

Walk Em Down (Don't Kill Civilians)-21 Savage & Metro Boomin Lyrics

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"Walk Em Down (Don't Kill Civilians)"

[Intro: Gucci Mane]

We represent destruction, nigga
Death, mayhem, murder and madness, nigga
You try me, you gon' die
You try to score us, you gon' die

[Verse 1: 21 Savage]

Pourin' up drank, sippin' Wock' by the pint
Rich nigga, I buy you my friendship with the bank
My boujee bitch be actin' like she loyal, but she ain't
Fell in love with a hood rat and she walk stank
My brother down the road with a 'xtendo on his shank
Felt like I can do whatever, never say I can't
I won't move off my emotions, I'ma always think
Tracker on his car, catch him at the light and bang
I'm a Eastside nigga with a bankroll
Used to call us country, they don't want no gun smoke
I'm with this shit, but countin' money more fun though
All the opps say they hard, why they run for?
All these choppers, I can open up a gun store
Really street, I ain't goin' for the guts though
Give you cash money, I can't give no fuck though
Buck shots hit his stomach, now his guts gone

[Chorus: 21 Savage]

Walk that nigga down

Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down

Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down

Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down

Put your man down, bet' not make a sound

Brand new Diamondback back and it hold a hundred rounds

I ain't hit no kids, 'cause I walk my man down

I won't hit no kids, I'ma walk my man down

[Verse 2: 21 Savage]

AK or the SK?

Late night, broad day

.223 change your heart rate

Nigga softer than a parfait

Used to serve in a hallway

Nigga sold me a bag, it was all shake

Called him back, like, "I want eight" (Hello?)

Thought I came to shop, but it was all take

Pussy, you know what I'm on, pussy

You only tough on the camera phone, pussy

I ain't finna rob you, get your gamble on, pussy

Y'all the type of niggas we put hammers on, pussy

Beef about a bitch, you a tender-dick rookie

I can't even cap, his baby mama shit gushy

Amiri jeans stuffed with them blues, all tookie

Used to sell the gas, now I'm sellin' all cookie

[Chorus: 21 Savage]

Walk that nigga down

Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down

Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down

Walk that nigga down, walk that nigga down

Put your man down, bet' not make a sound
Brand new Diamondback and it hold a hundred rounds
I ain't hit no kids, 'cause I walk my man down
(I won't hit no kids, I'ma walk my man down)

[Verse 1: Mustafa]

This hood shit don't matter
But when my nigga die, somebody gotta answer
Told him put his gun down
And he didn't make it to another November
Told my bro, "Leave town"
But he don't have the bread to really leave the gutter
And I'm startin' to wonder
Gotta find ways to not go under

[Chorus: Mustafa]

Bro wants to kill again
Told him, "Be patient, you don't kill civilians"
The drop'll come back out if it's written in
No, we don't pray for war
But if it comes, niggas know what we built for
Niggas know what we built for

[Verse 2: Mustafa]

Shootouts in the winter, bro got bigger
Finally came home, but to no real niggas
Just us and liquor, his old girl, but he don't miss her
He ain't the same, he can't be with her, oh
Tell me how to cope right
So many dead friends
Your prayers fill the whole night
Tell me how to grow right
Locked in the cell and you hearin' that your bro died

New state of mind
If a nigga trips, don't waste no time
Stay alive, stay alive
We spin and these niggas claim the crime
Bro wants to kill again
Told him, "Be patient, these were civilians"
The drop'll come back out, back out, what's written in
We'll never miss, we'll never miss

[Chorus: Mustafa]

Bro wants to kill again
Told him, "Be patient, you don't kill civilians"
The drop'll come back out if it's written in
No, we don't pray for war
But if it comes, niggas know what we built for
Niggas know what we built for

[Outro: Mustafa]

Oh
Oh-oh-oh

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
