

Ammunition (feat. YFN Trae Pound)

YFN Lucci

Ok you know I'm with it
On every mission you know we ain't missing, yeah
And you know we having ammunition
Know my finger itching
Know I keep that pistol on me like it's a tradition
(I swear we barely had a pot to piss in
We were barely living
We were tryna get it
Anybody get it
Yeah, now we havin' a whole lot of ammunition, yeah
Now we having a whole lot of hammers with me, yeah)
Ok that draco with that drum will leave a nigga numb, huh
Hundred rounds get it done, all kinds of guns, huh
Like a pawn shop, thought I was with Jada way my trunk rocked up
Big called, cook it up, he say it's all locked up
All heavy artillery, very high up at the embassy
The paralyzed feeling me
Who is he? Pound a fly nigga in town
Play 'round with me at 12, by 3 he was found
Two two three take a tree down, we smoke a tree down
Let your bitch catch my kids, yeah that's a rebound
Caught her on the rebound
Might smoke a pound with Pound
A hundred rounds out of town
Like fifty thou for my crown
I told him boy better not play some'
Get your face done
All black, looking like Akon
With more than eight guns
Said these bullets bigger than [?]
Living wet as a pond
Pull out that problem, give 'em something to hate on
My nigga better to beat the trial yeah, they gon' hate on 'em
And if I want you dead I get my boys to lay on 'em
Where I come from niggas got a lot of hunger
If you got it they gon' want you
So you gotta keep it on you
Ok you know I'm with it
On every mission you know we ain't missing, yeah
And you know we having ammunition

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(I swear we barely had a pot to piss in
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Anybody get it
Yeah, now we havin' a whole lot of ammunition, yeah
Now we having a whole lot of hammers with me, yeah) Drum, draco holding a drum
Nigga we got plenty drums
Two two three got drums nigga
We pull up with drums, where you from nigga?
Yeah if you ain't from 'round here you better not come nigga, yeah
Balmain with them shines in 'em
Know we riding with 'em
Probably never ride rental, only if we slidin' in 'em, yeah
We got so many Glocks, three fifty-seven blocks
Three fifty-seven pops, and everybody drops
(You already know what's happening ho
Pull up with like twenty MACS like we robbed the Apple Store
Fill a nigga up with the pump like we in Amoco
Rapper of the year, slayin' trapper of the year
I get that pack, it disappear)
See this the fastest one right here
And I don't like to front, but yeah my engine in the rear
(If I get mentioned in you killed
Big fence around the crib, I got your pension in my ear
Keep your distance, I don't feel ya)
Aye Pound got that AR, and that R8
Know I'm in that I8 with that 308, don't violate
Broad day, shootout broad day
We can go all day
I go to sleep, wake up the same way Ok you know I'm with it
On every mission you know we ain't missing, yeah
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Know my finger itching
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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