

Taste GVTmix

Audio Push

(Los Angeles Leakers)

One quick take, lay it down, get away
Yeah, I said, one quick take, lay it down, get away
Yeah, I like that, look, huh

One quick take, lay it down, get away
Heavy lift with the spliff
Take a whiff get a taste
I looked up, niggas fashion whack
I gave you niggas hella style
Now your dad is back, imagine that
Niggas need platinum plaques
You not that, can't rap
You gotta pad them stats at me
I'm out here moving smarter than the skyline
Ain't gotta sell a million records to make a million dollars
You niggas all my kids, I got teens, I got toddlers
I ain't even got no babies of my own, they all fostered
It's still young rasta, hair like pasta
We all on them songs that you knock back shots to, huh
I'm not the one they sending shots to
She got no hair on it, I call her Mac-2
Everybody sweatin' the legend soon as we drop through
She text me when she need that, not you
Tryna get a taste, really tryna get a taste
And a nigga always ready, I don't make her wait
I make her wet, make her cum, make her, make her play
I get my phone, dial a number, then I make a play
We pick it right up on the spot, we don't lay away
And I ain't ever been a bop, and never player hate
I used to eat on paper plates on my day-to-day
So if you ever half love then nigga baby stay away
The plane finna take off, get high, get lost in the back
Layed back, that's a fade away
As you can see, I ain't really come to play today
Tyga, what it is, link soon, let's blow they face away, huh
And we right back to it
Pass it to my brother, he gon clean it up
And if my girl want a taste, I let her eat it up
Aight I'm gone, it's off the back boy, P what up?

I'ma put the strip right on her plate
It's mister "always late"
Skin black, back to back
This shit feel like double tape
Led by example, set the tone, paved the way
Like a free sample, everybody want a taste
Had the biggest moments
Had the bitches goin'
Niggas quitted on us
Had some bitter moments
Now the kid is growin'
Straight from landin' on them
It depended on them
Big percentage on them
I got this Gucci on my [?]
Had another son, I had to double up the hustle

Still poppin' out, it ain't hard to find a real
Foreign slidin' down the 10, dosin' up behind the wheel
If I'm in the building, it ain't hard to find a kill
West coast culture, still hard to find my chill
Brick by brick, I watched it built
Kept it a hundred, scored a hundred on every test
My roof solid, your little branches couldn't test
I've had [?] say we the best
Fuck a bar, that's real talk
Called the LA Leakers said we killed this shit off
It's hard to hear that smalltalk, way up here at the top
It ain't nothin' like a pretty girl, who don't care if you hot
But all I see is studs, tryna get a share of my crops
All she do is watch "Insecure", and swear that she not, yeah
But I still want a taste, climb out of them jeans
With these raps, I'm a grade to God, I'm supreme
You only trippin' on your tip, when you slide with your team
I'm with my freak on the sneak, like yaddadaymean
Been them niggas, since Tif got on theme song
Ain't no back-and-forths, ain't' no ping pong
Never tell your right hand what your left went through
We rush it to the back, they rush to conclusions
Taste, taste, we could use... ey, aight cool