

# Blueface, Wire (feat. Stunna 4 Vegas)

(Extendo choppin' up these bricks)  
(Cállate, Mike Crook)

Pack in the air, put the bird in the sky (Brr)  
Payin' the low, chargin' the high  
Just flipped a pigeon to a chicken pot pie  
I don't interact, my plug send me the wire  
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I don't interact, my plug pay through the wire  
Fuck the buyer, the feds want a supplier  
Came from all flats to all new attire  
Couple figures made me a public figure  
I done ran up racks off the Saran  
Before the rap, baby, I was the man  
I was cool way before I had fans  
Nothin' changed, bitch, I been in a Benz  
Sticks on me like the boy in a band  
Made a grand off ten dollars a gram  
I don't interact when niggas trap on the 'Gram  
Kush, pills, coke, I'm selling the Xans  
Pigeon coupe, dirty birds in the van  
If the plan go as planned, we double the bands  
Can't interact with the hand-to-hand  
Plug send a wire soon as it land

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I fly out to Cali to send some bags (Zoom)  
For sure they sold when I send 'em back (Sold)  
It's smoke, let me know, we can handle that  
You get hit with that fire, we ain't doin' no boxing match  
I get fly like I sit where the pilot at  
Think with your top, boy, we knock off your starter cap  
Used to be broke, now they know me across the map  
Ain't shit change, I still ride with it in my lap  
I'm on some shit, jack (Bitch)  
Lil' nigga, I got big racks (On gang)  
No friendly shit or no chit-chat (Nope)  
You reach out for dap, you might get bitch-slapped (Pussy)  
He think he tough, he got muscles  
That Glock sit him down and make his homeboy sit back  
It ain't no talking, click-clack, boom, he doomed  
My lil' shawty knock him out his shoes (Bang)

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