

# Far Rock (feat. Stack Bundles)

Chinx

Most niggas is cowards  
Hide behind the record like a shield  
Mention my name and you gon' get killed  
Blood spilled for real  
You niggas better chill cause I solemnly swear  
To get uglier than seal  
Not behind my back  
Only thing I got in common with ass is I clap  
Shut up, get up, bet it burns more than your sit ups  
What you ate, you spit up  
Fuck your outfit up, blood all over your number nines  
That cute shit you was saying wasn't funny to mine  
We dead ass [?]  
So that smack battle rap shit will get you left dead, yes sir  
Look at me, don't I look like a nice guy?  
I walk around with your head priced high  
Niggas playing theyselves like suicide drills  
Russian roulette with a TEC and no suicide kill  
Dick up in his ear, fuck what you heard  
Changed up the pitch, couldn't hit the curve  
Bum nigga go and pick a curb  
Shawty wasn't lit so I hit the swerve  
Booty knocking over tables, that's an ass-fault  
Touchdown, nigga hit it on the asphalt  
V foreign whip came with a passport  
Counting straps like I'm tryna rub a rash off  
Caught slipping and he froze up  
Never pimps down, hoes up  
Head shot, now his toes up  
Represent your hood nigga, throw it up

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

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