Vintage

Sattas

Nigga's say they want that beef
Agoff came in, strapped up
Lame niggers back up
Bullets your back up
Better call for backup
Act tough
BZ got my back bruh
Came in
Nigga like a navy seal
Keep it real
Niggers I'm up in that field
Like a fucking army man
Guns came from Pakistan
We came from Pakistan
Giving niggers bag hands
Treat nigga's like bitches
We all sitting up twenty inches
And I shit on twenty eight
Life is great
And it may
Eat the cake
Nigger I
Take you niggers any day
Never gave a fuck
Cause my cake up
Wake up
Bake up
Nigger I ain't
With that fucking hating stuff
Fuck that
Positive
But I'm a lip
Twenty's whip
Got my money on my mind
I'm out of here
So fly
Need some fucking land to give
Understand
Agoff Is the fucking man in here

Never gave a fuck about the next man
Nigger I'm the best man
Agoff I'm the hit man
Leaning on that
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage
See I
Got a sign A
Get my money all day
Whip my nigger TAZ
Ain't no motherfucking freak
Rhymes for two time felon
That's may selling
Weed on the street
Still hustle just to eat
Fuck with me you defeat
Never see me on the floor
I get hit some niggers get murdered
Get some murder more
It's that real shit
Killer shit
Catch you up I'm real as shit
Pull you fucking eyes
Out your face
You be feeling shit
I don't give a fuck
Smoke some drone
Passed that row
Bitches want to fuck some more
She off that blow
She's a hoe
She going to suck me at the party
With the
T some records in the club
And we not up here to fight
Just fuck a bitch
Swag out
Niggers out here mad about
Us balling out you just a fag out, a fag out
Pull you flag out
Bet it's pink
Have a drink
Bitch ass nigger
Can't get bitches
Cause his fucking breath stink
He's on where these hoes at

Nigger where the drones at
You ain't fresh bitch
Where your fly fresh clothes at?
You, looking broke rat
Looking like a broke bitch
We going to smoke some weed nigger
We don't roll up rich
Brand new
Feeling shit
Brand new
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage
Brand new
Killer tick
Brand new
Illicit
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, new vintage
Hoe that new vintage
New vintage hoe
Brand new
Ocean gang
Millionaire
Ben D
Fen D
Gucci
Bitches want to fuck me
Suck me
Screw me
Cocaine on my card
Yeah she going to sniff it up
Suck on his dick girl
Yeah going to get it up
Squirt you
Work you
But I never hurt you
Yeah it's a clipping blood
Blood, cuts and raw moves
Yeah young Jesus
Niggers know where's ether
Add that X on the front
Bitch it's Tisa
Yeah slide you Visa
Yeah I'm like ether
Yeah I'm in the clouds yeah uh
But you see the cloud and the foreman
Sun of George Foreman

Good a grill good a meal
Yeah we be swarming
Yeah I'm that guy too
Yeah call me Tele View
Till your bitch went
She come in
To my view
Yeah it's the teeth that click
SODMG bitch
Meet Soulja Boy
We be getting to know
Soulja, Soulja, Tisa, tat aI'm his beat
I'm a slap her
Yeah, I do this shit
Tisa Gang
Ocean Gang
What the fuck you want to do?
Bitch sniffing that cocaine
Yeah goddamn I swag got a space
Man you're a fucking disgrace
Came in first place
Young Dre MCM briefcase
I got hit
Money in my pocketGold in my wallet
Treat you like a stocking
Hang you on that fucking wall
Death is what pick up a drone
So I won't pick up her calls
Every day I fucking ball
And I'm knocking pictures
Of your fucking wall
Young Soulja Boy
Met my swag
It's fantastic
Fuck your body
Dump your body
Of in Lake
I'm live boy
It's nothing
I'm riding on a lama
All day stitching clear with the drum bro
They don't want their drama
Main they ride around with tats on them
Tisa Gang, Ocean Gang
We'll swarm them

I don't want to harm them
But I knock his head of his shoulder bro
Nigger catch an uppercut
Nigger catch a peak shot
Riding around my hood
Yeah you think it's the east coast
Fucking with the west coast
Hit his man girl with the best throw
Goddamn this Tisa gang splashing
Ocean Gang
Came out the water ready for the action
Nigger talk that shit
I'm still going to get it in
This is like a homicide
I'm about my dividends
Twenty two twelve
We ain't taking shit
Bro we taking it
Everywhere we hit the block
All that fucking cash we spent
Bitch is staring
Ocean Gang, Tisa Gang
All up in Paris
Goddamn don't give me that
Bitch I'm Karl Lager Field
Swaging with that fifty clip
Talking on that fucking ship
Punch you in your fucking lip
Oh god
Vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage, vintage

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