

# Suburban

## 22Gz

[Hook]

It's a man down when we lurking  
Pull up in all black we purging  
Pull up in all black suburbans  
If he ain't dead, we reversing  
Blixky gang you know we gon murk him  
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[Verse 1]

Blixky gang Tutu the general, sprint to this cash, I could show what this bread'll do  
Chew in all it, don't do premiums, only surburban I'm lurking and seeing them  
Tripping, I'm clicking the smithen, I can't even witness  
I be all up in her belly, leaving bitches limping  
BNB so fuck a telly beamer when I'm drifting  
I'm a freak and if she let me hit it, then I'm skeeting  
Talk the flock on the reg, I'm flipping this block, I got one in the head  
Let it off then we fled, I call up my shooters that blam him instead, Claim NBA but they D-  
league, we bend they block in like 3 V's,  
Watch how I make it look easy, clipping them Treys like i'm CP, They flocking, it's purging the  
season, my niggas talk birds they feening  
He opping this murder, he bleeding, get spotted they shouldn't, they creeping

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[Verse 2]

I need me a fast stack, I think I might end up where your stash at, Dope and lean till I'm past  
that, age of 14 kept guns in my backpack  
When we bend, I'm like Mad Max, beamer knock off his wig or his dad hat  
The language we talking is trapanese, can't trust a soul, these niggas be babbling  
Bitches bend over, I'm cracking it, blam at ya man, we gone shoot it with accuracy  
Youngest in charge, why they mad at me  
Henny Patron, we still lean off the actavis  
And it's still RIP to Flock tho, free twirlers really gotta watch hoes  
Lil niggas shooting with they eyes closed aiming for his belly or nostrils

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