

# Intro

## Cyssero

[Verse:]

Lets talk about it what

Cyss will throw the beam guaranteed you wont walk up out it

I aint playing

watch a nigga haul ass for his life when them hollow tips start spraying

Cyss is sick, get a grip, when he spit

every verse crack, you get shitted on like Biggie Skit

thoughts of me embedding in you get rid of it

I'm the man, you don't understand you illiterate

I'm hot as a semi shot, oc, when the semi grip

make him strip naked like he about to go skinny dip

shit, beef what you think you about

until I press iron to your shirt, like I'm trying to knock a wrinkle out

grip the steel when shit get for real

chop until the clip drop them shots split your grill

I'm dumb nice fuck who you get to spill

because them niggas you think hot will see cyss and chill

I remember night school, couldn't make it to the class

I was paper chasing, caking on the ave, making me sum cash

My fiends like ball players because they either shoot or they take it to the glass

44 mag breaking him in half

he a bitch with a dick, you probably take it in the ass

oh you grind and you work with that work right

until them shotgun pellets jump in your shirt likeBLAO! you will get murked because I bust and I squirt pipes

oc, you will get popped like the clutch on a dirk bike

I work right, with a half a block

I can lock a block and a half, and half your block

no joke, i smoke grass a lot

that's why my bars out this world like astronauts

I never had a pop, no father figure

so when its drama my finger recline the trigger

spit rounds, the ground, I'll put you fellas on it

because the chopper I chop, dont got propellers on it

I'm a young threat, yup

and I'm still butt fucking the rap game, and I aint cum yet

I aint done yet, so let me see something

like uhh yes, I'm just pre cumming

hold on you see me you see a g coming

we see you we see a flea coming

your wife a smut what is all the fronting about  
I just get sucked, get fucked, nut in her mouth  
or i can get fucked, get sucked, nut in her mouth  
you be smooching on her lips she be smooching on my dick  
keep your lips closed I'm quick to grip pistols  
spit those, oh you a fighter lets see you get those  
I don't miss foes split those leave him with hit clothes  
with 1 nine and 1 trey eight like my zip code

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