

Gunplay

"Pyrex"

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I'm next, jumping out the pyrex
I'm crooked, I'm cooking up, I'm cooking
My time, now watch the fire burn
Jumping out the pyrex
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I'm cooking, he cooking, crackers cook and book 'em
Hand to hand grams even when our van looking
I'm mobster, a monster, dropping ten cookies
While these old head looking like some goddamn
rookies
My soldier rack, soldier gloves, soldier mask
I'll just be bombing with my soldiers
No booth lay, my troops boot slay
Stitch a snake nigga and his two face
Jumping out the peacock, running down our tea cup
Flat the Cuban rink, blink, look there go the ether
Crack cocaine, man, that's no thing
Chopping on them ballers with big ballers on my rank

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Hey boy, I got the pyrex in here boy
Feeling like Santa on a sleigh, what's the ever pay
Swamp thing about that everglades
Cold hearted, every day like a December day

Chopper taller than a midget, powder on my digit
Bitches wanna know, I show you how to get these digits
Bound to get these riches, bound to kill these snitches
Hundred rounds of these blitzes
Certified, murder ride, this that shit you heard about
Got to see the shit yourself, you can't rely on word of
mine
This turf is mine, I'm in the paint, turpentine
Looking at my Rolly' it's the perfect time

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