

Crazy Story, Pt. 3

King Von

Oh, yeah, I'm finna make a banger with this
Huh, what?
DJ on the beat so it's a banger Now here it go
I just made it home, missed calls on my phone
See, I been gone
Was tryna hit a lick but that shit just went wrong
I got a thot
She right off the block, her crib be the spot
And we got Glocks
Tucked all in the shit, don't come unless you knock
But this bitch grimy
Told her 'bout this nigga, helped me set him up
And she was with it
She just want some shoes and she ain't give no fucks
So we do that
I was at his neck, creepin' from the back
But saw the opps and had to let em have it
How fucked up is that?
But where that bitch?
She ain't called me yet, we did that at six
And who got hit?
I know someone, check 'cause King Von, he don't miss
Now two weeks pass
I'm back on my grind, I can't waste no time
The opps been quiet
They be whoopin', though, but them niggas not slidin'
And I been high
I can't even lie, that thot been on my mind
Why she ain't called?
I ain't seen her ass, I hope that she aight
Now it's midnight
I'm hittin' some blocks, just me and my Glock
Came to a stop
I'm at a red light, I usually don't stop
My phone keep ringing
Just a ho, of course, this bitch prolly bored
I press ignore
I ain't got no time, a whore gon' be a whore
Now I get that feelin'
Something ain't right, I look to my right
And I'm like, damn
There go that flexing nigga, he wavin' his pipe

He get to dumpin'
Bullets get to coming, my heart get to thumbnin'
I feel something
My left shoulder hot, blood just get to gushing
I'm like shit, ain't this 'bout a bitch?
And he with that bitch
I got a glimpse
She got them big lips that's made for sucking dick
Now it makes sense
That ho set me up, that lil' dirty slut
The double cross
Tryna get me caught like I'm Randy Moss
Ah, shit
I just dropped my gun, plus I got one arm
I'm tryna drive
I can't shoot back now, this man on my ass
I almost crashed
But I got the wheel, he tryna kill for real
But there go twelve
He bust a quick right and I bust a quick left[Interlude]
Aw, shit
What the fuck, gang, you good?
Damn, my shoulder
You know this bitch be fuckin' with me, gang
Damn, man, finish tellin' me about that shit that
Was crackin' off last week with them niggas and shit
Aw, yeah, aw, yeah, look
Now this what happened
A week later
My arm in a sling, I been sippin' lean
Pure codeine
I don't feel a thing, my ho say I'm mean
I need a blunt
Stuff that bitch with Runts, boy, I'm on a hunt
And ain't no breakfast
But I'm a box a nigga, like some Cap'n Crunch
I got a tip
That that thot bitch be on 75th
Right off Cottage
With her best friend, gettin' her hair did
I'm like cool
Finna make my move, post up what I do
This bitch a fool for tryna play me out
Like this shit was cool
Now it's like two
Catch her walkin' out, her new hairstyle blue
And she look cute
But that mean shit to me, I crept up then I boomed
And that was that

Now I'm running back, I stop in my tracks
There go that Porsche
How crazy is that? Boy, I'm on his ass
The first blast
It shatter his glass, damn, this nigga fast
He hit the gas
I'm still shootin' at him, but I'm too far back
Damn, I'm hyped
Let me tuck this pipe, get up out of sight
'Cause I see lights
And them bitches bright, can't go to jail for life
So I take flight
Made it to the hood, everything went good
Knock on wood
Flame me up a 'Wood, Tooka smellin' good
Looked at my phone
Got a text from Herb, he say, "What's the word?"
I say, shit, I'm just coolin', bitch
I'm not from 63rd

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>