

Gunplay

"God Damn"

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Hey you heard about home boy
Yea, God damn
Left him with a house on why
Yea, God damn
Yea, but he know how we play now
Yea, God damn
Baby lay down and stay down
Yea, God damn
[x6:] God damn
Why they need to throw that back
[x6:] God damn
Why they need to throw that back
God damn

Umpire show catcher, O miss
Dirty long ratchet, on lap
Hundred fifteen in the can
Dust that, still but it bam
But it bam
You show how to grind
You can top off that
Ain't no lie 'about that
My dog, so we go bang boo goo
Hello, 88 acres, zoo koo

Handcuffs like a noose too
Bitch I'm black ops, nook too
Now who wanna one won in
Won one done in
Left with ten one ten
Fuck you want me to do
Feelin' unbeatable
My wolf back snappin', lookin' unfeadable
Get buddy buddy, bring the rules retreatable
I'm on that shit Steven Seagal do
You know what
I'm trialed all the way
The judge who trialed, man he died on the way
All that damn meat and smile on the way
You trap but you won't trap down all the way

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Blood, sweat and tears
Mind over matter
Shittin on you niggers, got a bad blatter
Britain panorama (zoom), brothers from Atlanta
Sit on daddy lap, yea she call me Santa
Dancin' in that pussy bitch
I think I'm MC Hammer
Touch my paper bitch, I'm buckin' like out of temper
Steel ladder, they say my flow tragic
But them niggers criticizing like it was pro raptor
Real nigger (real nigger)
Deal with him (deal with him)
Leave a nigger in the bus like Sammy Hill figure
Put up K (put up K)
Throw me some of them bad bitches
Who wants to likin' warfin' hard like them polish
quizzes
You feel me (You feel me)
You feel me (You feel me)
Bad ol' bitches throw me back just like a Frisbee
Word up (word up)
Straight stuntin'
Bitch I hit the biller take the five hundred

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AK, 8 hall, haller to concessive
Run up in your vestibule, dodge you like a decibel
Lee your ass a vegetable
Beef and now you're a side dish
I ain't a chef but I master how to fry fish
Man did you stack it
Kitten turned to kidnappin'
I know the pigs tap us so we...
Feds follow me like I'm playing Simon Says
Bishop then ride a maze niggers till the trauma dead
I'm with the drama kit
You know I drama do it right
Sheets on the spot, next stop trauma you
Bad bus, meet 'er at a military
Brand like bills but he never ain't a bitch scared
Street sweepers, three divas, straight stop
When money ain't lackin', of course they fuckin'
No strings, I control 'er, puppet master
Molar, stolen plaster, go get my money faster

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