

# 500 Homicides

## Lil Durk

Oh!, these niggas ain't gangstas  
Stay tryna take my lil homie off the streets huh  
Free 'Nine bitch!  
We still got real niggas out here (so everybody gangsta now huh?)  
Where you from nigga?  
Free the gas man, you ain't from where we from I told my niggas we gon' make it man  
It's a fucking movement man We a fucking family, we ain't a gang OTF, (SQUAD!)  
These niggas is bitches, getting info from bitches  
Go and tell to the piggies  
I'm tryna get riches, and stay on that business  
3 bro niggas snitching, my case almost over  
You lucky it wasn't pendant  
I put 2 in his limit, this 4-5 a limit  
Extended clip for his niggas  
And he ain't shit to his niggas  
We don't hesitate, from DD and Bébé's just know that the opps ain't never safe  
Load up the Glock, and reload the 8  
Do a drill on the op, no clones I see dots  
ACGs for the God's church and one power rock  
I'm on the block  
Hope my tape don't flop, and it go gold when it drop  
I'm not a liar, start D'ing them baggies, and we risking indictment  
Just to get flier than the first day ticket, united 300, the riot  
Murder murder, kill kill, in the jam I'll never squeal  
My label only time I deal  
I fuck with GB's most king snaps, foes into niggas under kneel  
Silver spoon, you don't know how hunger feel  
Dreaming 'bout 100 mil, step on that kerb with 100 pills  
Western Union money to bro and them, in the cell doing 20 years  
And I lost a couple of these niggas, and they ain't never seen 20 years, oh!  
Heard them die when I was out of town, shit happen when I'm not around  
Slide through every opp block and we up shots till they not around  
Thought we was keepin' it in the streets?  
They mad I'm in the winner seat, from the summer time 'till winter breeze  
And choppa squeeze, bitch go blaat, blaat, blaat!  
I ain't even gotta rap, (rap, rap) racks in 'em trap (trap, trap)  
One time no light bulb, bro n 'em got a lamp, (lamp, lamp)  
Where you from you ain't stamped (stamp, stamp)  
Niggas know we the champ (champ, champ)  
Got niggas sneak dissin', it ain't rap  
Make a real nigga gotta spit facts  
Got some niggas saying keep it only rap

That's how these old niggas stay on the map  
Headshot, we ain't getting into that  
Niggas tellin' hands full of pins and packs  
Grab a pack, blood bleeding real bad  
Doin' hit in a coupe, in a Range, or an Audi  
Fuck a nigga doubt me  
All on my dick when they see me  
Knowing this bitch wanna be me  
Hell yea you can die over a retweet  
I'm grabbing my pole on mimi  
I can't see a nigga like Stevie  
I won't tell, I'll take me a BG  
Let's get it!  
GANG!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>