

Lil Durk, Risky

Why you runnin'? Ain't got your gun so you gon' let him die?
I come from a block, you catch a opp, you hit him twenty times
Catch a nigga, who you love to slide, we make a shooter cry
Can't be 'round my dawg, I still'll risk it, I know Zoo'll drive
We tell bro'nem, "Chill, don't gotta speed, " this like a Uber ride
Pull up on my side, I got two Dracs', this shit like suicide
Speedin' on the E-way, off them pills, you don't know who'll crash
Backdoor, all across the city, you don't know who to gas, nigga
Keep a switch on me in case these niggas hate and try to switch on me
Fuck who you is, you try to play them games, I don't show sympathy
Won't hit none of my bros hoes, them bitches keep on temptin' me
My fingers hurt, demon on my opps, I don't got energy
Bug-bug, bitch, it's macaroni time
Tell my opps to post the shit in they close friends, they all dyin'
All my opps the same, every time they get caught, they ass whinin'
All that shit y'all said in the booth to boot up careers, ain't nothin' slidin'
That's my block, every gun I keep on me go, "Drr-da-duh"
Ask the opps, every time they see my face, they sugar foot
Give me props, gave my block them turkey bags, Wuka Duck
Just free Sah, you know shorty ass gon' rob, I get you took, nigga
Let your sit up, bro
Hop out, hit his dome (hit his dome)
Hop out, get 'em gone (get 'em gone)
Hop out, do 'em wrong (do 'em wrong)
Just be prepared, you on your feet, you better not drop your phone (Drop your phone)
Tap that switch, don't use it fully, you might just see his bros
Lil' bro got jammed off for a body, he ain't gon' change his clothes
I say, "When you chased 'em what you see?"
He say, he chased his soul
Get on his ass, he gon' be easy, he be chasin' hoes
Stand over him, last thing he see, that's my favorite pose
Why you runnin'? Ain't got your gun so you gon' let him die?
I come from a block, you catch a opp, you hit him twenty times
Catch a nigga, who you love to slide, we make a shooter cry
Can't be 'round my dawg, I still'll risk it, I know Zoo'll drive
We tell bro'nem, "Chill, don't gotta speed, " this like a Uber ride
Pull up on my side, I got two Dracs', this shit like suicide
Speedin' on the E-way, off them pills, you don't know who'll crash
Backdoor, all across the city, you don't know who to gas, nigga
Grab your blick', bro (grab your blick', bro)
You ain't never gave me shit, you ain't my big bro
Ask if I'm lyin', I gave 'em Hellcats and pistols
I gave my bitch my heart, uh, welcome to Death Row
Bitch, uh, yeah
You ain't gon' die about your dawg but you gon' die 'bout a bitch
Man, you better shoot your gun until it's gone then it click
We gon' get it on, I'm with you right or wrong, that's what it is
You a flodge what's your cup, that's Melatonin, it ain't no drank
Got my truck all bulletproof and it's supercharged, this ain't no tank
How you gon' vouch for a nigga who ain't never kill shit? His ass ain't got no rank
Catch a opp but you lucky it's Ramadan
Hol' on, I gotta pray (haha, uh, uh, uh)
I gotta pray (uh, uh, uh, uh)
I gotta pray
Why you runnin'? Ain't got your gun so you gon' let him die?
I come from a block, you catch a opp, you hit him twenty times
Catch a nigga, who you love to slide, we make a shooter cry
Can't be 'round my dawg, I still'll risk it, I know Zoo'll drive
We tell bro'nem, "Chill, don't gotta speed, " this like a Uber ride
Pull up on my side, I got two Dracs', this shit like suicide
Speedin' on the E-way, off them pills, you don't know who'll crash
Backdoor, all across the city, you don't know who to gas, nigga