

223's (feat. 9lokknine)

YNW Melly

(Rocco did it again) Oh, this bitch recording?
That's crazy, ha, yeah, slatt
You know, ugh, whole lot of gang shit
Bow, graow, bow, groaw, blatt
Ugh, slatt, slatt, hol' up, ugh, ugh, slatt, ugh Blood, ugh, baby, this the blood, ugh, huh
I don't use my hands, I let the blood talk, huh
.223's and Maxi make you Blood walk
I can make any nigga hit the Crip Walk
Crip Walk, I'ma let my hip talk
Put a .40 with the dicky, gotta kill up y'all
Click, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
And the clip is see-ee-ee through
What all do you want from me?
AR's and them .223's
Fuckin' 'round with me, you see
I'm hot, I'm 500 degrees
Heard he caught a body
Well, that does not mean shit to me
Got two on me, got two on me
Blood Gang, yeah, suwoop on me Detrimental, me and Glokk on your instrumental
I kill a nigga and it reall wasn't coincidental
Stop all that flaggin' shit, you just be on that actin' shit
No I ain't with no cappin' shit and I ain't on no rappin' shit
No lackin', bitch, you know it ain't no lackin', bitch
I check in a blood nigga like, "Aye mane, what's brackin', bitch?"
I'm two floors up on you niggas
I'm two floors up on you niggas, yeah
What all do you want from me?
AR's and them .223's
Fuckin' 'round with me, you see
I'm hot, I'm 500 degrees
Heard he caught a body
Well, that does not mean shit to me
Got two on me, got two on me
Blood Gang, yeah, suwoop on me I'm like blatt (Uh-huh,) We don't never play, he get whacked,
like
Tryna find his face, ain't no trace, ain't comin' back
G-Nine, Mister Two- Glock, just bought a MAC (Oh yeah)
A MAC for your face-lift, rearrange your cap (Come here)
One foot in the industry and one foot in the trap
Provide that dope to my bloodline, I treat him like my strap
'Cause 'bout me he'll take a nigga's feet off the map

Big B's who don't sleep, push a P, he get clapped
Two guns, that's the twin Glocks, I roger that part
Colder than a bitch, 'cause the bitch froze at that
Like apostrophe, Google forgot a comma in the back
Say I'm worth 250K, we can bet a trey on that, nigga What all do you want from me?
AR's and them .223's
Fuckin' 'round with me, you see
I'm hot, I'm 500 degrees
Heard he caught a body
Well, that does not mean shit to me
Got two on me, got two on me
Blood Gang, yeah, suwoop on me Big blatts like suwoop, yeah
What you want? What do you want?
Aye, aye, big sticks for a punk, yeah
What he, what he see y'all?
Yeah, ugh, aye, aye, big blatts 'cause I bleed, yah
Aye, aye, what he breathe
Aye, aye, I'm pushin' P's, he pushin' P's, yeah
Yeah, what it is and what it ain't
Aye aye, like a skunk we leave him stank

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