

Why Try

S.A.S

You know, yeah
S.A.S., Streets All Salute, JR Writer
Dutch Beetz, yeah
We the BeeGees

I've been patient fam
Stuck in this crazy land
Where men'll lick your head off your shoulders so they could make a grand
Mayhem:
No snitchin', naw, I'm 'bout to take a stand
My chopper gets to spit and you fakin', it's finna make da band
No safety, blow like it's A.C.
Call me bird's-eye, you heard why, I make P's
I'm about the wealth
So I need a Range Rover that's named after a book that's about myself
And it's over doja
When I flip and put the razors to your face I ain't talkin' 'bout a Motorola
Big stings, no you won't clap back at us
I'll have your whole strip runnin' like they tryna catch a bus
Oh, you sellin' drugs
You can get your melon slugged
Then get swept off of your feet like you fell in love
I can fight but the guns preferred
We them Dipset Thunderbirds, now watch me rain on 'em

Why try, you're gonna die
I pull up in a drop with the pistol cocked
When I pop, I'm wavin' bye-bye
You don't drive-by, all you do is drive by
They call us Byrdgang, you heard fam
We fly high
(2x)

My, my, I'm sky high, a fly guy
Pull up to your bitch, and skate wit' a whip from space, I'm talkin' sci-fi
Why try to out-do me, I doubt truly
Listen, J is a ape, so stay in your place, I ain't never been a slouch scoob
y
Listen, you're not as sharp, I'm getting' that gwap to start (ch-ching)
You ain't seen bigger M's since the McDonald's are
These gangstas pop your heart in front of your bitch
Then turn and look at her like "Who you coming with miss"
You're my son, get the drift
So right now I'll be dissing myself if I called you a son of a bitch (Oh)
Give it up for the Dips (Why)
Cuz it seems so simple (What)
That I'm so sick like a NE-YO single
I will blast 'em, leave 'em in a casket box
Sleepin' with the saddest ock for leapin' like a astronaut
Keep the Techs sucka
So I don't care if your pops married my mother
I dare you to step brother

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