

Throwing Rocks

Gunplay

I'm just throwing rocks
I'm just throwing rocks
Throwing rocks at the chain gang (chain gang)
And all my dawgs do the same thing (same thing)
I'm just throwing rocks
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And all my dawgs do the same thing

When you lookin' like money, nigga just might make some
And she just might shake some (just might)
And you just might fuck
'Cause you lookin' like you don't mind payin' for it (don't mind)
Ridin' like a Crip down Crenshaw
With a dirty ass ratchet and the tints dark
And that's on a good day
Just imagine when I'm pissed off
I don't roll dice, I don't gamble
I only trust in a arm and a hammer
Bulletproof full of ammo
Bulletproof vest for the Tally up fans in a bando
I don't do it for the cameras and the channel
Do it for my niggas that never told police things that they can't know
Gave them crackers back an L-bow
Tried to sit a nigga down on a tailbone
Tried to chain a nigga ankles to the railroad
Couldn't let a pussy nigga do that to me, hell no
Rode 'til hell froze
My nigga took it to the door on deathrow
Broke my heart when I read that depo
All a nigga wanted was a Rollie' and a cell phone (that's all)

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Yeah
Shots dig with the nana clip
Used to sell dope, where my granny' live
Like fourteen, fifteen Lotta' built up aggression, trynna' channel it
Lil' bruh died, all type of kennels lit
Those five.38's, we don't tamper with (yeah)
Pineapple Fanta full of medicine
Had to drop the case no evidence
If you got a gold [?], get a severance
The gang enhance me with the Nigga Trappin' on eight, we was never on seven
Turnin' down nines, when they came with the seven
It's money in the streets all a nigga know is Every time a package in the ai
r, I'mma catch it
In fact it still is, a muthafuckin' a blessin'
On God

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Me and that pressure right there on dresser everyday, that's a full-time job (that's a full-time job)
Believe a nigga livin' not to end up in the prison everyday, that's a full-time job (that's a full-time job)
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