

Wili'n Wili'n

Onyx

Axe wanna blow your face to the back of your head
thinking that you livin nigga but you are actually dead
your whole gaming like the whole new york steadys right
you got a gun you aim it right
you play these streets you play it tight
you r dirt all my life would make my niggas pray like whats the deal
with got no still
kill nigga off to mills
seein this rap it makes you ill
back soldiers fuck with crews
pass a heat some im big *****
beeing broke yea i know how it feels
cant even pay a dollar bill ask me bout you and mill
dont you just got my deal last stop and chill you whacked my dream.
got no skill make me just dissapear ***** shit this shit
**
niga what what

We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n,
We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n,
We Wili'n Wili'n

born friday thirteen a minuite after a corner of a night
my class cracking high your ass is tight get ass a bomb
mash as make you bomb probably i got three more for you to see how far the f
uck ill be
you too black too high off to lay a coca the only shine youll be givin is th
e shine of your eye
world is critical you read it to you do they *** you
you bueatiful they murdered you they *** you like niggas do

where iam from no lovage come from
niggas wana get dumb i got that
he wants his street harder
be my peace my smoking dancer
nigga wont roll this shit back
live got case is back
nigga

shit every nigga is touchable K H one time life keeps buzzin you
lil shot is being *** too
say i sight up knew

tracable i heard gun or two putting a nigga down make sure he wont come to

We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n,
We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n,
We Wili'n Wili'n

raise your heart to make your blood drop
Fuck the cops fuck the freestyle cant clock excuse my glock
fsnass like it or not
fredo star niga blaze yoursel feel me niggas they raise yourself
**
nigga hit the deck *** around your neck

niggas r like do me a disrespect cant even walk your own projects shot your
leg under pressure under stress my guns a test

shes in a club you runnin high know me got gun inside
shoot the five nigga no what level ** so much better born this hell *** dead
end

fuck you gonna do bout that fifteen niggas be on your back, lai your ass to
the ground so flat

niggas dont even know where you at

wilin wilin on a tag go four yours nigga ***

We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n,
We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n, We Wili'n Wili'n,
We Wili'n Wili'n