

Rounds (feat. Fivio Foreign)

Calboy

HOOK (CALBOY)

I use to trap in the spot
We flipping babies got crack like the 80s
I Put my whole wrist in a pot
Damn , I took a risk with the pot
I told that lady she having my baby I spent a whole brick on a watch .
30 on me I might pick me some roses she loving me not
I told that Nigga I roll with some killers don't push it just know when to stop
And we hunt em down and we send rounds rounds we making it hot
I got some aim with this dracko I blow it it's Loud loud he dead when he drop

VERSE 1 (CALBOY)

Big drip , Fivey
I'm trying to catch me a body
I know some niggas do killings and robbery
My shorty a bug he geeking of molly
We turning up throw Dubb's in follies
For nem be chopping that bread like karate
I'm been a goat lil bitch ain't no probably
Heard he want smoke lil nigga no problem
My Nigga's ready for war
I made some millions but I need some more
remember We slept on the floor
he get to tweaking we kick in the door
Brand new mop I'm a make it do chores
Stop all that talking you making me bored
I keep that hammer on me like I'm Thor
Catch him outside he get blew off the porch

HOOK x1 VERSE 2 (FIVIO FOREIGN)

Big Drip Fivey
I'm probably fucking on a thottie
Cayo Kato all the mami's
She be calling me zaddy
See a oppy on his body
Take a purple like a zombie
They say they looking to line me
But they know exactly where to find me
They never come try me
They call me drunk poppy
I can move dumb rocky
And you can't stop me
We make the situation oppy
I got the money it's making me cocky

They see the moves and copy
If you want to win you got to watch me FiveyHOOK x1

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