

Kidz With Gunz (feat. Schoolboy Q)

Skeme

Look, pledge allegiance, my middle finger up like fuck polices
Duke back better hide your nieces, cause I'm zoned out
Tripping on purps and lean
When I was 13, I could work the nina
Just a young nigga tryna fuck Selena
I done did dirt just to bring the team up
So now I bring the team just to fuck the scene up
Niggas know what's up, I'm in a rover truck
And with a roll of sluts, she tryna pour me up
And when she throw me up, bet I'ma hold her butt
I bet that's why niggas wanna clone me, huh
Bet that's why hoes be all on me, huh
Best that you walk up slowly, because I got it on me
And niggas don't know me bruh
I'm stunting on these niggas like I'm Dana Dane
Swerving lane to lane, my niggas banging gangs
You niggas claiming gangs, you niggas claim the game
But never came to hang, so shit just ain't the same
And now we claim you lames, huh?
See man I came up flames, and try to gain a name
And then I made the name
Bitch I ain't even wanna change the game
These niggas telling me the rules have never played the game
Now I'm looking like what the fuck?
I told you bitch niggas not to fuck with us
Cause if you fuck with us we got to fuck you up
Pull out the bucky buck and leave you buttoned up
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns
Bunch of kids, with fucking guns, big fucking guns, bang
Big, fucking guns, big fucking guns, bang
Big, fucking guns, big fucking guns, bang
Real motherfucker from the set like whoa
FIGSIDE FIGSIDE
I'm yelling out grove, got your homies off
Shit will prolly make the news
Everybody dead, this ain't April fools, nigga
Playing with your life, flossing all morning, we ain't get them tonight
Soon as everything is cool, green light on sight
Creep so hard, think god did
I'm a fucking loc, you ain't getting money, you's a fucking joke
Nigga, what the fuck you mean, TDE bitch, motherfuck your team

Knock, knock, knock, nigga clear the scene
Everybody gone, only took a minute, I had the nina Glock
And held 9 to pop, I got 9 to drop, around 9 o'clock, uh, nigga
Yeah, like the odds, steal your granny shit keep the foil hot
I'm looking for the fiends with the grimy socks
With the dirty nails and the girly tops
Yeah, I'm getting rich tonight
Sell your pussy bitch you're getting pimped tonight
Yeah, make a right on Fig, get your dick sucked, hundred bucks, right on trick
Get guns, split wigs, yeah, a kid
This world ain't give you shit
But pussy till you dead, the signature stack
Cause you might get sick
Cotton candy sweet as gold, let me see your pussy ho
Throw it back, clap it slow, show me why they call you ho
Bitch I'm up I know you know, tell me what you playing for
Bitch I ain't fiending, what is you feeling
Bitch is you with it, bitch, I am with it Now bitch just chill, this how it is when the shit get real
Pistol grip and an eggman whip, with a distant bitch
On some pimping shit
Bars R us, now tell them fuck niggas don't bother us
I rap with the strap, no robbing us
And we ball like ain't nobody guarding us
Start back nigga, chopper to your head line, park that nigga
You a bitch boy, where your heart at nigga
Small fish in the water where the sharks at nigga
Touch this, touch that, I bust first, you can't bust back
Racks on racks yeah I touch that
I ride henny while you walking with your butts back
Nigga fuck that, fuck this, no fuck shit, cause I'm a YG
I be, getting money, swear the dollar sign is my ID
Say my nigga, I know you niggas heard, I don't play my nigga
Next up, out the C.A, my nigga, I can shit on these rappers all day my nigga
Ye, ye, my nigga, money team flow Ray J my nigga
That's a joke nigga, laugh, dirty money show we putting hundreds in the back
Diss about mine and we running in your lap, have 10 for a line
Niggas coming for your ass
Got a groove nigga with me, that's a whole front of 50
Single wood door F's in the room from the bidy
Make a diss about mine and we running in your lap, have 10 for a line
Niggas coming for your ass
Got a Groove nigga with me, that's a whole front of 50
Single wood door F's in the room from the bidy
Whoh, bitch

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

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