Gunplay

Skyy High

I'm sittin at the table, countin' my money
Ain't where I wanna be but I got a few hundreds
A lot of talk on the streets like a nigga crossin' me
Well, that's somethin' I gotta see
Is it how my chain swings? Tired of ma face
Tellin' lies, getting niggas wives tied up and raped
Similar to da mob, deeper than a rap
All you niggas gettin' robbed, all the cell phones tapped
Bullet in my head, bullet in my chest
Yeah, they want a nigga dead, they envy my success
To be loved, to be loved, oh what a feelin'
Hundred rounds in da drum
Niggas gettin whacked, no sympathy for the soft
Niggas snitchin', I know bitches who clippin' your dick off
I'ma boss champagne with the steak
Pink rose jay sittin' ace by da case
Brisco line, 2 young niggas, what it do
He gotta pretty shone and he wanna bring her through
That's love, we go back to the blue house
And if she bad enough, may take her to da new house
My Maserati be da new body
Got your girl panties wetter than a pool party
I got her sleepin' in the king size
Last night I had tha bitch sittin' ring side
You wanna go that route, go there
I been on this road before
(Uh, huh)
I know gunplay, you know gunplay
(Yeah)
I'm shootin for the win but ready for the loss
Both bags on the tip on my finger
Yellin' bring it, I'm swingin' dat iron
(Dat iron)
When I'm swingin' dat iron
(Dat iron)
Ain't thinkin' 'bout time
Ain't thinkin' 'bout mine
Ain't thinkin' bout dying
My nigga so street, my swisha so sweet

All this money on the table, how a nigga gon' sleep
Speculations on my deal, it was over ten mil
Blowin' herb, chauffer plus home in New Zeal through
Beat the case like Gotti, we the Trill Murder Inc
I erased, slip and slide, they rainy in the mink
Look dead in her eye, it's da end of the road
In the purple Maybach means dat I'm getting' more dough
Smell the Christian Dior, I used to be poor
When you cross Florida lines, boy, I'm your leor
Boobi Boys steal, Boobi Boy's real
You can name a lot of lames that the Boobi Boys killed
Brisco line to young nigga, what it do
Said he gotta couple kilos and he wanna bring 'em through
That's love, we go back to da blue house
And if he brought enough I may buy me a new house
You wanna go that route, go there
I been on this road before
(Uh, huh)
I know gunplay, you know gunplay
(Yeah)
I'm shootin for the win but ready for the loss
Both bags on the tip on my finger
Yellin' bring it, I'm swingin' dat iron
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Ain't thinkin' 'bout time
Ain't thinkin' 'bout mine
Ain't thinkin' bout dying
Nigga how I'm livin', damn near dying
For every digit I get, fuck they know 'bout that
I aint never put shit on the line, just shit in they rhyme
I shoot a nigga shit on a rhyme
Wanna bet nigga, you ain't a threat nigga
Never seen a laptop in da projects nigga
Just powder, cut with comet, fuck them comics
Convicts and buyin' it, if they ain't coppin' or fryin' it
Then don't get a nigga fired up behind sum
Fuck shit, ma nigga don't want this
Who dat, who dat behind the curtain
I'll merk 'em, wizard of oz niggas
Hiding behind money, hiding behind luxury
I see 'em shootin' up all that fuck shit
It's getting' ugly, got torch on the line
Said he got a couple nuns, I told him

Grab two koo, bring 'em on through
You wanna go that route, go there
I been on this road before
(Uh, huh)
I know gunplay, you know gunplay
(Yeah)
I'm shootin for the win but ready for the loss
Both bags on the tip on my finger
Yellin' bring it, I'm swingin' dat iron
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