

# Escalator Elevator

03 Greedo

Yeah, phew  
Let me come out this Moncler, you feel me?  
Phew, phew, ha, phew  
(Helluva made this beat, baby)

Escalator, elevator, y'all don't do no stepping  
Blame parole or blame probation, y'all don't shoot no weapons  
I got word you anorexic, you can't do no flexing  
Your dog get shot, you do a session, we hop out all in your section  
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Turn your hood to Barnes & Noble's, you get booked, then we got mags in it  
We kill, our dog get killed, your homie passed, you got compassionate  
I think I'm Ja Morant, I came to shoot, fuck all these cameras, bitch  
I came so true to court again, you see this jewelry, but can't stand the bit  
ch  
I got benched like Russell Westbrook, but I'm still gon' get some shots off  
This lil' K came with a dot like it completed a deal with Top Dawg  
I went pop with "Substance" like I sold some pills to pop off  
Kept it gangster with the industry, my other hit was "Trap House"  
I was fresh out and runnin' state, then my P.O. won't let me land yet  
Spinnin' like we spinnin', bitch, we slidin' like an AmEx  
Y'all be shootin' for the stars, but I'm a motherfuckin' planet  
Stretch a nigga out like somethin' thick inside some Spandex  
Pop out at your house to pop, I ever get your address  
Y'all niggas ain't poppin' shit but Percocet and Xanax  
Tell them niggas back at home in Cali' get they jewelry right  
Two kilos hang on my neck, the only one with bricks of ice  
Balenciaga, double-cup-ass niggas live a loser life  
You do less for your niggas did than all you niggas do for likes  
I got signed without a manager, on Grape Street, bitch, you know the deal  
Stop copyin' my latest dance, I showed you how to hold the wheel  
Make the steppers spin again if they just killed who they ain't 'posed to ki  
ll  
Stretch a nigga out, these pussies need a Fashion Nova deal  
Greedo, he the best, how the entire California feel  
Bitch, they call me Greedy, how I ain't got no McDonald's meal?  
All we do is step like we bought cribs as big as Holyfield  
Bitch, they call me Greedy, cook a nigga like George Foreman grills  
Half a deck and ain't gotta say shit at my performance still  
Ain't gotta say a word, I know in my head that my lil' bro'll kill  
I got elementary kids who play with fire just to go on drills  
Could wet you if you dirty, up they drip and make they soda spill  
Demons having wicked thoughts and they don't even know Khaleel  
We don't stay in touch with suckers, that's how we supposed to feel  
Hit 'em up and nothin' else, don't post straps on no social reel  
Coroners, no ambulance, this nigga ain't supposed to heal  
I got Bloods who kill a Blood for free, it ain't nothin' but Locs in here  
I still want all the smoke, but this'll make you niggas choke in here  
Standin' on my business like a nigga telling jokes in here  
He took a drum to the side of the face, he lent an open ear  
My projects is a trap like it's a nigga cookin' coke in there  
Fifty rounds knocked every tooth out of his mouth like brodie want veneers

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