

Grim Reapa Flow (feat. NLE Choppa)

30 Deep Grimeyy

[Intro: King Von]
You know what the fuck goin' on
It's your boy King Von
We in this?bitch,?Stretch Gang
{?} My?boy 30 Deep in this bitch
Oh?yeah, go crazy in this bitch[Verse 1: 30 Deep Grimeyy]
You the same nigga duckin'
Wreckin' jail tuckin' your tail
I put 10 on him, and 10 on him
Just [?] that shit through [?]
I told pistol "Whack the bitch"
He get locked up he makin' bail
Swisha known for crackin' shit
He catch a roach, another L
Grimey this and Grimey that
Bitch keep my name out your mouth
All that cappin' bout some murders
They know that ain't what they're 'bout
Catch him with his baby mama
Hit that bitch all in her scalp
I've been runnin' up my numbers
Gang'll never see a drought
We ain't been hot since Nelly 'n them
I put my city on my back
C & C and Ville gang
You know I'm fuckin' with the [?]
The opps got booked for stealing phones?
Tell the feds to free the rats
Bitch tried to charge me for some coochie
So I kicked her out the trap
What the fuck happened to dude?
He got hit all in his head! (Damn!)
Grimeyy please, let him breathe
Shouldn't have said what he said
If them crackers come and get me
I'ma grow me out some dreads
Crazy E do drills for free
But he work better off the meds
I put 10 on him and 10 on him
That's why them niggas dropped
And tell my bitch to wheel him in
So we could knock out all his pasta

I've been gucci in Miami
 Don't get hit up with this flakka
 Opps slide, Brick Squad
 When they be shootin' niggas [?]
 Ask DP what I was doin' before I flew out to Miami
 [?] the floor hit through the 50 make them roach niggas panic
 How the fuck y'all let me get the ups
 And y'all was outside lampin'
 I let Murda out on [?] he caught him slippin' so we [?]
 Shoutout K9 Wavy Navy, know I fuck with NLE {Crip!}
 I got bitches all in Cali, got a bitch in NYC
 Dallas, Texas, Calabassas, know they fuck with 30 Deep
 Don't make me call up OTF, DQ gon' slang that ARP
 Lil Reggie threw up on a drill, he seen me take his head off
 You try to take off with a P, TayTay gon' knock your legs off
 Tony Montana, keep a hammer, come see what this lead 'bout
 30 Deep the gang, that's what I bang
 I did some time in [?]
 [Verse 2: NLE Choppa]
 Got in the jammer, started yappin, you could call him TED Talk
 We known for shooting niggas in the back, so don't you run off
 Any weather, we gon' serve it, we gon' get the birds off
 Get the witness, we gon' kill him 'fore he get his words out
 Yea, we droppin' the opps I hit 2 in a row
 It's a hundred-some shots when we step in the show
 If I go broke I'mma stretch me a 'bow
 [?] who, what you talkin' bout bro?
 Reach for my chain put a tag on your toe
 I'm in the studio high as a hoe
 If you try to rob me, it's a high and a low
 The high is the face shot, the low is the blow
 Shot in the crowd, he died, I ain't know
 Shoot in the air, cause his soul was [?]
 Get a nigga killed, then put him in a ride
 Bitch I'm a muder poet
 Shoot a nigga like a Polaroid
 My dawg caught a body, I told him "Do it"
 Whenever we see him, we gettin' into it
 My bullets don't stutter, them bitches, they fluent
 Pull up, and hop out, I spray spray spray (We spray spray spray)
 Always gotta keep me a K or a Drac' (Brr brr)
 Nigga play, swear to God we shoot him in the face
 [?] with that murder shit, cause we gon' beat the case (Ye, aye)

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