

Buddy Desylva

"Glock in My Draws"

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[DJ Paul]

I got, I got my glock in my draws
As I walk the motherfuckin track
Hit me wit some more, if you don't hear me
So I split your wig
Glock, glock in my draws
As I walk the motherfuckin track
Hit me with some more and hit me wit some more
And hit me with some more

[Frayser Boy]

Posted on the fuckin track
Tryin to make these ends meet
Yorks real close as I'm walkin up and down the street
Tryin to get this fuckin money, a nigga like eatin steaks
Pistol to the head of these niggas that be actin fake
Shit is gon get real if you think about testing me
I know you wanna see me gone or see the law arrestin
me
You know the game dawg, you bring it and I'm gon
fuckin finish
Yeah I know your chest hurt, nigga it's a bullet in it
I got that glock in my draws without a thought or a
pause
I'm also dodging them laws, slippin away from they
paws
You better gimme respect, before you feel from Tech
We'll leave your whole body wet, with bullet hole in your
neck
Leaving your dick in the dust, niggas like me you can't
trust
So run 'round fuckin with us, pull back the trigger and
bust
I'm out here makin this loot, quicker than a prostitute
So if you gets wrong, best believe a nigga gon shoot

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Hit me with some more and hit me wit some more
And hit me with some
Glock in my draws
As I walk the motherfuckin track
Hit me wit some more, if you don't hear me
Split your fuckin wig
I got my, I got my, I got my glock in my draws
As I walk the motherfuckin track
Hit me with some more and hit me with some more
And hit me with some

[Frayser Boy]

I ain't cut out for no 9-5 so I sell this fuckin dope
Got a extra package in my draws for a nigga though
A million dollar dope track, that's what I got workin
End up on the wrong track, ho you gets a fucking hurtin
Eyes in front and in back of my head man
That's how it gots to be, if I want to maintain
Cause these ho ass niggas, they'll try to catch you
fuckin slippin
So, I got that glock and you know I'm bout to start
trippin
What you gon do, when I break up that fuckin heat
It's gon be like Halloween, callin "trick-or-treat"
Frayser Boy, got a toy, will make example
Knock you down to the ground, on head I trample
Glock to your mind, and I'm pullin the trigger
Ain't takin no shit from no ho ass nigga
Whoopin ass, takin names, that's how I get down
When I come in presence, best not to make sound

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