

# Shooter (feat. Jacques)

G Herbo

Chill out, man, don't worry about that  
Don't worry about it, ain't no safety  
D.A got that Girl, don't make no mistake  
Round after round, demonstrate  
Pull it back then aim straight  
You Aline, you can be my centerfold,  
Do a double-take  
Bulletproof never breaks  
Ridin' up and down the interstate  
You alone, you can be my shooter, shooter, shooter, shooter, shooter  
You alone, you can be my shooter, shooter, shooter, shooter, shooter  
You alone, you can be my  
She'll let me put a .30 in her Birkin  
I don't like it pokin' on me when i'm workin'  
I know you'll shoot it for me like you persian  
Bust it back, i rather keep it on my person  
Pull off from the dealership after purchases  
Bumpin' swervo, you know me, learnin' 'em  
Never rode waves, but i be surfin' in it  
Benz truck, foreign, she look perfect in it  
Big cribs, we can fuck all in the closet  
Damn, you don't think you got enough purses in it  
I got a lot of cake, bail out of verses, spit it  
If they come for my respect, got a hearse for niggas  
Pussies like profanity, it'll curse some niggas  
Value my sanity, i ain't a perfect niggas  
But you don't take me for granted get a worser nigga

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>