187

M.O.P.

187 in progress, everybody giving, everybody is tagging These niggas got me on my shit Forty a clock, nigga get em all concrete 187 in progress, everybody get it, homies stick to this concept Shit love it the good one, niggas are garbage What up to be a war show (?) Murder every DJ that spin all that garbage They aint shout it wide, the Americans watching And we all the carpet as you talking RMB shit this true, hear em and get guard less Real nigga shit, round this (?) mess split Kinda gual goals, waving them license Show back the oppose and why you having a conference Deliver the rainbow and all your responses Groopies can get it too, for sucking and digging what nigga got more Part of the problem, I tell you hit the part and dragging your ass While your red bottoms bitch 187 in progress, everybody giving, everybody is tagging These niggas got me on my shit Forty a clock, nigga get em all concrete 187 in progress, everybody get it, everybody get target These niggas got me on my shit These niggas got me on my shit Thirty rax on the neck of the homies I ride another twenty K These niggas fashion fifty gram Walk around he aint looking like fool for grans Listen, illuminati rap, we aint runnin that Everybody popping malley, looking all of that Yall swang, the hole place emotional Wake u and find doubts and get free (?) I aint bout to adapt to the weakness You niggas got that wax, we got this Same lane niggas pointing on your list Over saturated twist it and main lists Boom, you niggas now here and I say shit Smile in my face and never blame my shit Shit, role niggas to play with This hot, the homies gotta stay with

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

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