

Gunplay

"Good Kush Triple C Mix"

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[Gunplay]

I'm on that good kush and achohol
Bitch I think I'm Al Capone
I do what the fuck I want
You do what the fuck you told
You a house nigga, I house niggas
You play cool ball, I foul niggas
This for all them trill niggas, no deal niggas
Just getting it in the field niggas
Them real niggas I vouch for
They can call me at my house nigga
2 freaks in my louis sheet
Keep a couple of racks in these levis jeans
Cuban bitch I got a Cuban plug
Boy Cuban links to be Cuban drugs with models
That's where we use to count up all them dollars
Que passa, my choppa always keep a raider wobble

[DJ]

You see my nigga young Bree, he really get that
He really talk that, he really live that
If it's triple c, mmg, download the djs
I bout to bring home my nigga gunplay right now
Build a bird, it's a Medelline thing nigga
Oh get ready for that, my nigga gunplay
Step to that with a mic

[Gunplay]

My horoscope, like a horror show
My worse fear, palms under oath
And pistols jamming
Or catching something from your dirty mammy
Observe the damage after popping 30 zannies
Niggas green and everything between
I keep 'em arms lenght just like this beam
Beam beam no witness to recite the scene
Just a hollow empty magazine
So sad it seems, talking shit whats that about
Acting like Imma lose my title bout
I live what I write about
Bullshit, that's what all my homies died about

Full clip, new stick I'm bout to try it out

[Dj]

Stop that you know my nigga gunplay
You know every word he say is true
Ain't no denying that, ain't no doubting that
It's Carol City Cartel, from MIA all the way to the BX
Special at PSP, UFO, oh you know how I bring it
Long as my bitches love me
You fuck niggas don't pay me
I don't give a fuck about no haters
Too busy counting this paper
Long as my bitches love me
I don't give a fuck bout how yall fell
These niggas ain't never been real
None of yall niggas gon' pay my bills
7 figures, 6 Rovers time to foreslosure
3 choppers 200 loaded
One aim, one motive
Take yours get mine right, in the jungle you eat what
you kill
I put you in the suit like prom night
Just to get another seat for a meal
My nerves bad so I smoke good
My bitch bad but she fuck great
My benz new, my chevy old
Pull that engine my 7 thray
Top down so you see my clear
Part face in my Audemeer
Pardon that I meant Audemar
Might order more with Ross on the leer
Double m what you know aboout that
On Rodeo what you know about racks
Louis 13 what you know about yack
30 for the watch so you know I'm strapped
But that's a given, trying to dodge prison
J O B just over broke 40 k a month now that's a living

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