

Lud Foe

[Verse 1: Lud Foe] I hit the club with all my ice on
 I turn the lights on
 My tool on me
 Who this nigga staring at my jewelry
 Gang with me
 Bang with me
 We start shooting in the club
 If you scared to tote a gun, you can't hang with me
 Run up in yo bitch house
 Where them kilos?
 Got some bald headed Mexicans
 Shout out my Migos
 I knock on a nigga door, shoot him through the peep hole
 I just knocked a nigga out, what he was mugging me for?
 Nun but killers in my squad, don't make call up Tito
 Young nigga, but is throwing niggas like I'm Debo
 They ain't let me in with this pole, they should've searched me at the door
 This nigga blood on my shoe, we stumped a nigga in the floor
 Say ya love me baby, whats the meanin of that shit?
 I don't drink codeine, I ain't with that leaning and shit
 Got a new tool, put a red beam on that bitch
 Never wife a bitch, I never bought a ring for a bitch
 You gone make me pull up on yo motherfuckin block
 Get to clappin
 I shoot yo ass, 187 fuck this rap shit
 Tec-9's, AR-15's, and a MAC 10
 Im out west, where we gang bang and kidnap shit
 Its shooters in yo house, bitch, since you wanna sneak diss
 On the internet
 Twitter beef
 Nigga tweet this
 9, I run up on yo ass from behind
 Are ya lackin? bullets hit yo ass in yo spine
 Boy Ya Actin, ya get caught in that jam, and drop a dime
 Bitch was givin my mans top, while i was hittin her from behind
 This that street shit, call 4nem, we on that heat shit
 Hot shit
 Pull up on yo block, then drop shit
 We pop shit

I'm Robbin jeans saggin, i ain't with all of that Rocks shit
My tooley come
Call my gun connect, he bring me stupid Glocks
Stupid watch
Filled with stupid diamonds
I dont even know what time it is
[?]
No time to waste, these bullets gone hit yo face
Gone make me catch a case
Young nigga with felonies
Couldn't stay with my OG, she was on section 8
No [?] we pull up on yo block
And then kill any race
Mini man, Im yelling many man
4nem jump out that mini van[Hook: Lud Foe] 2xI fell off in the club with some thugs
And the semi tucked
Heard you want a war with a thug, you ain't hood enough
I fuck a nigga up, paramedics gotta pick him up
She say she wanna fuck with a thug, cause my money up[Verse 2: Lud Foe]You don't wanna get caught in the
street
Chest full of lead, and a head full of heat
Whats with all this twitter beef? we can meet
Give a fuck, imma see ya on the streets
You better run, boi we do this shit for fun
You'd be smart if you go and buy a gun
I got a fucked up attitude, very rude
Say its beef, now I'm shooting up a school
Another murder came down, I'm a fool
I'm a rapper but don't get this shit confused
That boy don't wanna use his head, he gone lose
Then i shoot him and that bitch with this Uzi
Red Beams everywhere
Bullets flyin everywhere
Better run nigga, move it
I kick a nigga door in, shooters on the low end
Call em up and they shootin
This stupid bitch tryna fool me
We got enough clips in this bitch to shoot a movie
Cops in my rear view, flushing through the traffic
Kill yo mans, he tried to testify, catch his ass in traffic
Nigga get yo rolls up
Nigga get yo poles up
Young wild niggas
They gone bring the poles up
You ain't gang nigga

You dont bang nigga
You dont slang
We gone hit yo block
We gone find out where you hang, Dangling[Hook: Lud Foe]I fell off in the club with some thugs
And the semi tucked
Heard you want a war with a thug, you ain't hood enough
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She say she wanna fuck with a thug, cause my money up

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