

Suburban, Pt. 2

22Gz

Hoodie on, mask drawn
Strap drawn, tryna run he ain't get that far
If his bro tryna spin dat block Then gang gon switch that car
Kill a opp broad day
Get blasted, lawyer gon span that charge Hanging out, all black Suburbans
Blicky gon hit that target!
Hoodie on, mask on
Strap drawn, tryna run, he ain't get that far If his bro tryna spin dat block
Then gang gon' switch that car
Kill an opp, broad day
Get blasted, lawyer gon spank that charge
Hanging out, all black Suburbans
Blicky gon hit that target!
Whole lotta shots, knock his face off
Fit through
Hang out this roof with a Drako
Back from the M and the case closed
But on my kicks, that's from stomping his face off
Choppa full of dem with a chainsaw
No cap, I'm in the booth with a bankroll
Stuffin' the whole clip, a whole trey-o
He ain't gon shoot, why the fuck is he gang fold?
Run up on Fetty, cap Fetty, that's Fetty
Count hella bands then chase that zelly
Henny on Henny on Henny on Henny
Gang in the spot, get deady on deady
Bust in a 40, spin on your shawty
Don't leave a cada
Bust a pinata, open your motha
Shoot up the party
Fuck it, we loud, jet the head, get beat up like Marley
If I'm on the East, then I'm in the fields so I'm up and gone
30 clips, that mean hella bodies
Spin your hood and kill anybody
If he missing the medics got him
He ain't dead but we paralysed him
Hoodie on, mask on, strap drawn
Tryna run, he didn't get that far
If his bro tryna spin dat block then gang gon' switch that car
Kill a opp, broad day, get blasted
Lawyer gon' spank that charge
Hanging out, all black Suburbans, blicky gon' hit that target Getting money off the zelly, in and

out her like a deli
Free that nigga Skrelly, put a bullet in his belly
B and B, so fuck a telly, fucking up a shot
We don't do the jumping, shotgun start the pumping
See him slipping, I'm a dump it
Kill a nigga then we dump 'em
Throw his body in a dumpster
Spin through like, ay
He moving or walk, he get shot in the face
I heard they dropping the rates
Well we got the addy and we on the way
Swerving, lurking, slip then murk 'em
Purge with burners, it's a murder
Hearse him, put him in the dirt
They got his face prints on a shirt
Hop out, strap drawn, head tap
Tryna run, he ain't get that far
Spin through, two shooters, one driver
We gon' kill that boy
We gon' bend that block, we gon'
You gon' hear that noise
All we know is dead opps, no attempts at leg shots
Hit him in his head topHoodie on, mask on, strap drawn
Tryna run, he didn't get that far
If his bro tryna spin dat block then gang gon' switch that car
Kill a opp, broad day, get blasted
Lawyer gon' spank that charge
Hanging out, all black suburban, blicky gon' hit that target
Hoodie on, mask on, strap drawn
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