

Get Smoked

Lil Mouse

[Chorus]

09, we tote; my niggas ain't no joke
And we keep them blows, so please don't get smoked
Fuck around with them fuck-arounds, and you fuck around and get smoked
Fuck around with them fuck-arounds, and you fuck around and get smoked

[Verse 1]

I'm rollin', all my niggas rollin'
30 clip and them hollow tips have his ass sitting in Roseland
Rollin' off a pill, pussies better chill
My niggas in the field; you might get killed
Pancake-ass nigga, I keep that shit real
40 hit his face, BBQ his ass like a grill
Y'all niggas ain't real, lame niggas get killed
I'm here for real; I'm doing this for real
I'm finna get on, finna do another song
Bitch calling my phone, leave me alone
I'm trying to bone, then pass it to lil bro
Then leave that bitch, tell that ho, "So long"
Different colored shirts, rolling up that purp
Leaning off that hurt, so please don't get murked
Girls lifting they shirts, Gucci Truey shirts
Polo wear and crop shirts, my bitch she'll twerk

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Corlay RIP him, Darnell RIP him
If you disrespect them, then you gone meet them
My niggas rollin', four-seater; that bitch going, she a eater
She was a good girl, I turned her to a eater
Hit squad move up band, yea nigga want free bands
30 clip and them hollow tips make him do the running man

Glock 40 I'm thumpin man, I'm rolling with my hitters
I'll send my hitters out to go get you
Hella band, hella band, hit the club throwing hella bands
Heavy load, throwing hella band, in the club doing the money dance
Hella band, hella band, hit the club throwing hella bands
Heavy load, throwing hella band, in the club doing the money dance
Niggas talking shit in the club, he better watch his self
Melly got the 30 on his hip, he gone need some help
I'm a gangster, nigga, and I could do this shit my fucking self
Pistol to his melon; it ain't gone be nothing left

[Hook]

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