

# Blueface, Section

FBeat go crazy (Crazy, crazy)  
RB producing all the heat

If you're not from the set, bitch, get out the section (Get out)  
Crips in the room, bitch, make some room (Scoop)  
Better watch your tone, I'm a slider, that's on bone (Yeah, aight)  
Follow you in the foreign, when you die, I go home (Huh)  
That's what I thought (Thought), bitch, you thot (Bop)  
You never heard of Blueface, you're not from the block  
Was a beef to a chop (Woo), nigga, fuckin' stock  
I'ma stick with the mob (Stick), bitch, it's a bop

Bart Simpson watch the [?rescue] not the slingshot  
Getting money, free the homie, still send them grain dots  
Orange chicken burger bustin' out the penis  
Wanna slash me on my chain just to take a picture in it, jump (That's a walk)  
Couple stacks on Washington, no Wizards  
Nigga say you wanna punch, go ahead, throw 'em in the blender  
Queen Anne out the park, shootin' dices with some members  
And no, you can't hang if you ain't bringing your credentials, nigga

Uh, came through local in some southern (Ayy)  
Bitch gaggin' (Real)  
Town niggas got it cracking (Ayy)  
Make it bust, no jackin' (Yeah)  
Got me dancing like Jacks'  
I got a mate, I don't care what you askin', hey (Aah)  
Fuck that bitch right out her hair lashes  
I was loaded, I don't care it was a catfish

If you're not from the set, bitch, get out the section (Get out)  
Crips in the room, bitch, make some room (Scoop)  
Better watch your tone, I'm a slider, that's on bone (Yeah, aight)  
Follow you in the foreign, when you die, I go home (Huh)  
That's what I thought (Thought), bitch, you thot (Bop)  
You never heard of Blueface, you're not from the block  
Was a beef to a chop (Woo), nigga, fuckin' stock  
I'ma stick with the mob (Stick), bitch, it's a bop

You can't hide the bitch in the show  
223's gotta knock off your nose  
Slow, uh, with the mob  
Hit a nigga on the soul, not the body  
How it's a piñata, when I pull up to the party  
Niggas looking at me funny 'cause they know that I got money  
But I'll leave a nigga bloody, bullets all in his tummy  
Backstreet 48-16, honey (Ayy)

And we fuckin' up these streets, yeah, no discussion  
Make these hoes wet 'cause I'ma stack the money  
Off fake signs, yeah, boy, that's where we aiming  
Let 'em out, fast nigga shoulda bought a Mase'  
Bitch don't like rabbits, but a wrist full of carrots  
And you know where I front, it should get ugly and sexy  
Hunnids on hunnids that get stuck to my pocket  
Boy, you better quit playin', we gon' Compton streets

If you're not from the set, bitch, get out the section (Get out)  
Crips in the room, bitch, make some room (Scoop)  
Better watch your tone, I'm a slider, that's on bone (Yeah, aight)  
Follow you in the foreign, when you die, I go home (Huh)  
That's what I thought (Thought), bitch, you thot (Bop)  
You never heard of Blueface, you're not from the block  
Was a beef to a chop (Woo), nigga, fuckin' stock

I'ma stick with the mob

FBeat go crazy (Crazy, crazy)  
RB producing all the heat