

Stalley

3, 3, 0, 3, 3, 0, here we go, 3, 3 0
 Call my city out they coming with me
 And we gonna [?] these bitches split it up 50-50
 Scout's honor, I'm a bomber unified
 No fingers crossed, no hands tied
 I'm bout to knock these weak niggers off the earth
 Got them by a landslide
 No tear share, cut them feelings off, it's ok to be
 Proud how I rap for y'all, salute, pause, cut back, and let the weapons off
 For a rebel [?]
 So please step it up
 Not a man on the moon, this ground I step on be witness classic nigger
 [?] gasoline dreams, still lit a match [?]
 He ain't know, I be the supreme, throw them up
 And flagrant niggers giving away too many free throws
 I'm already up [?] When I rap to the death of me
 And when you see me, it will always be 330
 Where I came from, out that dirt
 And got my game from 330
 When I rap to the death of me
 And when you see me, it will always be 330
 Where I came from, out that dirt
 And got my game from 330 Got so much pride in them 3 numbers
 Cause we be on our own [?]
 Thick tops and thick shorts for hot summers
 [?] if it's cold up in these corners
 It is and but it ain't, cause them youngers be upon you
 So don't get too much in comfort
 Cause they always gonna wonder, what you come for, they will dump you
 Now let me bring it back to the peaceful side, [?]
 Name a nigger that didn't did it like me
 Took the milk and made it famous, shooting for the top aimless
 Taking out whoever ain't with them
 That's on my soul, I got it jumping like the [?] let's go
 The representation you been waiting for
 We here now, apologies if you waited long