

Meet The Flockers

YG

First, you find a house and scope it out
Find a Chinese neighborhood, cause they don't believe in bank accounts
Second, you find a crew and a driver, someone ring the doorbell
And someone that ain't scared to do what it do
Third, you pull up at the spot
Park, watch, ring the doorbell and knock
Four, make sure nobody is home
They gone, okay it's on
Don't be scared, nigga, you're in now
If the police come you gonna find out who your friends now
That ain't them talking, that's your mind playing tricks on you
You're conscious cause you know you got nines with two clips on you
But fuck that, motherfuck that plasma
And fuck that laptop, go and get that jewelry box
You tryna get paid?
Go take that jewelry box to the Slauson they'll give you cash back Meet the motherfucking flockers
Make some noise if you've ever stole something in your life
Don't be ashamed, it's okay, baby
Make some noise if you've ever stole a dollar out your mama's purse Niggas don't know the history 'bout the fly
Put the flathead in the door, pull it, make it go fly
Hit the first drawer, grab a nigga some socks
That nigga in the car better be listening to that box
Ay, I ain't staking out shit, nigga
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe and ding dong ditch
Ain't a safe I can't crack, nigga, that's on Crip
I'm with my Pirus from Compton, we gon' pass and get rich
50 racks, three niggas, 65 a split
Let some weeks go by, we at the dealership
I never took notes nigga, I need the pinkslip
Hit Icy, Mac and Ave for my bullshit
Spent about ten cash
Jumped in the whip and did the whole dash
D-Loc my nigga my nigga, hit my first lick
Passed with my niggas at!

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