

Blu

"Tags"

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(Verse)

Beat still lead him in jack pat
Yea, ill flavored tags in the backpack
Drinks sequence old one, scratch that
But them brown J3's drop, I had that
Yea, tags all over the 2 tents and no bros
Verses on the soul of my shell toes, wallows
Wutchu know rubbin elbows?
'09, glad to see them doors the hell closed
Close call, Basquiats, but smashed city hall
Weaving round all them laws
Wutchu know about tags?
You got em all over them final sleeves
Drunk chick signing they tips flip
Putting mustaches round the models and the maggots
Fat ass John got er fast just on the Jag
And you know for the clouds we got tags
Snap bomb wires off heaven for tags
But we ain't just talkin bout the 50
'94 plates, insurance made it (tags)

(Verse)

Yea, beat still under the bridge shit
Shoppin with a different, some chick shit
Still got the new arrow still on the cap
Plus the fat cat just to bust her fat ass
Black white bubble, let her rap jazz
You know rhyme of the Ratpack
Crossin out facts, we don't hold no bad flow
Sick with the Glocks, make em throw up (tags)
Flatline John, Montana Max (tags)
There back swimming on the facts
We ain't just talkin bout graffiti
'94 plates, insurance made it (tags)

Killers that joins the keys up (tags)
Empty that, feel this K, got (tags)
Every time he go off air he's got
Shivers every moment, pace that
The mere woman got some big ass
Thanks to that Basquiat ho

You know one sayin this all cold
Saber in the LA river go

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