

Rob49, Vulture Island V2 (ft. Lil Baby)

You want test somebody's business tell em how you let me fuck
I don't want to hear bout none of your business if ain't no glock involved
My mind so fucked up I seen murders chillin' in the park
Talk on the net I make my vultures go and flat his heart
Real steppa, he got six hoes he a creature
Projects everyday he don't give a fuck he tryna leave som
Niggas know what happened about 49 when he bleed
Fuck cuffin' a hoe my bro put niggas on a tee
Killin' all the rats, I'm robbin all the robbers
I'm real trap star from vulture island
Alright don't move wrong in this bitch I'm finna shot some
Alright the way he swing his dreads you think he washed it
Alright the trackhawk start sound like it violent
Alright I'm cheating on my main hoe ride on silent
Alright yee yee, lot of money, lot of cars, lot of drugs
Yee yee niggas talkin take his head clean off
Yee yee molly molly, yee yee molly water
Yee yee drug sex, yee yee fuck me harder
Yee yee yee yee yee yee yee yee
Yee yee yee yee yee yee
Yeah shake that ass bitch
Bleed how I bleed
I'm used to putting bitches on they knees nigga
She tryna throw a sign in throw a V
Alright, you tryna fuck a boss then fuck with me, bitch
Alright I'm getting to that cheddar to that cheese nigga
Did a ten piece in the feds like he a chicken
Cover my face after we fuck I won't kiss her
To tell the truth I'm just a product of the trenches
Yeah, I spent 1000 on these sweats I don't even want to take em off
I spent 1000 on this pussy I think I'm gon fuck her raw
The Burberry hoodie cost me a bag
Yeah I put her feelings in my lap nigga
Yeah, I'm coming from straight from out the trap nigga
Yeah a peas cost 28
He played this pussy lame
I'm used to, I'm used to
I'm so try to do the case
Make that ass clap
Make that ass clap
Make that ass clap
Make that ass clap

It's the remix

I might trip out on my finsta you can't follow me
This whore a goat her nigga don't know she really for the streets
And too much rapping ain't no posting that's my type of beef
You really try this shit and die well damn that's fine with me, alright
Lost it all before and went and got it back, alright
Got a record deal but I'm still being active, alright
Them young niggas do drills inside a stolen trackhawk, alright
If you ain't got no cabbage your fault real good
She get on her knees I answer all her prayers, heal for her
I could go back to the block if all else fails, real shark
Big homie been taught me how to be a player
Who else got an elevator
Cuff em gamblin' on the stairs
Pack in, they done sent so much money for wearin' this shit on backorder
Really on some 100 Ms a year shit I just act normal
Really wanna show em how I feel but I just let it be
Young bitch keep a pole but she don't strip she with the fuckery
A lot of niggas know to keep they course but they can't fuck with me
Youngest on the bottom of the gun I keep a buck on me
Yee yee she want me to fuck her with no rubber on

Yee yee Imma pay whatever to get my brudda home
Yee yee we got all these guns it ain't no one on one
Yee yee we gon' come how these young niggas wanna come

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