

Shake It - Kay Flock Feat. Cardi B & Bory300 Lyrics

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"Shake It"

Like-like

Pistol bullets, they makin' them hop

Don't wanna box, bullets makin' them drop (every opp shot)

Like, EBK, DOAs in the spot

If he movin' slimey, we wipin' his snot

Pop a yellow, I beat up the box

She spot a Flock, now she greetin' the block

Ain't no switchin', I swear it's no other

Kay-Kay Jackie, I'm movin' like Tucker

Baddie she shakin', no, I cannot love her (shake that shit)

Fell in love with her, I'm shootin' it under

Notti gon' flock 'em, he don't need a number (like)

Think they buggin' but we goin' dumber (grrah-grrah)

Oh, she givin' them niggas the drop?

It's time to line him, we linkin' or not? (Like)

Think we fuckin' but she gettin' shot
B-Bullets is punchin', they knockin' her box
I call Gotti for Addys and thots
Scottie2Hottie, he clearin' the spot
We get muddy, we don't do Cîroc
Shawty she limpin' off the patty bop
I'm the Flocka promotin' the violence
Rappin' and slidin', I don't do the hidin'
DOA here, let me know if you slidin'
Why you cappin'? Why you lyin'?
I'ma shoot if niggas got me boxin'
That .40 on me, ain't no time for no boxin'
Gotta be careful 'cause niggas be watchin'
Get out the hood, you ain't got a option
Fuck a choice, that's a must
All my opps broke, they ain't gettin' no gust
DOA winnin', runnin' it up
Opps mad, 'cause them niggas ain't fuckin' wit' us, like
DOA in the spot and we stickin' it up
Every opp gettin' shot 'cause we don't give a fuck
Ready to blitz, where the opps at?
If I pass it to Kay, he gon' flock that
Niggas dissin', never got back

I wanna know when y'all niggas gon' stop that
Get me a knocker, you won't get your knock back
You not the type of nigga that's gon' flock that
Ayo, Flock, they pussy
Ayo, Dougie, they rookie
Kenzo on sight, dare a nigga book me
I be crippin' like a nigga tookie
Don't you push me, if a opp in the spot
Then I'm breakin' him up like a cookie
Been on that shit, give a fuck what you heard
I get paid like the first, second and the third
Jackin' fours, we doin' you dirt'
See the fifth, she liftin' her skirt
I'm on SixSev', where the Percs?
Bend through the eight and I'm goin' berserk
I got nine in the clip, one in the head
Ten bullets leave 'em hurt
I don't care what you did 'cause we did it first
Bend through the Well, I'm makin' a shirt
Now they askin', "Why somebody hurt?"
Talk on bro, now you dead in the dirt
Rappin' and drillin', we do this for real
I can get niggas popped like a pill

In the field, it get real, bald head kid, look like lil' bill

Spinnin' them blocks and takin' them deals

Now that nigga smokin' and poppin' them pills

Totin' Sally, you a liar

Bad lil' bitch name, "Whitney", fire

Still got it, she ain't never expire

Ready-set-go, fire

Now everything dead, suck my dick, I don't care what you said

And I know you mad, you got hit in ya' head

And you never got back, need to go take a rest

Nigga pussy, on the set

If I want you dead, I'm aimin' for heads

This knock gon' rock 'em, put 'em to bed

Ya' opps in the box, take it to the head

Lotta niggas want me dead

For a bag, go get you some bread

These niggas be hatin' on some shit that I had

And that's how I know these niggas never had

I got off my ass then got me a bag

Mommy ain't buy me none of this shit

I was on the road, countin' chips

I ain't broke, I ain't rich

No nine-tofive in this bitch, got thirty rounds in this clip

Call up Kenzo, I'm ready to blitz
Slide on the opps, I pray I don't miss, grrah
Don't run, don't fall, don't trip, don't slip
I'ma hop out the car, throwin' like six
He jackin' OY, I'ma do him like Mitch
I'ma flock, won't stop 'til I see a nigga body drop
Oppy, ya' man in the spot
He throw up a O, then we wipin' his snot (grrah-grrah, boom)

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