## 6IX9INE, Shaka Laka (feat. Kodak Black & Yailin

Oh you said sum'? Oh you want redrum? Ohhh

Oh you said sum'? Oh you want redrum?
I got this glocky on my hips it's spittin' venom (Frrrt)
Oh you got hit up nigga don't think that it's ready
I hit ya block and dumped the blicky out the phantom
Oh yeah, oh yeah (Brrrt, brrrt)
Hit 'em out the phantom (Huh, brrrt, brrrt)
Hit 'em out the phantom (Ohhh)
Hit 'em out the phantom

Oh you said that you the big shotta, the don dada Boom boom shaka laka, meet this big choppa Round of applause make it clap, waka, waka All that stupid nigga heard was "Rrra, rrra, rrra" Get the drop, bend the block, get the chop, make it pop If you see the cops nigga shh, don't make it hot Red dot, green dot, put it on a nigga top Red light, green light, we always on go nigga Stay with the pole nigga, even on parole nigga Shawty sent the low, then we show up at the door nigga Bad bitch, suck me up, suck a nigga soul nigga How she just tell me she's a bitch when I just hit her

Oh you said sum'? Oh you want redrum? I got this glocky on my hips it's spittin' venom (Frrrt) Oh you got hit up nigga don't think that it's ready I hit ya block and dumped the blicky out the phantom Oh yeah, oh yeah

Nigga how you lose your bitch to a snitch?
I'm a one man all night I never need the clip (Say)
I done came a long way from the bricks
I don't give a fuck I'm making million dollars plays with these jits (Say)
Shit, it ain't like we 'bout to hit a lick
We going in on a verse, we ain't going in on a brick
And quit talking what you do, end some shit
It ain't no telling that was you, what you niggas woulda did
I gotta eat, I'm missing business with the streets
And my lil' girlfriend will be wondering a few million sounding sweet
I gotta eat, I'm missing business with the streets
And my lil' girlfriend will be wondering a few million sounding sweet (Huh?)

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Echate pa' allá que la presión está caliente (Eh)

De mi barrio ya he parti'o un pa'l de dientes

Hablan de mí pero no lo dicen de frente (Eh)

Ando con los gangsters, ando con un flow bien duro que no hay quién lo aguante

Viral en todas las redes pero la misma de antes

Y como dice Tego, calle pero elegante

Suenan los shooter shooter shooters por ahí (Ah)

Te hacen placa placa placa, 'lante de mí Dique tú eres un tipo que mata gente

Ando ready pa' romperte

Pero también hay gente que puede matarte a ti

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