Clear 'Em Out

Teflon Vest

Look into my eyes I'm on that Fetty Wap
Don't turn around cause it I'll get ya shot
I quit the job before I'm fired, then send 60 shots like Kobe just retired
My mind is robotic and my heart is wired
I'm dope then a fiend, Richard Prior
Extra ego but she still wanna blow me up
Elephantitis yea I'm on my own nuts
Cut like a samurai
What yea I'm very fly
Microchip on my tongue
My words can be verified
And here I tried to be the nice guy though
But I can still burn shit down piro
These kitties like Milo
I can make em' die slow, up in a silo
Fist wide open, so don't even try hoe
Pimp shit I buck eyes word to Ohio

You can get it, aint limit
Talkin' bout you really live it with that business
Shit sayin' you bout that
Well if you bout it, bout it
Better not leave your house without it
Chopper but no helicopter
Call the doctor
Clear em' out yea
We clear em' out yea
We clear em' out yea
We clear em' out yea
Niggas we don't hear em' out there
But yea yea we clear em' out yea

Pistol Pete, a nigga been shootin' on em'
These Curry wannabes aint provin' nothin'
I'll make sure you doin' somethin'
If not then you losin' somethin'
The Jackie Chan of rap
I show you all we do is stuntin'
AMG, and not just the kit dog

My car converse with me, like Kit dog
My Converse placed on the whole shit dog
Push it to the floor and the back end slip, awww
I'm attractive but no traction on the rear wheels
Banana on the back tire how that shit feels
I peel off, like who the real boss
My nine speak to me, all yall do is chill, talk (yea)
Shut the fuck up you's an imitator
I'm a business man, shit an innovator
Whole life been dealin' with haters
Blessins from my mommas prayers
You got a squad full of onions
They gettin' pealed in layers

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Stash box with a fat glock
Trash talk and they'll be searchin' for your ass like Madloc
Wrapped no Gladlock
Ya bitch, she keep it padlocked
But not for me because she love a fat cock
Puttin' here up on the pole
Lovin' the way that I roll
You and ya niggas is off of ya game
That's why she keep callin' my phone
All of the time blowin' me up, without lightin' a fuse
No comparison, I aint sharin' shit
Still the one she chose (yup)
What the hell is this
Niggas ridin' dicks
You should cross your legs
Cause you is just a bitch
I'm on my Tupac bomb quick

Like I'm islamic
Hashtag, no comment
The signs you tryin' to throw up
Almost made me vomit
I'm rollin' in a Wraith, eatin' grapes
With the top split
Uh, Uh, with the top split
Uh, with the muthafuckin' top split
Uh, Uh, with the top split
Now my new neighbor Greg Popovich

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Lyrics Submitted by D. Walton

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