

TG KOMMAS, Big Steppa

Oh, oh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh Lord, Jetson made another one

Shots fired, man down, it go baow, chickapow
My lil' youngin' caught him lackin', all you heard was choppa sound
Knock him down, get yo' bitch-ass off the ground, nigga
That's what you get for all that fuckin' playin' 'round, nigga
This ain't no playground, nigga
But if you wanna play, well, shit, come outside
Where we out just sellin' drugs and dodgin' slugs and totin' Glock 9s
You were sixteen in the house and you were spoiled, your life not like mine
I was sixteen in the trap house, met a plug, and I am not lyin'
Until I made my mama proud because I graduated on time
But, shit, my mindset at the time, "Get rich or die tryin'"
A nigga try to take my shine, they gon' die tryin'
Bitch, slow your roll, nigga

Like slow your roll player, I be with some big steppers
Hundred shots rang out the bell, that's a lot of pressure
Niggas cowards, they be foldin' under pressure
Bullet shower, better get your umbrella
Check the calendar, murder always on the schedule
Bullets hot as a cayenne pepper (Brrt)
.223s will put him on the stretcher (Ayy)
Yeah, I be with some big steppers (Ayy)

Steppers who we runnin' with, who the fuck you gunnin' with?
Pressure bust pipes, I swung the pipe and then now he call it quits
Murder fits, I used to murder then this shit get murderous
I'm murderless, we cross his name out right after we murder him
The police asking us about him, we never heard of him
Wrappin' and catchin' them bodies, just like we Soulja Slim
Bend at the curve right behind him, ayy, we gon' follow him
Destination, pull up and face him, whoever ridin' with him
Silos and kilos, got me feeling like I'm Dino
Pack touch down, the drugs in, we blowin' tree smoke
Big Loc, made him reload, can't touch, I'm wired, no
Choppa got a wide scope, bullseye, hit him right on the nose
I asked my nigga, "Did he see when I hit him?"
He say no
So you know I had to go and spin the Benz again fo' sure
When I see a nigga leavin', I'ma shoot 'til he ain't woke
Look at his eyes, he saw a ghost, I told him it was time to go

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Oh, oh (Bullets hot as a cayenne pepper)
(.223s will put him on the stretcher)