You know Guerilla Maab made niggas, out of control

[Chorus - 2x]

Everybody gon know, that my click gon set it off  
Balling out

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