Heads Up

Jamie Grace

(Heads up)
I hear them people coming daddy
You better get to running daddy
(Heads up)
(Heads up)
They walking through the court man
(Heads up)
(Heads up)
You better stash your dope man
(Heads up)
(Heads up)
I hear them people coming daddy
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They walking through the court man
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You better stash your dope man
(Heads up)
Aye, I heard it was a murder
Robbing and kidnapping, lil one with that jaw jacking
Saying that he stacking ain't packing that tool go to clapping
You hear that, move out before the
Man I don't like that nigga anyway
I heard he been ratting
We can drag him to the river Stone
Nah, leave him for Patrice
I'm a gangsta, hustler, hoodlum, slow down
I came with the four pounds so fucking let it go down
I'm tired of them niggas talking, I'm letting the trigga sparker
Bull dog barking, Cadillac done did 'em awful
He ratting, stooping, bitching, and busting balls
Say Lac, I'ma send this nigga to the mall, it is what it is
It's one way in dog, heads up
Grab on them K-9 dogs
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Stunna a street nigga, straight up make him act as money
And I don't sleep nigga, I stay up in a black 600
I play for keeps nigga, so pay up, ain't jacking nothing
The price is cheap nigga, heads up, crackers coming
See I'm a known D Boy so they hits my spot
Put my homies on they knees and they check for rocks
So we change stash spots 'cause the blocks is hot
On the rag-less cars so they can't clip my spots
The Caprice's on the block moving slowly
That's the motherfucking police
Here come the laws nigga heads up
Better raise up Big chips if ya made something
Move, move out nigga
They coming through, what about the traffic daddy?
Nigga, fuck you, heads up you know what to do
You best to break, run, 'cause nigga they coming through
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They told me put my hands on the car and show me your hands
I had some raw in my draws so I broke out and ran
I can't afford to be busted 'til my money advance
But I'm running with the Bird man so I'm straight nigga
I'm on the block with the rocks and the 44
It's so hot and we still burn a pound of dro'
Million stashed in the trunk or compartment doors
A hundred birds stashed in a Bentley four door
I'm sticking to tha G-Code, Tees and Bauts
Break it up [Incomprehensible] covered in rocks
Got a bitch on every exit that's holding my blocks
And I drive a [Incomprehensible] but keep my Lexus by my older shops
Streets watching, I know that's why I'm on my shit
When them people riding with four doors up my click
Showing them off to rookie cops to watch out for me
And I know this from crooked cops that get blocks from me
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