

We the Ones

Quality Control, Takeoff & Tee Grizzley

Ah shit I'm on that drank again (drank)
We the ones they talkin' 'bout (we the ones, we the ones)
We the ones they talkin' 'bout (we the ones)
We the ones they talkin' 'bout (what they talkin' 'bout?)
Knock your brains out your head, you keep talking loud (grah)
We gon' bring them choppers out (doo doo, brrrt)
Dracos and them hundred rounds (brrrt, graow)
Hashtag man down (down)
Yeah you poppin' but be quiet when the gang round (shh)
Pussy nigga poppin' but I'm who they want to be (poppin')
I been counting dead presidents and they keep eyeing me (dead)
Double cup me, Pimp C, pockets they on Bun B (Bun B)
Alligator Gucci steppin', crocodile dundy (underground king)
Quarter key, half a bird, sold keys (brrr)
From the north and I'm with TG, and he straight up out the D (Tee Grizz)
John Creek, off the leash, all my dogs we elite (harr)
I can get 'em broke in piece, it ain't nothin' but a fee
It ain't Halloween but all I do is trick and get a treat (treat)
All you do is trick off on these hoes and show 'em your receipt
I know niggas act like bitches, in they feelings 'cause of me
We them niggas that be flexing, let them bitches come and see
Real trap nigga, I can sell sand to a beach
I done drunk so much codeine, it's discontinued 'cause of me
Bought your bitch a new Celine and paid a bag for a T
We the reason that these niggas arrest hoes in the street (cuffin')
We the ones they talkin' 'bout (we the ones, we the ones)
We the ones they talkin' 'bout (we the ones)
We the ones they talkin' 'bout (what they talkin' 'bout?)
Knock your brains out your head, you keep talking loud
(shut the fuck up nigga, grah)
We gon' bring them choppers out (doo doo, brrrt)
Dracos and them hundred rounds (brrrt, graow)
Hashtag man down (down, man down, man down)
Yeah you poppin' but be quiet when the gang round (shh)
We the ones they wanna rob but it's not easy (what?)
I'm strapped bro strapped, sixty shots easy (thirty gang nigga)
You lil niggas is not demons
The Hellcat will pull up howling but that Glock screaming
Let the record show that I don't fuck with niggas
Got the shooters on vacation, I pull up on niggas
(what's up with niggas?)
The blue tint snatchin' souls when they touch a nigga

Your mans hit, he 'bout to die, you better rush that nigga
We the ones they know not to speak about
That chopper speaker loud, have your brains leaking out
Have your team shook and your mama freaking out
OGs told me to use it if I bring it out (you better use it nigga)
I be on the west, I be on the east (all through this bitch)
Bino told me stay healthy but I'm still on the beef (still on that tip)
Heard he feel some type of way so I been on his tweets (okay)
Nigga type the wrong shit I'ma be on his street
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>