

Hell Rell, Rugers In The Trunk

Ruger, Rell, Dipset
I like cars, clothes, jewelry
But I got a gun fetish man, Rugers at that
You know what I'm rockin' out with

Hook:
I got Rugers in the trunk
Pull over and dump
Rugers in the trunk
Pull over and dump
(Repeat)

Verse 1:
When it come to them guns, Ruger's a pro
I cock it back, squeeze it, let it blow
No niggaz too big, no niggaz too small
And when it come to coke, my middle name is U-Haul
I move it all (You move it all?)
Damn right, I move it all
From the soft to the hard that nigga Rell is on his job
And dude I'm what a baller be, that's why your girl calling me
Dope wasn't moving so we took it up to Albany
Upstate, New York, fiends spending that dough
They put it in they arm or sniff it up they nose
Mac'll leave 'em dead, I think he a fed
Cuz when he front you birds he don't be checkin' for his bread

26's rolling on the ride
Break ya jaw and have you eatin' chicken noodle soup with soda on the side
Yeah, cuz you's a chump, so nigga what you want
I got Mac's, AR-15's, but most of all

Hook

Verse 2:
Two dope strips, plus I'm selling guns
If ya money right, you can buy you one
There's Rugers on deck, the choppers is too
Plus them small dilligers that fit up in your shoe
Cash back home, and yeah he on his ish
My workers took a lost, but they back on the strip
Drive through Weeks Ave in the Porsche, seats is low
We gon' play this little game called "Where you keep the dough?"
Is it in the ceiling, is it in the floor
Is the Ruger gon' pop if you don't tell me more
And no you not a hustler, never touched a brick
You more like Isaiah, you can't handle the nicks
Never been on the grind, lemme play with them dimes
Have 'em in that black S5-50 reclined, yeah
And nigga you's a chump, so nigga what you want
That riot pump sittin' on the seat, but homie

Hook