

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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