

Count Up

Young Scooter

Hook]

Black Amigo Gang, that's the clique I claim

Pay attention nigga while I chase my dream

Like Meek Milly all Philly nigga I sip lean

Exclusive outfit nigga I stay clean I'm a young nigga, count it up

OG, count it up

Bad bitches, count it up

Real nigga, count it up

Black Amigo Gang, that's the clique I claim

And I don't see no other rappers I'm in my own lane

Black amigo gang, lil mexico the set

Cold rolex 50 thousand dollar bets

Chasing them blue M&M's

I salute to PeeWee dem

Money power ammunition, Scooter got a 3 of em

Bricks in duffle dirts

Got duffle plugs in Baltimore

My nigga shoot out the corner store

So don't go past the red store

Scooter rock the red, white and blue flag, but I don't gangbang though

You know they [?] fuck around and get smoked

I ain't cripin' but my partners do

I ain't players but my niggas who

Keep it real ya I fuck with you

You a runner I ain't through with you

If theres a bad bitch in Atlanta I done fucked them

If a nigga open in Atlanta I [?]

She take out the autotunes off, these rappers ain't nothing

Before these rappers [?] I was in Cali jugging

Along as he was with me smoking ride through the 6

Flying packs through the hood, taking chances with [?]

One pointed at my head, [?]

My whole hood was ready before I heard a bitch boy

I just took a [?] he want a V12

Lil Mexico city, cocaina for sale

Every state I do a show, they tell me I'm too real

I bought 20 [?] this rap fake as hell

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

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