

40 Glocc, Where Them Hammers

(feat. Sam Scarfo)

[40 Glocc:]

Big Bash

4-O

Sam Scarfo

Infa, infa

Infamous

Up in this bitch

Infa-infa

Infamous

Up in this

[Verse 1:]

I'm the king of the coast, I'm a rider for real

Dickies, T-shirts, that's my deal

Keep my peripheral in my rearview

Step in the club

And do that one-two

Infamous G's

Do what they want to

Move in a unit

Like we 'posed to

Watch ya step

Don't get too close, fools

Matter of fact

It's past your curfew

You dealin' with grown men, these hands'll hurt you

With crumbs off of my table, my homey'll murk you

Your life was adopted, you could say, I'll birth you

The nail in the coffin

Straight to your torso

BLIP-BLIP-BLOW

Ain't you dead yet?

I knew he had bitch in them the day we first met

Pussy was bleeding

I gave him a cold test

Hit his ass up

Nigga, this cold grip

I'm already gone

Over half a state

I created ya life

And this the thanks I get?

My chain and my neck represent the set

Yellin' Guerilla Unit, cause

Beating my chest

Feelin' hella buzzed, off of liquor and blunts

Treating everyday like the first of the month

With a pocket full of stones, still served in a cup

And a fitted twenty pack, right hand on my gun

Uh

[Chorus:]

[Sam Scarfo:] You ain't really that deep

You ain't bangin' no heat

You don't really want beef, where them hammers at

[Both:] BLAO, BLAO, BLAO!

[Sam Scarfo:] Where them hammers at

[Both:] BLAO, BLAO, BLAO!

[Sam Scarfo:] Where them hammers at

Calico, mack 10, A.K., everything

Shorty whop, 40 Glocc

Homey, what you gotta say?

[40 Glocc:] It's on, nigga

[Sam Scarfo:] Where them hammers at

[Both:] BLAO, BLAO, BLAO!

[Sam Scarfo:] Where them hammers at

[Verse 2:]
I moved out the hood
Straight to the 'burbs
Keep my ear to the street like I sleep on the curb
Put my feet to your hair piece to get on your nerves
Drink liquor til I'm pissy
I must concur
Dump til the clip empty, watch the outcome occur
Treating trouble like pussy divin in, head first
I fill that boy up from the head on down
Turn a crooked-ass frown
Upside down
Keep heat in my pants
Like a STD
Ridin' shotgun in V.I.P., SUV
I'm S-U-P
R-E-M-E
Do a driveby in daylight like big Tray Dee
When I yell out, "Peace"
I want a piece of the pie
Or I'm a use the doo-wap to knock a piece at ya thigh
It's hard to stay alive, niggas, easy to die
Now analyze my life and try to walk in my nights
Let's see how many bullets, you could die tonight
If I die tonight
I'll be remembered
For them throw-away burners with no serial numbers
I'm a felon, homeboy
No registered pistols
If you running from me, homie
That lead'll get you
[Chorus]