

Quavo, Disciples

This year, I can't play with y'all niggas, I'm just sayin' (Nah)
I just had my heart froze and now I close my hand (Close)
I ain't got nothin' to give, niggas out here playin' (Playin')
I know it's been some years, but now I'm takin' Xans (Pop it, pop it)
All tears for my mans (Tears)
Wipe my eyes, then start layin' (Wipe it)
Don't be talking, somebody watchin' (Shh)
Get off the phone, somebody clockin' what we doin'
Somebody hop in the whip, let's slide (Skrrt, skrrt)
Ain't no demon, we disciples ('Ciples)
Malcolm had a rifle, had to roll up in some bible paper (Yeah, brr)
That's my bitch, I told her "Suck it later" (Call you back, call you back)
We got some shit we got to handle, baby (Handle that, handle that)
If you ain't his Unc, I don't expect you to say shit (Fuck you, fuck you, nigga)
I'ma shoot my shot, if I get my chance, I take it (Grrah, grrah, grrah)
Ain't no muslim, I need all the bacon (I need all the cash)
I'ma trap right here, 'til the block gets vacant (Uh, uh, the blue)

Now it turned into survival (Survive)
I don't trust nothin' but my family and my rifle (Nothin')
I ain't payin' attention to nobody but my rivals (Nope)
I ain't know I had that many bosses in my iPhone (Brr, brr)
Huh, huh, please don't tell on me, no way, holmes (No way)
Huh, huh, I'ma always find you a way home (Swear)
I got a big old bag, I gotta keep a bag of that dog shit
Dirty money, wash my hands with dirty money and wash it clean
Everybody know I'm gon' ignite, the way them birds sing (Brr)
Preachin' nothin' violence, with my gun Huncho Luther King (Woo)
What you wanna be, you wanna be a gangster or a chief?
Long as I live and I breathe, you can't take my seat (Huncho)

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