

**3:27 Am**

**Tsu Surf**

Gang

Let's ride, ah

I done left some niggas where I saw 'em, but that's old shit

I'm goin' to the fed' max they find another pole stick

Catch him, get a coffin, where he goin', he be homesick

Fuckin' on somebody everything, I need my own bitch

I done came accustom to the trenches, this my habitat

Double doors, I matte it black, Runtz for the cataract

40 Glock, a single shot, button make it rat-a-tat

[?] watchin' half a brick, made that off of battle rap

Watch the cloud clear when the gun rise, homie, then I want mine

Relationship with fiends, I felt the pain when her son died

Niggas tight as army knots, relationships get untied

Chopper for the real beef, the baby Drac' was fun size

Cloth cut, the bravest can't fade us

Braggin' to the neighbors how we made the front pages

Calls to the plug, he so generous with favors

Them Pelicans, they came from LA was Ant Davis

You shut your mouth, you make it out

Couldn't make the murder stick

Gun plug ask how many shots my niggas [?] clip

Bandana, toothpick, we sideline some birdie shit  
Fuckin' on a cop bitch, she cool with my 30 clip  
You ain't got you one up in the top, then what you got it for?  
Niggas almost killed me, but they didn't, that is not a score  
Savage, lotta hits, no, we don't brag about attempts  
In the rental with the temp and the 40 with some [?]  
We stack it 'cause we gotta ball  
Like the youngest homies, they ain't got it all  
Shawty crib the stash spot, key to that, ain't gotta call  
If everybody hold the shit dow, then we don't gotta fall  
I was gettin' head watchin' Halle gettin' Monster Ball  
Wiz playin' Call of Duty, [?] sent the load out  
Hand guns and baby chopper, vest incase it's cold out  
He ain't ask to see his lawyer, wonder what he told 'bout  
Still be in the hood, be playin' spades in the fold-outs  
Heavy hearted, opps surround, be very cautious  
Learned a lot from every loss  
And when it's one of yours, it's such a heavy coffin  
I say, "I love you," then don't lie to me  
A wheelchair for rollin' for his hood, damn, the irony  
Ever catch the one that sat him down, we gon' iron him  
Lil' homie drillin' for his L, so I hired him  
Violence, glad the opps kill us, it's a challenge  
'Cause wrote me stressin' 'bout his time, he stopped countin'  
And money be the plan

A plate, chair, fork at the table if you fam  
I'll show you how to get it, nigga, can't hold your hand  
Been feelin' like the man, my bitches like to tan  
And she don't do the 'Gram, only got her Only Fans  
Look, baby, still spinnin' through the bricks  
Long as line is straight, a nigga feel rich  
Loyal to who feedin' you, I judge you by who breedin' you  
Cautious of who be with you, no suckers in your vehicle  
Gang

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