M-m-m-murda
Meek Milly, Jeffery, woah

Yeah, yeah

Fuck is you talking bout? Bitch you offended me
I just might go head and let this lil bitch suck my dick till it tickle me
I just might go head and mix me a Sprite with some lean like it's chemistry
God damn, I had four hoes at one time, they was drilling me
I heard the lil boy was plotting on killing me
Fuck round and lift up they soul like lil Chino be wheelin'
I usually don't beg but I don't want the ceiling please
Oxycontin fucking up my kidneys

Molly, my cup look like bath salt And I'm too high horsed for asphalt Therefore I'm in clouds from day to dark They say that I changed, it's the cash fault Pay everybody like a cash card I switch through the lanes like a NASCAR The Rollie stainless, stainless We young and rich and we dangerous I'm at Piccadilly's with your misses nigga And the weed stinking like a chitlin nigga Bend the money down like a Philly nigga Make me catch you slipping then incrim nigga The bulletproof can take a missile nigga I got benji on me and he cripping nigga I done wrapped the benji in the city ho I done wrapped the Bentley in the bity nigga Put a swimming pool in the living room How I'm living nigga, I ain't swimming nigga Only thing that me and Michael Phelps got in common that we winning nigga Rock star lifestyle Your hoe's going wild

Saint Laurent shorty and totting that .40 we move through the city like BMF Rocks on the chain like the rocks that I slang, only difference them bitches they VVS

I know these bitches gon' change, fuck on whoever, whenever they see a check If you do not fuck with the gang don't act like you do when you see us, just keep it down

Swing through your block better not sweep it back
Land on your spot where your peoples at
Smoke you where ever we see you at
You don't want no problem so keep at that
'Fore you get your man murdered
Hitters in the van lurking
I put bread on the beef
Turn it to a hamburger
Put that paper on the scale nigga
Little homies talking big money
When the wars on you'll tell nigga
Put a bag on your man hitta
When them things hit 'em that's an L nigga
So you should be home before mama got dinner for sale nigga
And that's all I'm a tell niggas in the zip

## Yeah, yeah

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Everywhere I go I keep a chopper with me, whoa I ain't with that diss song shit, I been a shot a nigga, whoa Hundred shotters with me, whoa VVSs on me, whoa VVSs on me, bling Badaboom, badabing, 21 Mob shit send the hit shoot up your car shit Put the blue tips in that cartridge, 21 We put them drums in them carbons, 21 We pull up on rappers and spark 'em, 21 I might take your chain if it sparkle, facts Street nigga really came from nothing Strip a nigga like Caine cousin Kill a nigga then you saying something You was talking, nigga I was hustling We was shooting, nigga you was ducking You was texting, nigga I was fucking I was betting nigga, you was bluffing Hide and seek nigga, I was hunching (facts) Car foreign and my gun Russian Sneak dissing get a concussion 21, 21, 21

## Yeah, yeah

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I just might go head and mix me a Sprite with some lean like it's chemistry
God damn, I have a whole xan one time they was drilling me
I heard the lil boy was plotting on killing me
Fuck round and lift up they soul like lil Chino be wheelin'
I usually don't bet but I don't want the ceiling please
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