

Buff Squad (feat. Pouya, Shakewell & Germ)

Ramirez

[Intro]

Dirty hoe, close range

Dirty hoe, close range

Pussy money, that gangsta ho

Stalkin' with da yalk, on this low

Good, dirty hoe, close range [Hook]

Pussy money, that gangsta ho

Stalkin' with da yalk, on this low

Good, dirty hoe, close range

Pussy money, that gangsta

Pussy money, that gangsta ho

Stalkin' with da yalk, on this low [Verse 1: Ramirez]

Bouta run up on him with the hellfire

Pussy motherfuckers wanna trust me with gang signs

Floats in the middle of the ocean and I leave a body croak

And this weed got me choking on the blood I be soaking

Lost in the block of my city I'm closing my eyes

And I take a deep breath then i jump of the bridge

There's no going back the weights on my shoulders and the pain on my chest and the devil exists

When i play the blade I'm haunting your kids and then you beg you for your life and now you worship the grey

You fucking with piss thats locked in a cage

That's looking for flesh in murderous ways

Creep out the dungeon, I hop out the bush

Dragging your body inside of the woods

Murderers drug dealers inside my hood

Run motherfucker, be the pussy like you would [Verse 2: Pouya]

[?]

Six digits on the check underground, better give me my respect

2012 I was swerving at the curb getting booked

Meanwhile the skeleton grabbing all of my nuts

I raised me, ain't nobody made me, they love what I'm saying, they love what I'm doing

Give me one more year and I turn into an OG

Know me from the old me, bitch you owe me I let you get [?][Verse 3: Shakewell]

I'm always feeling my [?] I'm frequent in this spot

You speakin' you ain't never been in any situation, reaching for your Glock

But I know it's fake and all these bitches sucking

I ain't got no patience for a dumb ass hoe

Who ain't giving face, and if you got a problem

We can catch a fade boy

I been getting faded xannies in my system, I've been elevated[Verse 4: Germ]

Damn I hate this bitch, damn I hate this life

Always on the hype for hunnids', you better be duckin'

I'm comin', I'm sluggin' some tossin' sluts into buses

Bitch I'm bringin' the ruckus

Fuck is he sayin' I slayin', we ain't contemplating insanity

This shit is not meant for me, ridin' wit my enemies

Hatin' me sitting silent in my vicinity

Bitch I'm a dog, bitch I'm off the leash

Murder mixed with major profits bitch cool it stop it

I got a rocket i'll boot you to NASA

Astronaut status super future with the blammer

Hammer time damn I handle mine

Buckin' butt ugly nuts suckin big musty nuts

Fuck every moment livin' once

Ride it or not you can ride my one

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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