

Rich The Kid, Body Bag

Ayy, yo, that's Dre
Dubba-A flexing
Yeah, big gang
Louie Bandz made another one
Turnt up, turnt up
[?]
This Is The Sound

I got dope inside my cup, I think I poured too much
No Instagram, told that bitch don't come around, we postin' that
Assassination-style, I won't show you nothin'
Originate with 38 Baby, if you don't bang with me, then blow you some
Nigga, fuck you, I don't own you nothin'
I'll show your ass that how lead feel
I've been thuggin' outside then I run around in town going on seven years
If you thought that, nigga, show you is
We don't talk down when I say it is
I'm on gang, baby mama shed tears
They seven serving over fifty years
You know me, then you know I keep a steel
Cock his ass, do this shit for real
Been that boy since I was a child, I ain't showing tires, they ain't know how I feel
I step on a nigga ass, nigga make me mad, don't stop until he killed
My Mama know I'm thugging, it get ugly like when me and you feel
Oh yeah

From the block, hop out with them Glocks and leave 'em dead
I go hot top, I pick 'em up, I bring 'em down straight to this bed
Leave 'em for real, like y'all know trill
Most niggas want me, they be scared
Pop your cut as fast you pop a pill
I know these niggas better be ready

Pop you're cap 'cause if you're playing with the gang, we leave him dead
You was flexin' for the 'Gram, we pullin' up like what you sayin'
Body bag, toe tag me a nigga
Can't play with 4KTrey and have your baby momma miss us
Drop a bag on her, see these racks and diamonds, got the Jag' on me
Your body comes up missin', they like where the homie?
Red bean on him like just like pepperoni, if a nigga own me

Uh, what happened to that boy
Them red beams look like forbidden apples to that boy
I pop then I add snap and crackle to that boy
My wings flopping like a pterodactyl to that boy
I spin the block
Leave his body stretched out looking like 6 o'clock
Half a brick on the counter looking like a cinderblock
I got gorilla guap when I shop
Keep spinning like a fucking spinning top
Pour the lean to the top, still never spill a drop
I left in an SUV, I came back in a drop
I got your recipe, it came back with a pop
Can't forget who I know, but I know who I forgot
If I ain't hit everybody, let me know who I forgot
Come back with a street sweeper, I just hope you got a mop
I'mma throw your body over a yacht
You're body gon' float back to the dock
Get the body bag in a toe tag, that's new clothes and new socks
You lil' bitch