Call The Cops

Hell Rell

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
It's muthafuckin' Hell Rell and you know you with the Dip-Dip-Dip
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dip-Dip-DipsetHook:
Y'all better call the cops, y'all better call the cops
What I'm doing is murder, y'all better call the cops
Won't let me in the club then y'all better call the cops
Put me in a Ferrari, it better be a drop
They said it was a crime to be so fly (fly)
Well put me in cuffs and read me my rights
They said it was a crime to be so fly (fly)
Well put me in cuffs and read me my rights
DipsetVerse 1:
Okay, they feelin' him out there
There's no dead bodies but he killing 'em out there
And not to mention, I'm causing all the tension
With the '07 Coupe with the roof all missin'
And mami, shake it, shake it, move it all around
While I, cook it, bag it, move a couple pounds
It's just money, I'll spend a couple thou
To get your little itty bitty crew buried in the ground
It's paid for when you run wit' a star
I'm the type to throw a party right in front of my car
Pop the trunk for the music, pop a bottle of Patron
I get 'em all drunk then they all come home
They actin' hassaditty but they all wanna roll
I'm easy passin' by so I ain't worried 'bout the toll
So holla at me homie when you see me in that blue spur
We run the city, need a office next to BloombergHookVerse 2:
When I'm in the club, I don't lean, I don't rock
I tell the bitch it's goin' down like Yung Joc
I take her to my spot and take her to her spot
Then let her fix her weave then I kick her out the drop
And the neck is murder, 100 on the sleeve
And the word on the streets, I'm running with some G's
And uh, what's on his hip, it gotta be the heater
The jeans kinda crazy but you gotta see the sneakers
It's like magic how I get rid of the top
Now you see it, now you don't, I'm the sickest on the block
And I get it from my pops, your poppa was a rolling stone

Wherever he put his gun, that was his home
You see me in the zone, but no it's not the twilight
Nigga this is my life, restaurants, high price
If I see it and I like it, I might buy it twice
You love me now but you gon' hate me when I'm outta sightHookVerse 3:
911, we got a hazard outside
So many cars, it look like Jacob Javid outside
Beef by the bar, he wanna drag it outside
Homeboy, don't you know that automatic outside
I diddy-bop, I don't know how to dance
In the sky all day like I don't know how to land
I go to sleep, wake up in a different country
Don't understand the language, but I understand the money
You gangsta, we gon' see all about it
You gon' watch it on the news or you gon' read all about it
And I'm Ruger Rell so shorty what it is
Put this burner on ya kid in the stroller by his bib
No MTV Cribs but I'll show you how I live
Couple pots on the stove with baking soda in the fridge
And I bodied the mic and murdered the booth
I got them boys looking for me that be wearin' them suits
YeahHook

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

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