

# 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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