

# 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

Make that ass clap  
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Make that ass clap  
Make that ass clap  
Make that ass clap  
Make that ass