

# BPT

## YG

40 Glock, snap a Insta, ain't no need for no caption  
I got put on by four niggas, wasn't need for no bandage  
I did my stuff like a young nigga, that's how I'm s'posed to handle it  
'Hamad threw a right, duck, hit him with the left, bop-bop!  
Two to the chin, bop! One to the chest  
One to the ribs, the haymaker didn't connect  
Dropped him but didn't stomp him cause that's disrespect, woo!  
That's how I got put on  
Tree Top Piru, yeah I got put on  
It was hard in the hood  
I was rappin', my homies sellin' hard in the hood  
I know [?] cinder block, [?] from the West  
Just got a call, the homies just got bust on  
Niggas gotta go, we can't hold on Nigga I'm from BPT  
West Side, West Side  
TTP [?]  
400, Spruce Street  
What y'all doing?  
Nigga kill the, uh, beef  
I was in the county with lions, most of these rappers be lyin'  
Cause when I seen 'em, they be quiet, the definition of silence  
That's a [?], the definition of logic  
That this nigga is [?]  
All the licks I split, from the houses I hit  
[?] but a nigga ain't snitch  
That's how it's s'posed to go down  
Held it down, didn't nobody else  
[?], have my bitch pick you up  
Then have one of my top people stick you up  
I know Nipsey from 60s, [?] from [?]  
[?] from 40 Crips, that's my kinfolk  
My whole family tried to [?]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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