

# Surround Sound -JID Feat. 21 Savage and Baby Tate Lyrics

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## "Surround Sound"

I know I can't afford to stop for one moment

That it's too soon, too far-

Push the fucking pack off of the porch or break a pound down

Get this strap, if it happen to blow, it makes surround sounds

Pussycat on my lap, push it back and go to town down

Putting rap on my back, and I'm blackin', snatchin' crowns

I done came back around like a nigga sellin' crack in pounds

I got a bag now, but it's nothing to brag 'bout

Gun blast in the background, I'm a black man with the bloodhounds

Mac 10 making love sounds to a bad chick, she from uptown

I'm from down South, not a loudmouth, we can fuck around (whoa)

Hit the music, baby, cut it down (whoa)

Hit a doobie while you do me indubitably

I feel like I'ma bust now (whoa)

I feel like a bust down when I shine bright

Blind niggas is up now (whoa, shit)  
In the cut, big black truck, pack sacked up  
You can pick it up now, nigga, fuck it, okay (ayy)  
Push the fucking pack off of the porch or break a pound down  
Get this strap, if it happen to blow, it makes surround sounds  
Pussycat on my lap, push it back and go to town down  
Putting rap on my back, and I'm blackin', snatchin' crowns  
I know I can't afford to stop for one moment  
That it's too soon, too far-  
Me and my money attached emotionally  
I get to clutchin' if you get too close to me  
I'm at the top where I'm 'posed to be  
Jumped in the game, niggas act like they coaching me  
Four hundred racks ain't shit but a show to me  
I'm on the road and I bet that your ho with me  
When I'm in traffic, it's always a pole with me  
Pillsbury man, I keep dough with me  
Hit from the back, she giving me slurp, and I ain't even pull my pants down  
Jump in the box and slide to the other side, it's always a man down  
Draw down, hands in the air, nigga, make one move, get gunned down  
Giving out smoke so long, they don't even wanna talk no more, just run now  
No locked doors, I serve with a chop  
Bitch got spent, she was hanging with an opp

We call him Mickey, he talks to the cops  
I was on panda, glass in the sock  
Back in the day, I invest in the block  
Fast-forward, now I'm investing in stocks  
I put a drum on the Heckler and Koch  
Don't play 'cause I'm very invested in shots  
Push the fucking pack off of the porch or break a pound down  
Get this strap, if it happen to blow, it makes surround sounds  
Pussycat on my lap, push it back and go to town down  
Putting rap on my back, and I'm blackin', snatchin' crowns  
Pu-pu-pussy cat in his face 'cause he stay off Cheshire Bridge  
Then I took it back, now he sayin' that he shakin' and he shiverin'  
Like the way it taste, and he ain't ate it in a minute  
They call me Yung Baby, but I still got hella chil-  
Talk shit, run that motherfuckin' crown, you bitch  
You motherfuckin' bitch  
Uh, shit  
Sorry in advance for my bros  
They'll whoop a nigga ass, what you whippin' up? (Whoa)  
JID in the bag, if you lookin' for that dope  
Niggas got it in the bag, 'cause we trappin' on the low  
And I'm the shit with the flow, huh, give me a joke  
Heard a nigga say that you the next? No, no, no

I'm the best, tell 'em bitches stop the motherfuckin' press  
Press stop, fuck a top-five list, get 'em a vest, he get lopsided

Fuck the cops, we was runnin' from Rottweilers

Most of my partners ain't have poppa, just a popped condom

Couple kids with Alzheimer's, .40 on his side

Boy you Mike Alstott, he on the block violent

Robbin' niggas in the hood and then swap genres

Green light, line a nigga up, stop sign him

Keep drivin', you will not find him

I'm a, I'm a, I'm a normal anomaly, I turned into a rapper ironically

And ran the bag up, back up, niggas is onto me

Niggas should honor me, if you think that I'm a wannabe

It's pretty comedy, I'm melancholy and cool

So calmly bustin' moves, my truths carry velocity

Same posse since OshPosh B'gosh, pussy clart

Treat the rap like I'm pushin' rock

On the stove with the Pyrex pot

The door stay locked, it don't say knock

We on they block, we own they block

It's Monopoly games, we stole they properties

Smooth talkin' and moonwalkin', same lil' niggas

Small pond, but a pool shark, I aim, big stick

Knock, chalk off cue balls, bang this shit

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Ah, ha-ha-ha-ha!

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