

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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