

# Yung Bleu, Fuck Her Face

Seventy drills

Send my young niggas on missions, just like seventy drills  
Grand Devado, cut off auto, pop out, spray the van  
If we can't find 'em, spray his man, my young nigga super sayan  
Hop out, hop out, hop out, hop out  
Spray his ass on sight, fuck it

These niggas wanna be opp

Look, go to the killers, you know we ain't wanna be cops  
Give my nigga a low when he out, you can be who you wanna be know  
Ain't give me a chance, but she wanna go with me now  
Try to pick up the flow with me now  
And she like my heart broke, but I'm over it now

Oh, catch a case, oh, make her spray  
He gon' dump, fuck her face, oh-oh, nobody say  
Front door, back door, front door  
Back door, front door, back door, gang  
Oh, oh-oh

Yeah, run up some numbers, go run up some racks (Racks)  
You might not never get your bitch back  
This Draco', bitch, come get your shit splat, this shit got kickback  
We slid and caught him at a kickback, come get your lick back  
Ayy, walk down, walk down, walk down  
Nigga, where you stole them bricks at?  
At Grandma house, we hide the sticks at  
Know we came from get-backs  
You fucked with me when nobody didn't, bitch, I can't forget that  
And I can't ever say "Fuck the city", 'cause that's where I got lit at

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Back door, front door, back door, gang  
Oh, oh-oh

Hop out, hop out, hop out, hop out, spray his ass on sight (Sight)  
I'm on this drank and I'm feelin' alright  
Got you in my section, I'm just bein' nice  
But I'm tryna fuck at the end of the night (Ha)  
You know gang and them gon' pull it  
We got sticks in here for bullets, in this bitch, don't run out of bullets  
Camo shorts and Dior hoodie (D)  
Auntie house, the door still swangin'  
Made a few million off my vocals, but that dope still slangin' (Alright)  
Go to sleep and Gucci loaf her, freaky fuck on a blanket  
Backdoor gang, steppers in trainin', streets still sayin'

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