

Pigs (feat. Man Man Savage & Xvl Hendrix)

OG Maco

[Intro: OG Maco]

Let the bodies hit the

Let the bodies hit the floor, let the bodies hit the floor

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Let the bodies hit the floor[Verse 1: OG Maco]

Never talk to pigs, I ain't Charlotte

It's a web of lies and I gotta dodge 'em

Collared for a crime and the system dog 'em

Niggas' fleas off 'em, coppin' pleas often

Freedom seem certain

And if he ain't talkin' he your real partner

Got a couple shottas with a rat problem

Put some cheese on em, got a gat callin'

Glock 40, hot lead on 'em

Blood bed for 'em

Really love life, he'll beg for it

Niggas so trife, pat your back with a knife

From the dark, never seen a face

Barely seen a spark

Bark bark, it's a dog in the night

Hawk watch on the birds servin' white

He ain't really got the nerves for the curb

Lil homie hit his head when he Gurb

Sprayin' hollows in the turn with the swerve

Sipping sipping, hit the cup with the syrup

In the field with a MAC and my word

Walls talkin and the calls dropping

Got the Feds plottin', dirty cops rockin'

And the opps watchin, thinkin' all profit

And they all talkin' 'til the dog barkin'

[Hook: ManMan Savage]

Every day niggas out here catching bodies

Keep a bad bitch with me, look at her body

Moving in silence like I'm 'luminati

Give her a xan, she give me her body

Al Capone shit, I ride with the shotty

I'm hearing voices, I might kill everybody
Don't talk to me bitch, I don't talk to nobody
Don't talk to me bitch, I don't talk to nobody
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[Verse 2: XVL Hendrix]

I don't talk to nobody
Seven days I been geeking off molly
She rub on my body
Then she wanna come and hold me scotty
I get that money then double up, double up
Get whacked off for a cheap price
I fuck with a lot of my country niggas
They like to get geeked up on ice
Twenty-twenty vision, I can see this shit right
Got a stick on the seat and it's sitting nice
Can't fuck with these niggas, they probably police
They'll cut they ties just to get you life
Fuck 'em, I ain't seein' niggas live life
First up, nigga I paid the price
Sipping that mud, I do not like ice
Young Hendrix, I can get whatever you like
Young nigga, man I earned my own stripes
Stacking chips just for me to get right
Fuck her feelings, man I'm catching a flight
Run the racks up all day and all night
Chasing these deals while I'm poppin' these 'cets
Before I hit twenty-five I'ma see a mil
Got the [?] jawn, that shit for real
In my city man it's kill or be killed[Hook: ManMan Savage]

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

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