

My Condolences

Vado

Found me out in Berlin while [?] is parked in mimosa
Eating breakfast with Cali, discussing touring the coast up
As I'm standing on top of this roaster
Yelling no new friends 'cause y'all really thought it was over
My condolences, Michael Corleone is
Never got his Rollie here, watch 'em out, you don't know me, kid
But the moral of the story is I learned more rules
From moving quadrants with warriors
Caught a deal with that new cash, quarter mil' that blew fast
Sporting wills, I flew past, y'all corny still, y'all boot trash
Boo that, they ought to chill, they shoot back
My bottles ready, my boot black, call Harlem head, that's a true fact

Table full of cash, get to counting, man
If it's only off a point, you count it again
Show me the connect, fuck the middle man
Like Al said, y'all born to lose, we was built to win

You ain't living 'cause you broke, my condolences
You ain't that nigga on your coast, my condolences
You on the verge of getting smoked, my condolences
Hit him a chair and some rope, my condolences

Up in Bugatti, hot weed, loud as Ducati bikes
No bullshit, I'm married to pimping like Scottie's wife
Pockets light, it was days I played the lobby tight
Pocket knife and some yay, praying this fucking product right
Naj, we got 'em tight, they on the ropes
Before I'm ghost I make sure the bosses get overloads
Paid them five families some loot and toast
Artist broke, put 'em up, I eat 'em up like artichoke
I heard them getting money, where them dollars at?
Broke prayer, we did a lot of that
Fronting on them, hollaback, twitter name Get At Me, follow that

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Where my slimes at, where my slimes at
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