

Billy Bats

Bodega Bamz

Shoot 'em up
Never ask questions
Leave 'em dead Shoot, mobbed up, under influence in that coupe
Got the cold killers with the smile wearin' suits
Automatics wipe the bullets down leave no proof
Got the drop on these niggas now so we shoot I hope you got a extra mic and a fuego proof
booth
'Cause you know, I'm known to melt a wire or two
I got the mac all black but the riot won't do
I got the [?] killin' rats, get your firin' crew
You need a fire engineer when I lay this blaze
I fired engineers when hola became
Hit the bodega dark liquor, lines of blow
Hoes with the big nose suckin' me slow
Fuck that, don't hold me back
I sleep in the trap
Y'all cats told Bamz to rap
I'd rather, take my chances hitin' the block
I had to, take those glances runnin' from cops, for real
If you a boss don't say it
'Cause a real boss got the alphabet boys waitin'
We ain't playin' with ya
Most high roll up with the holy scriptures
I want a mansion like a museum to hang my pictures
You hear the whispers? Tanboys did this
Some got the permanent ink, some got stickers
Die for some money never die for some bitches
All of us come from the streets, my niggas Your man won't shoot
Your goons won't shoot
Your crew won't shoot
Your bitch won't shoot
Your moms won't shoot
Your pops won't shoot
Your step-father's baby mother brother won't shoot
What it do?
Never scared, who are you?
Smell pussy in the room
Bitch niggas perfume
Pullin' cars like what
Got a bitch like what
She can ride, she can smoke, she can suck like what
Cuban cigars at the bar, I'm like Castro

Know who we are, I'm not a star I'm an asshole
Cash flow [?] task force, comin' in
Lawyer money straight, make bill when the sun come in

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>