

Geeked Up - Kay Flock Lyrics

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“Geeked Up”

[Intro: Kay Flock]

(OP, you made a hit, bruh)

Uh, I pour me a six, now I'm geeked up, like
My shooters pull up in them Jeep trucks
We shoot at your gang, I'm switchin' through lanes
Trackhawk, they cannot keep up
We shoot at your gang, I'm switchin' through lanes
Trackhawk, they cannot keep up

[Chorus: Kay Flock]

Uh, I pour me a six, now I'm geeked up, like
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[Verse 1: Kay Flock]

XD with a stick, attached to the beam so I know I won't miss

Let him run, he get left like he Rick
Bullets burn him, watch him twitch
Fuck a cab, he got left in a Lyft

How y'all all linkin' up for a hit?
And the dubs to the Ts to my dick
I'm tryna spin through and hang out the whip
I'm tryna hit a goofy in his shit
One got hit in his back and he tripped
And the other one almost went out like a bitch
I was prayin' to God, "Make him slip"
I'm like, "I'm tryna slide in the stoley"
Let him run, I'ma get wit' his brodie
Don't need to show, I could do this shit doley
Fuck if I'm rich, I'ma still take his Rollie
R.I.P. Naz', yeah, I'll blaze for the crodie

He get got, he could keep what he owe me
He get shot, give a fuck what he told me
Shoot like I'm Curry, I know they can't hold me

[Chorus: Kay Flock & Gucci Mane]

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My shooters pull up in them Jeep trucks
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Trackhawk, they cannot keep up (*It's Gucci*)
We shoot at your gang, I'm switchin' through lanes
Trackhawk, they cannot keep up (*Go*)

[Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

NYC to the A, niggas get shot every day (Baow, baow)
They find out where you stay, and they gon' come where you lay (Come
to the crib)
Me and my gang don't play, got soldiers on watch with the K (On watch
with the baow)
You pussy, better watch what you say, and this shit better stay out the
way (Better stay out my face)
I put a opp in his place, like botox, shot in the face (Got shot in the
what?)
Thought he was runnin' the race, but now he just runnin' in place (Can't
even run)
I got bodies, like a drill rapper
I ain't cappin', I'm a real rapper
Even before I had a deal, ask 'em, Gucci labeled as a real trapper ('Wop)
Gucci and Kay Flock, leave a nigga cold
But the Glock on my hip, yeah, it stay hot (Brr)
Try to pull the Wraith out, but he got the Wraith shot
And 12 on my block tryna stakeout (Damn)
Let my nigga shake out, got him on max and I know he gettin' mad,
wanna break out (Damn)
Walkin' with a shank out, blood be your tank top
Stabbed up top, now your brains out (Ugh)
Money all I thank out, but a nigga dream 'bout
Went from the jail to a dream house
Started from the trap house, it got a scrap house
So many Ps, it's a greenhouse
A.K.A. the codeine house
Hundred pints in, so we called it the lean house (Lean)
Gucci Mane, yeah, I'm the king now
Used to be the plug, but now he just a fiend now (Gucci)

[Chorus: Kay Flock]

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