

# Rat

Dej Loaf

Helluva made this beat baby

We-we-we'll bring the chef to you  
My niggas cookin' and they cater to  
For these tips, let's see what a waiter, huh  
For these chips, let's see what a hater do, huh  
Get killed, that's just what a hater do  
And my daddy woulda left, he woulda been a vegetable  
And I ain't accept that, yeah, that's unacceptable  
Her daddy ain't gangster, your daddy was a rat  
Rat, trapped  
Yeah, 'cause your daddy wasn't gangster, your daddy was a rat

Real killers move in silence, no tattoos  
Twelve o'clock, youngin' doin' hits on the Mongoose  
Had it up to here, I'm in snow boots  
A nigga treat me like gold, he gon' eat me like soul food  
A nigga treat me like gold, he gon' eat me like soul food  
Been had that bitch, yeah, she old news  
Been had that bitch, yeah, she old news  
Bad bitch, she don't eat fast food  
Good pussy, she don't eat fast food  
Bad bitches got a bad attitude  
Couple shots, she gotta use the bathroom

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Hey  
If your daddy was a rat, call you Nicki Burns  
It's at least sixty racks when I lift my arm  
So many bitches in the room, you gotta pick a turn  
Niggas stab me in my back, but you live and learn  
I done seen niggas get killed over those little jokes  
My daddy put a nigga on, got killed for the bros  
You think it's strippers in the whip the way we ride with poles  
Shit I'm doin' e'rryday be niggas' life goals  
If your people was rats, then you're bloodline  
We can't find out where you at, then your 'cuz dyin'  
I just count it out, two hunnid, gave me butterflies  
I order steak when I get hungry, get it butterfly  
Come back in white hunnids, bitch, I'm colorblind  
Tore up street, it's easy money, fuck the other side  
It's a thirty on your chop, it's a drum on me  
They gon' get nervous in the spot if I come inside  
And it's crazy, niggas brag about my old bitch  
I had them hoes homesick from all the road trips  
I put M30s in her skirt, told her, "Hold this"  
I got a Uzi in this Vert, spray the whole clip

It's easy money

My daddy was your vet before you had a vet  
I'm thinkin' new Patek, you thinkin' Somerset  
My daddy had them keys, still got his set  
I made two hunnid off the piece thanks to my connect  
Just excuse me if I sneeze, a nigga really blessed  
They tried to give her forty Gs, niggas really stressed  
I showed a crib from overseas, I thought the bench was pressed  
I made a deal for thirty Gs, I had my bitch collect  
I skate the plug, can't really read, still show respect  
We made a fortune off them Bs, nigga, get some rest  
Might send a fortune at your team, hit a nigga set  
Ain't no abortions in our genes, from my daddy pack

Huh, yeah  
My daddy gangster and he rich, that's a fact  
Real nigga, took his time on the chin, that's on that  
I can go anywhere, nigga, you know Tay steps  
And a freak out the country just to get her waist snatched  
I fuck niggas' bitches, boy, you can't hit mine  
You ain't got one kid and I can't switch mine  
Like a fight in the hair salon, you see clips flyin'  
My son, daddy, he would never be like 6ix9ine  
I hit her and both her friends, that's a three-peat  
You fucked that little bitch raw and she got BB  
In your bitch pussy or the bank is where you see me  
Understand I'm pointin' at niggas like you E.T  
Got the best route, we like Waze with this shit  
I head off for BME and you paid for the bitch  
Gave it up in thirty minutes, you spent days with the bitch  
I hurt your feelings, they had that dad take your bitch, huh  
We sell drugs, I'm swipin' too, huh  
For some ice, let's see what your wife would do, go  
Straight for the head, somethin' light-light should do  
Daddy a rat, I can see the mice in you

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