

Keep Dissing 2 - Real Boston Richey Feat. Lil Durk

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"Keep Dissing 2"

Let's go, let's go

Man, pack that ship up man, we gotta get up out this bitch

I'll blow that shit bitch I ain't stingy

You can slide around with Boston if your top different

Every time I turn around, they say an opp missing

Wanna know how niggas dying? Niggas keep dissing

But I don't get in that, I'm steady rackin' up them chickens

I wanna hit the booth, but I'm stuck up in them trenches

I bang that five, but I want six hoes with me like I'm Nipsey

Fucking hoes and kickin' doors that's just how we livin'

She done popped an Adderall, now she say she miss me

She gone pull up and eat it all, only when she tipsy

Runnin' circles 'round these hoes, treat 'em like a frisbee

Why the fuck these IG hoes always tryna tempt me?

Damn, I swear I hate a bitch who want all the attention

Bitch you trippin', I got enough cheese, I could buy a Richie

I told my dawg don't pop no more, them young [?] be in his feeling

I'm tryna fly her out to Turk, but damn this bitch stay trippin'

You know I left her feelin' hurt, I can feel the tension

Tired of puttin' niggas on and they don't do nothin' with it

I'm tired of niggas saying they on, but they 'on never spin it

I'm tired of bitches shakin' ass, get mad, when I won't hit it

I'll blow that shit bitch I ain't stingy

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Fucking hoes and kickin' doors that's just how we livin'

(You know what the fuck goin', nigga)

I be tryna tell him, without sayin' too much, we tryna nail him (Boom)

Bro got bodies, he a demon child, I'm brothers to a devil (Grrah)

I'ma slime you out, if brodie do it, I'm 'round, you ain't gon' tell it (Finesse)

I done been on hits with every gun, them Dracos ain't gon' fear you
All my opps some bitches, half them came to court to be a witness (Bitches)

They was switchin', so I called them threats to bring a couple switches
And we bully killers, we take from the niggas who be takin' (Give me that)

And I'm petty, I need a deuce, I took a pint plus what he drinkin'

I ain't never run, had to throw my Glock, I brought another gun (Another
gun)

Even though I don't eat meat, I placed the order for another drum (Another
drum)

Blue beam, 'cause that red beam don't make the chasers swarm
Lucky how we caught him, fuck his name, we call him Ladybug (Man, what?)

All them niggas say my name they better speak up (Come here)

Backseat with that blackout, told the driver "Let the seat up"

Hop out like we Uber Eats, "Hello, here go your pizza" (Hello)

Free Rio out that jam, he just a real street nigga, man what?

I'll blow that shit bitch I ain't stingy

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Niggas knowin' where we bang, never go out against the grave
We've been knockin' shit down, from the streets, the Chain Gang
Slidin' 'round with the Drac', get the "Wow" wood-grained
Call my dawg a "Fuck Nigga," it's just a Florida thing

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