

BPT

YG

[Verse 1]

40 Glock, snap a Insta, ain't no need for no caption
I got put on by four niggas, wasn't need for no bandage
I did my stuff like a young nigga, that's how I'm s'posed to handle it
'Hamad threw a right, duck, hit him with the left, bop-bop!
Two to the chin, bop! One to the chest
One to the ribs, the haymaker didn't connect
Dropped him but didn't stomp him cause that's disrespect, woo!
That's how I got put on
Tree Top Piru, yeah I got put on
It was hard in the hood
I was rappin', my homies sellin' hard in the hood
I know [?] cinder block, [?] from the West
[?] and Pac [?]
Just got a call, the homies just got bust on
Niggas gotta go, we can't hold on[Hook]
Nigga I'm from BPT
West Side, West Side
TTP [?]
400, Spruce Street
What y'all doing?
Nigga kill the, uh, beef[Verse 2]
I was in the county with lions, most of these rappers be lyin'
Cause when I seen 'em, they be quiet, the definition of silence
That's a [?], the definition of logic
That this nigga is [?]
[?]
All the licks I split, from the houses I hit
[?] but a nigga ain't snitch
That's how it's s'posed to go down
Held it down, didn't nobody else
[?], have my bitch pick you up
Then have one of my top people stick you up
I know Nipsey from 60s, [?] from [?]
[?] from 40 Crips, that's my kinfolk
My whole family tried to [?]
[?]

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