

2-Eleven

Retch

Bad little bitch in her Vickys (huh)
Beautiful looking lil bitty (huh)
Pull up and fuck up the city (huh)
Go hundred thousand and biggy (huh)
Jump outta choppas top of buildings into coupes without the ceiling (woah)
I seen my uncle whippin chickens used to serve in front the children (woah)
I seen a lot of shit I swear to God I never tell about it (no)
Been through a lot of shit I think the Lord he let me make it out it (I think the Lord)
I never switch up on my niggas don't know what I'd do without em (huh-huh)
Niggas they talk that shootin shit but we know shooters move in silence (huh-huh)
Niggas they talk that gunnin shit but we know shooters move in silence (huh-huh)
I roll with niggas on parole and niggas that's promoting violence (huh-huh)
I let the whip get polished while a momma give a nigga knowledge (huh-huh)
I never wonder but I took that work and put instead the college (huh-huh)
I'm thinking bout coppin' a Masi truck
In the booth, I run out with a lot of bucks
If you ain't bout your bread you can't rock with us
Pussy nigga you broke, get your pockets up
Haters they see they say shots at us
I'm about to just fucking some commas up
Shit, I might get my side bitch an Aston Martin
Man, I just did a show at the fuckin garden
We whip it so hard but the guts is soft
Still eat a plate on my auntie porch
Called it, promised, I done told us be the niggas swervin a six, yeah, without the ceiling
Thirty plus, getting top, that's an awesome feeling, if he hated before I do not forgive him
Do it all for my dawgs that's just down in prison, finna be in this 'Rarri just counting chicken
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