

I'm from southside of this Blatlanta
Got shooters in Chiraq
Got shooters that'll blast you
I'm good in places you've never been
They'll give you shots, no medicine
So test Flock, don't try that
I got little niggas with big guns
Take limbs off like that's contact
And ain't scared to catch no murder case
Every summer, boost the murder rate
Won't send em now, I'll send em them later
When they cool off, I'll prefer to wait
Cause a real boss got to think smart
Cause the goal is to get cleaned off
While winners beef, we never see y'all
Cause the truth is your team soft
You ain't good out in these streets, nigga
You're a foreign, no green card
I been out in these streets, nigga
Since a young nigga getting green off
Jewelry on out in any hood, won't believe what this ring cost
Never tucking my chain in and I'm pulling up in your dream car
Can't talk real and not mention me
What? You niggas don't get it yet
I'm the realest in it and I built your image
Turn any block to Virginia Tech
You a pussy nigga never been a threat
I'm throwing bullets, Eli Manning
Any time you can intercept like Brandon Lee die in your set
Like blaow!
Nigga I ain't playin' no games
I ain't talking 'bout a Rover when I say I got range like blaow!
Frontin' for the fame get your name on the news
Cause I really got aim with the tool like blaow!
Shoot outs ain't nothing that's new to me
I'm only 2 or 3 he gone catch 2 or 3
Right through his jewelry nigga you food to me
Shouldn't have said what you said you gone do to me
These rappers as fake as a 3 dollar bill
And I really don't care how they feel
Don't make you a gangster cause you touched a mill '
Put you on the plate, I make you a meal
Don't make me reveal the truth about you niggas
You know that I will green light you for real
It's nothing my nigga I put on your head all bread that you signed for your deal
Boy we know you a façade
Know you won't ride, everything you say a lie
Ain't no surprise, beefing with me isn't wise
All these crooks oversize, swallow your pride
Or you can swallow this nine, really don't matter to me
I let you decide maybe I might let you slide, sike, homicide
Before this rap I was your favorite rappers favorite shooter
It ain't a question I'm a rider like I drive a hoover
I'm too G so without me there wouldn't be no Google
Your street cred a 3.50 without my approval