

# Black Inca

## Gunplay

Dyin' over pigeons  
Tryna get fly  
I'm ridin', is you with it?  
Don't ask a nigga why  
Tired of the prayin' and the wishin'  
Indictments in my kitchen  
Whippin' up my vision  
Lord, let me get mine

Few hitters owe me favors  
Finna make you famous  
Pull up on you whippin'  
Empty clips up out the chamber  
Knockin' pictures off the wall  
And wakin' up the neighbors  
Run off with the work  
You gettin' hurt, can't nothin' save ya  
Cuttin' off my conscience  
Gettin' on some Dom shit  
Orchestrate the hit  
And get to grinnin' on some calm shit  
Heard what happened, aw shit  
Play it cool, guitar shit  
Pop me a motherfucker  
Ain't talkin' no bomb shit  
Die tryna have that  
Crib with the rider  
Side buddy died in the backyard of the hideout  
Heard they brought a black AR with the died out  
Told me they ain't care  
They gon' have the whole crowd out

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Reportin' live from the trenches  
Swingin' for the fences  
Schemin' on revenges  
On some old friendses  
Penitentiary chances  
High paid defenses  
This how I escape convictions  
I'm whipping up my vision  
Bully beef and ganja  
Now I'm pullin' forms up  
Ridin' with the doors up  
Pour the pint, dozin'  
Lucky now I'm chosen  
Pena got murdered  
Mama never got closure  
But that's the way I goes

Still jerkin' blooker  
Crucial with the cooker  
Floatin' in the ghost  
Throwin' deuces out the window  
Six phones, speak in codes  
Plug say comprendo  
Touchin' down, choppin'  
They like buttons on Nintendo

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