

# Billy Bats

## Bodega Bamz

Shoot 'em up  
Never ask questions  
Leave 'em dead Shoot, mobbed up, under influence in that coupe  
Got the cold killers with the smile wearin' suits  
Automatics wipe the bullets down leave no proof  
Got the drop on these niggas now so we shoot I hope you got a extra mic and a fuego proof  
booth  
'Cause you know, I'm known to melt a wire or two  
I got the mac all black but the riot won't do  
I got the [?] killin' rats, get your firin' crew  
You need a fire engineer when I lay this blaze  
I fired engineers when hola became  
Hit the bodega dark liquor, lines of blow  
Hoes with the big nose suckin' me slow  
Fuck that, don't hold me back  
I sleep in the trap  
Y'all cats told Bamz to rap  
I'd rather, take my chances hitin' the block  
I had to, take those glances runnin' from cops, for real  
If you a boss don't say it  
'Cause a real boss got the alphabet boys waitin'  
We ain't playin' with ya  
Most high roll up with the holy scriptures  
I want a mansion like a museum to hang my pictures  
You hear the whispers? Tanboys did this  
Some got the permanent ink, some got stickers  
Die for some money never die for some bitches  
All of us come from the streets, my niggas Your man won't shoot  
Your goons won't shoot  
Your crew won't shoot  
Your bitch won't shoot  
Your moms won't shoot  
Your pops won't shoot  
Your step-father's baby mother brother won't shoot  
What it do?  
Never scared, who are you?  
Smell pussy in the room  
Bitch niggas perfume  
Pullin' cars like what  
Got a bitch like what  
She can ride, she can smoke, she can suck like what  
Cuban cigars at the bar, I'm like Castro

Know who we are, I'm not a star I'm an asshole  
Cash flow [?] task force, comin' in  
Lawyer money straight, make bill when the sun come in

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>