

Broke Opps

King Von

DJ on the beat so it's a banger
Von Pull up and get him
That bullet ripped through his tissue and pulled out his gristle
It was the nickel, and it's a Glock
And that bitch sound like a missile
He know I'm official
Doin' all that woofin' and shit, boy, you know I'ma get you
And when nobody with him
I wore a nine, the shoes, ain't nobody fit 'em
I popped a Perky and thirty
I'm havin' a bitch, boy, ain't nobody perfect
If I take a L, I'm back on that corner
I'm hustlin', ain't nobody servin'
Get booked 'cause somebody workin'
He told, I know that for certain
Get caught, I'm closin' his curtains
We scored another conversion
Designer, Givenchy
All of this ice on my wrist and it feel like it's Christmas
Speakin' of Christmas, come get your ho
I be climbin' all up in her chimney
We seein' the ho if she friendly
Ain't see him, he goin', he missin'
Won't see me in the back of a Bentley
Hop out and I'm blowin', it's rented
Woke up, ain't doin' no drive-bys
Your MVP bitch, that bitch my sideline
Just a wild lil' nigga from the South side
Nigga killed your homie, you ain't even come outside
I fucked your bitch on purpose
Them bros come in, we workin'
My song come on, she twerkin'
All the opps be broke, they hurtin' My niggas, they too official
Send a text, they get right with you
Y'all was somewhere playin' Monkey in the Middle
We was tryna pull 'em for some guns when I was little
If we still allowed, we gon' meet 'em and then split 'em
On the jail call, gotta talk in the riddle
Ho said she love me, she gon' tap my initials
Nigga move foul, get to blowin' like a whistle
Fuck that, let's talk about Louis, Amiri, and Gucci and Prada and shit
When I go to the store, they closin' the door and bringin' me bottles and shit

Fuck that, let's talk about that lil' one-fifty I spent with my lawyer and shit
My gun don't punch, it kick
Get with this shit or get hit in your shitPull up and get him
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