Drill Time

Slim Jesus

[Verse 1]
I fuck with savages, you a fuckboy, you can't hang
You can find me posted up on Frank block with my fuckin' gang
You ain't really 'bout shit, stay out my spot, don't speak my name
Or I pull up on your block at night, wearing all black and let that 40 bang
I fucked your girl and I ain't even try to, that little hoe, she a fuckin' thot
Got her off the Molly, now she rollin', all she good for is giving top
I got loud pack, I got school buses, hurry up fam, come and shop
I got a big 40 with a thirty-clip, and I call that bitch my fuckin' mop
I paid 350 for a Fendi belt, and that double F hold up my strap
A lot of y'll just Twitter flex but this shit ain't just a fuckin' rap
I hear one diss and I'm running up in your fuckin' trap
You thought shit was sweet 'til I ran up with no fuckin' mask
Always chasing a check, bitch I'm really 'bout mine
You a broke boy but you rock designer, that shit don't sound right
Thought you could sneak diss and you won't get found, right?
'Til you get caught in traffic, at the wrong place, at the wrong time
[Hook]
Got a couple shooters and they ride with me
And they down to shoot when it's drill time
Pull up and we get to drumming
Let thirty shots out that Glock nine
[Slowed down and reversed]
Got a couple shooters and they ride with me
And they down to shoot when it's drill time
Pull up and we get to drumming
Let thirty shots out that Glock nine
[Verse 2]
Now it's back to the trap with a twenty sack
Rolling up a swisher of that straight gas
Got a fifty-clip sticking out the MAC
So that's fifty shots for your goofy ass
Copped a Ferragamo when I was up at Saks
But my True Religion's still off my ass
I got heavy pockets, I got big ass bands
Run up on me tryna rob, and that thirty blap
Keep a bank roll on me at all times, rolled up with a rubber band
Off the lean, that Promethazine got me walking around like a kick stand
Keep a burner tucked on my right side, my .380 or my FN

And if I catch you lacking, better pray to God that my shit jam
But if it don't, I'mma take you out like a fuckin' date
Put a hole in your fuckin' back if I catch you talkin' to the fuckin' Jakes
Ain't afraid to catch a body and skip out from state to state
And if there's a witness, I'mma kill 'em too and I'mma beat the case
Let's get it
[Outro]
Let's get it
Let's get it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/