Intro

Cyssero

[Verse:]
Lets talk about it what
Cyss will throw the beam guaranteed you wont walk up out it
I aint playing
watch a nigga haul ass for his life when them hollow tips start spraying
Cyss is sick, get a grip, when he spit
every verse crack, you get shitted on like Biggie Skit
thoughts of me embedding in you get rid of it
I'm the man, you don't understand you illiterate
I'm hot as a semi shot, oc, when the semi grip
make him strip naked like he about to go skinny dip
shit, beef what you think you about
until I press iron to your shirt, like I'm trying to knock a wrinkle out
grip the steel when shit get for real
chop until the clip drop them shots split your grill
I'm dumb nice fuck who you get to spill
because them niggas you think hot will see cyss and chill
I remember night school, couldn't make it to the class
I was paper chasing, caking on the ave, making me sum cash
My fiends like ball players because they either shoot or they take it to the glass
44 mag breaking him in half
he a bitch with a dick, you probably take it in the ass
oh you grind and you work with that work right
until them shotgun pellets jump in your shirt likeBLAO! you will get murked because I bust and I squirt pipes
oc, you will get popped like the clutch on a dirk bike
I work right, with a half a block
I can lock a block and a half, and half your block
no joke, i smoke grass a lot
that's why my bars out this world like astronauts
I never had a pop, no father figure
so when its drama my finger recline the trigger
spit rounds, the ground, I'll put you fellas on it
because the chopper I chop, dont got propellers on it
I'm a young threat, yup
and I'm still butt fucking the rap game, and I aint cum yet
I aint done yet, so let me see something
like uhh yes, I'm just pre cumming
hold on you see me you see a g coming
we see you we see a flea coming

your wife a smut what is all the fronting about
I just get sucked, get fucked, nut in her mouth
or i can get fucked, get sucked, nut in her mouth
you be smooching on her lips she be smooching on my dick
keep your lips closed I'm quick to grip pistols
spit those, oh you a fighter lets see you get those
I don't miss foes split those leave him with hit clothes
with 1 nine and 1 trey eight like my zip code

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/