

# Yung Bleu, Contract Killers

He can make a million out the trap  
But the streets change  
Niggas don't show no love no more  
So I'm tryin' to make a million off of rap  
Tryin' to make a million

My eyes ain't in my rear view  
Live my life with no regrets  
Nobody safe  
The hate come from the ones you never guess  
Don't play with me  
'Cause I got contract killers that I bless  
Green light  
No you ain't gotta sneeze to get your blessing

And it seem like  
When you confront a trenches nigga  
Hate to see you get it  
They be all in yo mentions tryna  
Get you to spend 'em and ya  
Try to keep your distance  
'Cause you know you a killer and you  
Know you'll kill 'em, but I  
Niggas be bitches  
They gon' tell it all  
My young nigga ready to set it off  
He took his chains and credit cards  
He had a strap, ain't let it off  
I can't believe these niggas pussy  
You up a hundred thousand  
Bitch, I'm up a hundred bullets  
I ain't scared to pull it

Trappin' out the  
Red Roof Inn  
Young street nigga  
Do a hundred in the Benz  
Too real for friends  
Loyalty a must  
Copped the roly, got it bussin'  
Went and copped a carti, got it bussin'?

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