

## **40 Glocc f/ Sam Scarfo**

### **"Where Them Hammers At"**

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[40 Glocc]  
Big Bash  
4-O  
Sam Scarfo  
Infa, infa  
Infamous  
Up in this bitch  
Infa-infa  
Infamous  
Up in this

(Verse 1)  
I'm the king of the coast, I'm a rider for real  
Dickies, T-shirts, that's my deal  
Keep my peripheral in my rearview  
Step in the club  
And do that one-two  
Infamous G's  
Do what they want to  
Move in a unit  
Like we 'posed to  
Watch ya step  
Don't get too close, fools  
Matter of fact  
It's past your curfew  
You dealin' with grown men, these hands'll hurt you  
With crumbs off of my table, my homey'll murk you  
Your life was adopted, you could say, I'll birth you  
The nail in the coffin  
Straight to your torso  
BLIP-BLIP-BLOW  
Ain't you dead yet?  
I knew he had bitch in them the day we first met  
Pussy was bleeding  
I gave him a cold test  
Hit his ass up  
Nigga, this cold grip  
I'm already gone  
Over half a state  
I created ya life  
And this the thanks I get?

My chain and my neck represent the set  
Yellin' Guerilla Unit, cuz  
Beating my chest  
Feelin' hella buzzed, off of liquor and blunts  
Treating everyday like the first of the month  
With a pocket full of stones, still served in a cup  
And a fitted twenty pack, right hand on my gun  
Uh

Chorus:

[Sam Scarfo] You ain't really that deep  
You ain't bangin' no heat  
You don't really want beef, where them hammers at  
[Both] BLAO, BLAO, BLAO!  
[Sam Scarfo] Where them hammers at  
[Both] BLAO, BLAO, BLAO!  
[Sam Scarfo] Where them hammers at  
Calico, mack 10, A.K., everything  
Shorty whop, 40 Glocc  
Homey, what you gotta say?  
[40 Glocc] It's on, nigga  
[Sam Scarfo] Where them hammers at  
[Both] BLAO, BLAO, BLAO!  
[Sam Scarfo] Where them hammers at

(Verse 2)

I moved out the hood  
Straight to the 'burbs  
Keep my ear to the street like I sleep on the curb  
Put my feet to your hair piece to get on your nerves  
Drink liquor til I'm pissy  
I must concur  
Dump til the clip empty, watch the outcome occur  
Treating trouble like pussy divin in, head first  
I fill that boy up from the head on down  
Turn a crooked-ass frown  
Upside down  
Keep heat in my pants  
Like a STD  
Ridin' shotgun in V.I.P., SUV  
I'm S-U-P  
R-E-M-E  
Do a driveby in daylight like big Tray Dee  
When I yell out, "Peace"  
I want a piece of the pie  
Or I'm a use the doo-wap to knock a piece at ya thigh  
It's hard to stay alive, niggas, easy to die  
Now analyze my life and try to walk in my nights  
Let's see how many bullets, you could die tonight  
If I die tonight  
I'll be remembered

For them throw-away burners with no serial numbers  
I'm a felon, homeboy  
No registered pistols  
If you running from me, homie  
That lead'll get you

Repeat Chorus

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