

Hit Somethin

Young Scooter

All I hang around is murderers
I'm still runnin with the robbers
These dope boys my partners
So you don't want these problems
Squad shit cause I'll have em sleepin in your closet
Take a hostage, hit you to your hilly like a foxy
The niggas that I rock with, don't give a fuck about shit
They hot shit, they got bricks but act like they ain't got shit
With the logic, no need to cock it, cause I done cock it
Grab them chop sticks, stay with the box and
I have em boxin,
That's fantastic, the pager landed, I'm a do gymnastics
I'm nasty, I shoot you in your face then close your casket

I got a firearm, cook the stove on
I'm in the kitchen tryina make him do the high jump
I'm countin money in my motherfuckin Long John
And I wish a nigga would steal my ball
Get the shotgun, get the chop son
How you a street nigga? You ain't got no gun
You talking shit son, better get one
We ain't shootin in the air, we tryina hit somethin

Lookin at me crazy, wanna hear the song
Fake rappin ass nigga, make her hit some
Talking bout what you done did then sell a brick or some
Your bitch ain't got no red bottoms, go and get her some
Cut the stove on, let the pot boil
I'm a hot boy, nigga fuck ya'll
Turn it up a notch, ball till I fall
Street lottery, that mean my money long
Still in poverty, with the jack boys
I got 223's, I got max boy
Let the dope dry, get your sack boy
Free band game, and brick squad

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