

# Pricetag (feat. Polo G & Lil Poppa)

## Mozy

Shooter geekin' off that Molly, he might pop some', yeah  
Nobody tried us, he just wanna catch a body for me  
Everything I own, that's me, I got it out of the streets  
Got some choppers in the closet, bring 'em out if it's beef  
Price tag on his head, and ain't shit to  
get your mind bought  
Make sure he dead, raise out the car and let that 9 off  
Seventeen shots, empty the clip before we ride off  
Heard that boy been woofin', left him stinkin' on that sidewalk  
Aye, bitch, I bang until the death  
of me  
Killers that'll step for me (Huh)  
Of course I love my aunty, I just hate she on that 'phetamine  
Suckas all scared of me, scientific fact though  
I just checked the 'Gram, nobody died, we doubled back though  
Woofin' get you bagged though, boolin' in my bathrobe  
Tending to this trap phone  
Shoot him if his mask's on, I'm tryna knock his mask off  
Fire up and stab off, synthetic cathinones, my drilla off of bathsalt  
Nail him to the asphalt, business boomin', bag talk  
Buy it wholesale, and then we sell it to 'em half off  
Fuck the opposition, bitch, I'm trippin', tear his ass off  
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Foenem tweakin', bussin' in the  
party droppin' gang signs  
If we pop out late, we tryna score, lil' bitch, it's game time  
Ready for whatever, I won't hesitate to bang mine  
I went through the struggle, but I made it through that pain fine  
Now it's all smiles, I swear we spent so many days crying  
Remember selling crack, weed and pills at the same time  
Now I'm swerving foreigners, you might catch me switching lanes, flying  
Ballin' like I'm Jordan, I be fly like I got hang time  
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Heard that boy been woofin', left him stinkin' on that sidewalk I know these niggas pussy, I can't  
catch him? Knock his dog off  
At your mama' job every day until she call off  
I might send a nigga on a dead end with a sawed-off  
If you diss me on your Instagram-Live, then you gettin' logged off  
I don't like to talk on phones, police going through them call-logs  
You throw'd the rock then hid your hand, ok cool, we gon' kill all y'all  
Lil' nigga, but I'm big dog, I'm who they call when shit pop-off  
Or we can get your block took off, don't be expecting me to look out Shooter geekin' off that  
Molly, he might pop some', yeah  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>