

Lil Phat

"My Glock"

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[Hook:]

I only live fa my muthafuckin glock
Put all the trust that I got up in these 17 shots
When I'm a die they got me feelin like I'm pac
I am feelin this rap shit I gotta get back to the block
I only live fa my muthafuckin glock
Put all the trust that I got up in these 17 shots
When I'm a die they got me feelin like I'm pac
I am feelin this rap shit I gotta get back to the block

[Verse 1:]

Mama, I miss you, wish I was still stayin with ya
But it fucked me up when they had killed my own lil
thug nigga
12 smokin blunts with em, smokin humps with em
Missin the fuckin feelin I'm wishin I kulda talked with
him
Started hollin "fuck life" when I Ben
I lost Ace, who else don't wanna lose pen
Switched teams, switched places, switched sons
Now me and junior on them tabs and we hollin dum
And Big Larry been my brother to the end
So much shit up in the wind I'm hollin fuck, not again
1st nigga in the south, that I jack with
In the bottom with Lil Nick hollin "we ratchet"
Tryin on that purp shit, I don't fuck with dirt shit
Cause niggas wanna murk me Cause I got the rawest
verses
Fuck a vest, who next? nigga we bout goons
Back on that X with text Cause we just lost Coon

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[Verse 2:]

Now this rap shit, it got me with a headache
But ion say nun, I just head shake
My phone rang, it say I got another baby
I'm a sue the fuck out Trojan tryna play me like I'm
crazy
? tryna turn me to a coffin
I'm shootin muthafuckas, tell yo boss that won't no
boss shit
You stupid muthafuckas put shit in my mama head
And you got her shakin and tossin in the bed
And these past weeks I ain't been gettin sleep
I can't leave this bitch right now gotta be a brother to
Unique
And she just like me, she like Jordans on her feet
So we play with ha, acosha, tell yo mammy rest in
peace
That's my big homie, that's mi nigga, no legs he still
stressin
So when I ride with hm got both of my Smith & Wessons
Rest in peace Nick Sterling real goon a creepin
Remember wakin up, stone bars for reason

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