What, yeah I'm on nigga run up I'm runnin' with the gym blade in my fitted now Fuck around with me and get knitted down So much green can't remember the last time I shitted brown Thirsty niggas ain't admitting they bitter sound Now I'm hungry to show em I'm the hottest fucking kid around Show em how it go I don't kid around Fuck ya crew and label go get a town And set off and spit around YMCMB in the bee and pee on ya bean Why and if I see em tell em I wouldn't wanna be em Run off gun out, gun off run out Fuck the what nigga bring the fun out Militia gang rap for the dumb out Try me for a come up I bet ya niggas raps never come out Smooth drinking swigga with a temper like a bliquor On the itchy finger nigga bought a liquor on the victim goin

Don't you know my name?
Gunz Militia Pop
Show these little niggas I'm not playing games
I'm a pro with the dot I'm a cold nigga pop
Like cash with the flames
Gunz Militia Pop
Show these little niggas I'm not playing games

What, bitch nigga you ain't saying shit I got business on the block, Amber, Wayne and Nick If ain't depending on the watch then we made em sick I knew a witness on the watch who became a vic Had a wife of a life then became a bitch Most my niggas lay the bricks so they lay in bricks Or they laying bricks I love the south like potato grits But I bet whatever if you say the knicks My niggas midwest with a plate of fix Staged up and off the dimes and they making knicks Caught a jooks by mistake I ain't mean to get em Shit, he was the trick he ain't need to spend em See me in any whips bet the nina's in em Gimme Christinas lips put the penis in em My closet looking like I got a cleaners in em Ya'll ain't poppin tommy's ya'll are just alotta gleamers with em

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