Abg

Quando Rondo

Through the cut, with Pabb, we gon' bang on 'em Leeky in the backseat with that chopper, we gon' swang on 'em And all my drawers be Ralph Lauren Twenty-three shots to his car, Michael Jordan Brrt, bah bah bah Mmh, mmh, mmh This be the fast nigga, gang My gang or no gang, yeah Tell me what's the problem, we can handle that Hit up Pabb or Leeky and I guarantee they cancel that Hah, I guarantee they cancel that Quando Rondo nigga Leeky told me if you love your nigga love him to the fullest Don't put your trust up in these bitches, put 'em in the bullets I told my brother Light that this that life before fame I could do a hundred years and I still won't change These other niggas in the streets, they just tryna make a name He don't want that beef with me 'cause I'ma hit him with the flames Murder on my mind, he must not heard my last song I was locked up in that cell, Re had twenty-three a song He ain't 'bout that lifestyle that he puttin' in them songs I'm ridin' for my niggas, I told 'em that's right or wrong Ray Bans, this shit just don't seem right All my niggas chase bands, we uppin' at the green light Tell me what it be and we gon' slide on 'em Hop out on that street and put that fire on 'em We gon' ride on 'em, nigga we gon' slide on 'em Leeky in the backseat and he got that big four-five on him Quit all that flexin', nigga know he ain't with it Catch his ass down bad, I send one to his fitted Nigga ABG, anybody can get it Nigga ABG, anybody can get it, yeah Quit all that flexin', nigga know he ain't ridin' Nigga say he in the streets but I know that he lyin' Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times, yeah I made it off my block, I feel I graduated I just got a pistol for Christmas, but don't get decorated Never sober, always faded, feelin' that I'm overrated

Mama told me just like this, you know you were born to be hated Instagram thuggin', that's gon' make me pull up Hollow tips filled to the tip, yeah my clip filled up Pressure hit, I'ma roll this kush up Sixty gang crip and I'ma throw that neighborhood up, yeah He say got them bands, well we got them racks too Thirty in my glizzy, my clip longer than a Shaq shoe You exposed 'cause your bro, he a rat too If I swang your avenue I'ma slide cross them tracks too Tell me what it be and we gon' slide on 'em Hop out on that street and put that fire on 'em We gon' ride on 'em, nigga we gon' slide on 'em Leeky in the backseat and he got that big four five on him Stop all that flexin', nigga know he ain't with it Catch his ass down bad, I send one to his fitted Nigga ABG, anybody can get it Nigga ABG, anybody can get it, yeah Stop all that flexin', nigga know he ain't ridin' Nigga say he in the streets but I know that he lyin' Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times, yea Yop another bean, I'm finna crash out I'ma sip this lean until it make a nigga pass out Internet thuggin' ain't gon' do shit but make me spazz out I can get your gang gang gone if we cash out My whole campaign strong like a bag of loud Once that beef on, pussy nigga ain't no backin' out On your street, we gon' creep with that ratchet out On your street, we gon' creep with that ratchet out One in the head, leave you dead by the stop sign Pop out the window with extendos then this Glock nine High speed chase, runnin' from two different cars Beefin' with two different sides, swangin' on two different blocks Aimin' at two different guys, uppin' with two different Glocks Bitch I'm uppin' with two different Glocks, yeah Bitch I'm uppin' with two different Glocks, grrah stop all that flexin', nigga know he ain't with it Catch his ass down bad, I send one to his fitted Nigga ABG, anybody can get it Nigga ABG, anybody can get it, yeah Stop all that flexin', nigga know he ain't ridin' Nigga say he in the streets but I know that he lyin' Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times Glock-21, I'ma up seventeen times, yeah Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending. Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/