

Slime-U-Out-Shy Glizzy Lyrics

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"Slime-U-Out"

[Intro: Shy Glizzy]

Jefe on the track (Yeah)

Hitmaka (Yeah, yeah)

Young jefe, homes

[Chorus: Shy Glizzy]

Million if we come in, hit the spot, I got tunnel vision (Ah)

[?] hit it, bustin' out the car, hit you with precision (Bah, bah, bah)

Pray I don't have to send his ass to God so I open, listen (Oh, Lord)

Thirty shots I'm bustin' at the top, ain't no way I'm missin' (Brr)

All my niggas trappin', gettin' money, let that glizzy out (Get money)

Move my dawg to L.A. on the run, he let that fifty out (Brr)

You ain't gettin' money, fuck them bitches, what you livin' for? (Oh)

Money makin' jefe, but I slime you out, like Alpo (Yessir)

[Verse 1: Shy Glizzy]

I wasn't gon' take your bitch but I guess she think I'm cooler (Ooh)

I don't fuck with bitch-ass niggas, all these niggas 'round me shooters

(Yessir)

I rob a nigga for a hunnid, take it to the jeweler (Ooh)

Yes, this a Richard Mille, we don't rock no Franck Mullers (Richard Mille)

I fuck with niggas at but I don't bring 'em where I stay (No, no)

I'm too big for my hood but I still be there everyday (Big Glizz)

Sometimes I gotta go slide just to let 'em know I'on't play (Oh)

They think that I'm a rapper, I'll take their ass away (Hahahaha)

I be with them choppas, bitch, send they ass them packages (Woo)
Got a bitch who black and rich (Oh), I think she immaculate (Oh, oh)
These niggas be talkin' it (Yo), they be on some cappin' shit (Goddamn)
Got my Glock glued to my hip (Goddamn), I don't do no lackin', bitch
(Goddamn, goddamn)

[Chorus: Shy Glizzy & 21 Savage]

Million if we come in, hit the spot, I got tunnel vision (Ah)
hit it, bustin' out the car, hit you with precision (Bah, bah, bah)
Pray I don't have to send his ass to God so I open, listen (Oh, Lord)
Thirty shots I'm bustin' at the top, ain't no way I'm missin' (Brr)
All my niggas trappin', gettin' money, let that glizzy out (Yeah)
Move my dawg to L.A. on the run, he let that fifty out (Oh, 21)
You ain't gettin' money, fuck them bitches, what you livin' for? (Oh)
Money makin' jefe, but I slime you out, like Alpo (Woo, woo, woo, 21, 21)

[Verse 2: 21 Savage]

Switch on my Glock, they know how we rock
I ain't got no opps, all they ass popped
They say they gon' spin, I know that they not
Filled 'em up with hollows, he said they was hot
Double back again, we ain't done, we finna smack his friend
Rock out with my twin, speak on my brother, your shit get splat again
4L 'til the end, what they ridin' in? I think a Benz
Broad day, we spin, jump in the box and we gone in the wind
Everybody act like they got milk, shit, we got revenge
I don't ever walk inside no church 'cause I'm committin' sings
Keep on talkin', we gon' make a frown up outta that grin
Bitch-ass opp won't even get on live, he got shot in his chin

[Chorus: Shy Glizzy]

Million, if we come in, hit the spot, I got tunnel vision (Ah)
hit it, bustin' out the car, hit you with precision (Bah, bah, bah)
Pray I don't have to send his ass to God so I open, listen (Oh, Lord)
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