

# Blixy Gang Freestyle

22Gz

[Intro]

Ghosty, ghosty, ghosty, ghosty

Grrrrrrrrrr

Told my shoota don't hit no legs

Blicky, the blicky,?the?blicky, the blicky,?the blicky

See I know I (Fuckkk)?keep one up in the head (Twirlll)

Do a hit then we fled

Skrt, skrt, skrt, skrt

Blicky, the blicky, the blicky, the blicky

Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang

[Verse]

Move bitch, I'm disturbing the peace, got me feeling like Luda (Skoot, skoot)

New drip, (Drip, drip) I'm rocking Amiris, this shit ain't no Buddha

Get hit in the stomach, (Pussy) all of his guts and intestines he threw up (Hahaha)

Got rid of the gun, (Got rid of that shit) I had to re-up on a new one

Henny, no Georgies, spin through the flossy

I'm at the Barclays, and I got floor-seats

Treesha's bye-bye, trynna give orgies

Back out, I ain't trynna end up on Maury (Brt)

Too dripped out (Too dripped out), black wrange when the gang (Gang, gang, gang) flip out

Clips stick out, reload once the shit slip out

Spin 'till we nauseous, bending it often

Cup over coasters, we made 'em forfeit

Pull up no warnings, hop out and scorch 'em

Better be cautious, baited 'em up

Walked 'em straight to a coffin (Walked 'em straight to a coffin)

They ain't taking no shots (Pussy)

They (Bap, bap, bap, bap, bap) ain't scoring

22 the nigga they rap 'bout (Suck my dick)

They ain't the same when the strap out (Gang, gang, gang)

If you ain't know you should check on my background

If he ain't dead then spin back 'round

Met a little treesha and she trynna get slapped out

Ended up blowing her back out

Fuck on the balcony, I made her tap out (Matta, matta) (Brt, brt)

(Gang, gang, gang)

When we spin, duck

Keep that blick tucked

If he trip up, (What?) he won't get up

Rest in piss to that boy who got hit with a hollow now he in gelato (Now he in gelato) (Gang,  
gang)  
It's still free the twirlers, I'm screamin' free Kodak, I'm screamin' free Ralo (Twirl!, twirl!)  
Feel like Tony Montano  
I shoot you get left, Euro steppin' like Manu  
With a Treesha in Milano, she drivin' the boat  
She downin' Moscato  
Clappin' like standing ovation (Pussy)  
Brodie gon' chase him, I don't do chasin'  
Count hella guap, got paper (Racks, racks)  
Shit it get dangerous, we don't feel danger  
(Bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap) Shooters gon' flock out the wrangler (Grtttttt)  
(Suck my dick)  
(Gang, gang, gang)

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