

Pricetag (feat. Polo G & Lil Poppa)

Mozzy

Shooter geekin' off that Molly, he might pop some', yeah
Nobody tried us, he just wanna catch a body for me
Everything I own, that's me, I got it out of the streets
Got some choppers in the closet, bring 'em out if it's beef
Price tag on his head, and ain't shit to
get your mind bought
Make sure he dead, raise out the car and let that 9 off
Seventeen shots, empty the clip before we ride off
Heard that boy been woofin', left him stinkin' on that sidewalk
Aye, bitch, I bang until the death
of me
Killers that'll step for me (Huh)
Of course I love my aunty, I just hate she on that 'phetamine
Suckas all scared of me, scientific fact though
I just checked the 'Gram, nobody died, we doubled back though
Woofin' get you bagged though, boolin' in my bathrobe
Tending to this trap phone
Shoot him if his mask's on, I'm tryna knock his mask off
Fire up and stab off, synthetic cathinones, my drilla off of bathsalt
Nail him to the asphalt, business boomin', bag talk
Buy it wholesale, and then we sell it to 'em half off
Fuck the opposition, bitch, I'm trippin', tear his ass off
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Foenem tweakin', bussin' in the
party droppin' gang signs
If we pop out late, we tryna score, lil' bitch, it's game time
Ready for whatever, I won't hesitate to bang mine
I went through the struggle, but I made it through that pain fine
Now it's all smiles, I swear we spent so many days crying
Remember selling crack, weed and pills at the same time
Now I'm swerving foreigners, you might catch me switching lanes, flying
Ballin' like I'm Jordan, I be fly like I got hang time
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Heard that boy been woofin', left him stinkin' on that sidewalk I know these niggas pussy, I can't
catch him? Knock his dog off
At your mama' job every day until she call off
I might send a nigga on a dead end with a sawed-off
If you diss me on your Instagram-Live, then you gettin' logged off
I don't like to talk on phones, police going through them call-logs
You throw'd the rock then hid your hand, ok cool, we gon' kill all y'all
Lil' nigga, but I'm big dog, I'm who they call when shit pop-off
Or we can get your block took off, don't be expecting me to look out Shooter geekin' off that
Molly, he might pop some', yeah
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>