

# Story

## Loon

Yeah check it out, uh yoYo, I was sittin' on the block with the deuce-deuce, the bubble goose  
Nigga popped up in the blue Coupe, this nigga Moose  
This nigga fishy, this nigga he stay pissy  
Run up behind niggaz, the blizzy and get busy  
I seen niggaz resist, some nigga wrist  
Be broke over this coke or pocket full of crispy  
Dollar bills make nigga swallow the steel  
And most niggaz can't swallow a pill, know how that feel? But back to the skit nigga, in back of the whip  
With the windows half way down about to clap on some shit  
And I'm rappin' and shit to this platinum chick  
It was fucked up, I got shorty back to the whip  
I'm paranoid but still got the gat and the clip  
If them niggaz spit, I got to spit back at the whip  
If it go down, shorty whole back'll get ripped  
And that's low down, real life theatrical shit So I grabbed shorty hand, took a couple of paces  
Said some 'Hail Mary' maintain my patience  
Oh shit, this nigga spit four quick  
I threw shorty down and let off the whole clip  
Then reloaded but holdin' the whole whip  
In broad day, so niggaz done witnessed the whole shit  
Had to flee this shit is blasphemy  
I took a couple of steps and the nigga blasted me This nigga Moose got loose from the caboose  
Ain't thinkin' about a truce, try to knock my dick loose  
My deuce-deuce ain't fuckin' with Moose 40  
I try to save the chick but the nigga done lose shorty  
Two to her gut, one to her chest, one to her head  
Now shorty layin' puddles of red, fuck it I'm fed  
I'm tryna figure was it somethin I said  
That got this dumb nigga bustin' out lead, discussion is dead I understand this man, he got a cannon in his hand  
The sound alone, this shit is bananas  
My one plan was to hit him and run fam  
But God saved my life, when he made his gun jam  
Time to leave but he still tryna squeeze  
Instead of tryna buy him some time on his knees  
Nigga please, you got no reason to buck up  
Knowin' that you 'bout to get shot the fuck up Duke was brave but his stupid ways  
Is the reason why I'm 'bout to twist Duke toupee  
And I'ma squeezin' but the gun wouldn't shot no strays  
Now we even but the nigga like 6'2, what would you do?

I'm 'bout to out fox this nigga  
Son at 165, I'ma box this nigga  
But what he don't know, Loon 'bout to ox this nigga  
Hit him dead in his fuckin' neck, when I chop this nigga But thoughts in my mind, tellin' me let it slide  
So I'ma get in my ride and catch Duke another time  
Just circle the block smoke a purple of choc  
This nigga heart stop, nigga died right on the spot  
No bullshit, collapse right on the block  
Crack heads went in his slacks, hit him right in his knot  
Save me the trouble, now my phone on bubble  
Feds tappin' my line, like nigga condone the trouble  
Walk out my motherfuckin' home is a struggle  
Fuck them pigs, I don't own no shovel, what the fuck Now all that bullshit I done been through with this nigga  
I ain't lay a single solitary motherfuckin' hand on this nigga  
This nigga drops dead, these motherfuckers is all on my ass  
Like I did somethin' to this nigga  
Word to my mother, this shit is some real bullshit man  
This nigga killed my motherfuckin' bitch  
Now I'm runnin' around like motherfuckin' Harrison Ford  
Like I'm some motherfuckin' fugitive or somethin' man This is some real bullshit man  
But I'ma ride this shit out man  
'Cause I'ma motherfuckin' bad boy

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