

# Panicking

Shy Glizzy

(Sonny Digital)

Young Jefe, homes

(I get my work from the Nacro)

I fell asleep beside this bitch with all my jewelry on (Oh)  
I wake up and I get into a different zone (Oh-oh-oh)  
My bitch keep dialin' me, telling me I'm gon' be alone (Oh)  
If two wrongs don't make a right, two rights don't make a wrong  
Tired of talkin' to my niggas through them telephones (Brrt, brrt)  
Waitin' on them damn appeals, that shit, it take too long (Goddamn)  
Bond and that Biscotti, that be my cologne (Goddamn, goddamn)  
She let me feel all on her body when her man ain't home (Ooh)  
And you ain't gotta ask me where them hittas at (Uh)  
You know I be deep in the jungle with them guerillas, yeah, yeah (Aw)  
Little SoundCloud rappers like to mimic, yeah  
That's a really good gimmick, better stick to that (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Y'all was laughing at dawg, now he the man again (Yeah)  
Them bitches on his dick, he gettin' bands again (Bands, bands)  
Time to get at them niggas, they shot yo' mans again (Oh)  
He got hit with the Glizzy, started panickin' (Pow, pow, pow, pow)

These niggas, they be dressin' off the mannequin (Yeah)  
They get caught in a jam and they start panickin' (Damn)  
You can't stand that nigga, yo' bitch a fan of him (Goddamn)  
And every time she see him, she start panickin' (Oh)

Say she undecided, love her other nigga (What?)  
I put that dick inside, she say, "Fuck that nigga" (What? What?)  
You don't have to call, I hit that Usher with her  
Trey Seven 'til I fall, and bitch, we clutch the trigger (Trey Sev')  
Soon she see them bags, then she get excited (Get excited)  
These niggas big and bad until they get indicted (Woah)  
First, we switch to Tech shit and we get to slidin' (Skrtrt)  
A hoodie and a mask, I'm talkin' block attire (Oh)  
Tell my opp I got his bitch, she tryna give me neck (Give me neck)  
She say, "I wanna feel something real and he can't give me that" (Yeah)  
Tell them niggas to save their breath 'cause we not hearin' that (Shh)  
No, I'm not puttin' none of my business out on the internet (No, no)

Y'all was laughing at dawg, now he the man again (Ha-ha-ha)  
Them bitches on his dick, he gettin' bands again (Bands, bands, bands)  
Time to get at them niggas, they shot yo' mans again (Say what?)  
He got hit with the Glizzy, started panickin' (Pow, pow, pow, pow)

These niggas, they be dressin' off the mannequin (Goddamn)  
They get caught in a jam and they start panickin' (Goddamn, goddamn)  
You can't stand that nigga, yo' bitch a fan of him (Ship that)  
And every time she see him, she start panickin' (Oh)