Blueface, Wire (feat. Stunna 4 Vegas)

(Extendo choppin' up these bricks)
(Cállate, Mike Crook)

Pack in the air, put the bird in the sky (Brr)
Payin' the low, chargin' the high
Just flipped a pigeon to a chicken pot pie
I don't interact, my plug send me the wire
Pack in the air, put the bird in the sky (Brr)
Payin' the low, chargin' the high
Just flipped a pigeon to a chicken pot pie
I don't interact, my plug send me the wire

I don't interact, my plug pay through the wire
Fuck the buyer, the feds want a supplier
Came from all flats to all new attire
Couple figures made me a public figure
I done ran up racks off the Saran
Before the rap, baby, I was the man
I was cool way before I had fans
Nothin' changed, bitch, I been in a Benz
Sticks on me like the boy in a band
Made a grand off ten dollars a gram
I don't interact when niggas trap on the 'Gram
Kush, pills, coke, I'm selling the Xans
Pigeon coupe, dirty birds in the van
If the plan go as planned, we double the bands
Can't interact with the hand-to-hand
Plug send a wire soon as it land

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I fly out to Cali to send some bags (Zoom)
For sure they sold when I send 'em back (Sold)
It's smoke, let me know, we can handle that
You get hit with that fire, we ain't doin' no boxing match
I get fly like I sit where the pilot at
Think with your top, boy, we knock off your starter cap
Used to be broke, now they know me across the map
Ain't shit change, I still ride with it in my lap
I'm on some shit, jack (Bitch)
Lil' nigga, I got big racks (On gang)
No friendly shit or no chit-chat (Nope)
You reach out for dap, you might get bitch-slapped (Pussy)
He think he tough, he got muscles
That Glock sit him down and make his homeboy sit back
It ain't no talking, click-clack, boom, he doomed
My lil' shawty knock him out his shoes (Bang)

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