

No Suburban, Pt. 2

Sheff G

Ayy, ayy
Gang, gang, gang
Shoot with the gang, gang, gang
Load it, then bang, bang, bang
Bang, gang, gang
Gang, gang (Great John on the beat by the way)
Gang, gang, gang, gang
Look, huh Niggas like, Sheff, you be movin' too hot
You got nothin' to prove, you the king of this shit
'Member days postin' the .30s inside of the Glock?
I was itchin' to move on a lick
Niggas be talking real hot for the 'net
But they see me in person, they all on my dick
I got their hearts in my pocket, no bully
But I could be bullyin' whole lotta shit
Look, push me to the limit
Let's see who really tryna get it, okay
Push me to the limit
And let's see who really, really with it
Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?
(Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'? Them niggas is lyin')
Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?
Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'? Look He got a black flag, nigga, take it off
You get shot down if you play his songs
I keep a Glock 'round, I would let it off
This a diss track, this is not a song
I got 'em thinkin' its voodoo
I'ma King Corso you poodles
I been in the field like manure
Can't talk on my name, 'cause I'll prove it
I'm feelin' like, feelin' like who really want it?
You niggas my sons, I ain't feel like abortin' again
Niggas can't mention no money
I double the offer and you know it's off with his head
Just pass me the chop, lemme fold 'em
Me by myself, I'll do it to you
Run up, get dirt up, on M8V3N
Me by myself, I'll give it to you
Niggas like, Sheff, you be movin' too hot
You got nothin' to prove, you the king of this shit
'Member days postin' the .30s inside of the Glock?
I was itchin' to move on a lick

Niggas be talking real hot for the 'net
But they see me in person, they all on my dick
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But I could be bullyin' whole lotta shit Look, push me to the limit
Let's see who really tryna get it, okay
Push me to the limit
And let's see who really, really with it
Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?
(Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'? Them niggas is lyin')
Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?
Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'? Look, look Lyin' in they raps for the clout
Heard that boy a snitch, fish 'em out
Boy, I got the wave, you in drought
Reason why my dick in they mouth
No this ain't dance music nigga (I buss a bop, I don't dance)
No, this ain't chill music nigga (I'm tryna drill, I want 'em dead)
Look, this for the streets, so fuck your say
Don't care if this don't get no radio play
Huh, bang on any who play
My flow so sick for any who hate, huh
Oh, you tryna buss matas
Shots spin him, that's bachata
I stand over niggas and buh, blacka
The king, no, I'm da masa, nigga M8V3N, M8V3N gang (Don't see no Suburbans, who
spinnin'?)
Shoota, shoota, that's shoota gang, shoota gang-gang-gang-gang
(Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?)
M8V3N, M8V3N gang (Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?)
Shoota, shoota, that's shoota gang, shoota gang-gang-gang-gang
(Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?)
(Don't see no Suburbans, who spinnin'?)
Shoota gang-gang-gang
Bang, bang, load it the bang, bang, bang
Gang, gang
I need to hear that again

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