

Make It Out

Designer

All of them killers won't make it out
Car crash, call it, racin' out
All of them killers won't make it out
Car crash, call it, racin' out
Got a big brick, tryna build a house
Tryna run my Mercedes out
Big grams in the granny couch
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I said all of them killers won't make it out
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All of them killers don't make it out
The car crash, call it racin' out
The bullet kiss 'em, call it makin' out
They never said I'd appose to nothin'
Choppa known for thumpin'
Make a nigga start Forrest Gumpin'
When I catch that boy forest frontin'
Choppa blow his stomach
Hit his body and his soul be jumpin'

Cause my nigga don't blow for nothin'
We gon' run up on you, we gon' get you hit
Talk a lot like you servin' brick
Tryna get me rich and I fuck your bitch
She be suckin' dick on some other shit
These niggas, they just tryna hate on me
Take me out try to put date on me
Gotta ride 'round with that thang on me
Catch a nine slippin' by 43, word to me
I'ma just keep goin' hard 'til it's dirt on me
L Block 390, you heard of me?
Chopper rips open like surgery
I'm back from the dead, close the curtian, B
All my killers gon' get away
Savage come through, he gon' get away
Mikey come through, he gon' rip it fast
Everybody gon' rip his face
And I'ma kill 'em
They look Scottie Pippen, woo!
You hear that 'Gatti engine, woo!
You heard I'm karate flippin', woo!
Now haters, they ought to mention
Come through the Garvey hittin'
I got guns and they're shootin' they Tony flippin'
Codeine, you know I'm sippin'
Young niggas on a mission!
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