

No Chorus

Bas

Shit ain't got no chorus
I don't need no chorus
This bitch ain't got no chorus
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Hardware, bear hide, I got thick skin
Stayed down like the pigskin on the yard marker
I'm the Godfather, better talk proper when you mention
Live wire, nigga, I fire like the Pistons
It got 12 V's and a stick shift
Bitch nigga, you get hit quick
Queens niggas, we get rich quick or die tryin'
Goin' for green with the nine iron
I get booked by the hour and time flyin'
I just took me a shower, 'cause I'm lyin'
'Round the dirty money, nigga, I'm Zion
Get up, there's no one as high as I am
The realest, you niggas is chicken shit
Pot fryin' when you pot-pie'ing
If my niggas ridin', then it's pop, pop
Nigga, that's word to my pop-pops
I came for the smoke like a hotbox
I came from the borough, I'm top spot
Got flows, now they want a photo when I rock shows
California in a 'Rari
California, that's the 'Rari

This shit ain't got no chorus
It ain't got no chorus
We don't need no chorus
You niggas is so

Ayy, four hundred hoes
All in a row, line 'em up
Hit 'em with the give-and-go
Bitch, you knew what it was when you signed up
I was on cruise control
Until I seen the police behind us
Tunnel vision, I put on my blinders
Had a good fuckin' run, but your time's up, yeah
I was smokin' on weed out in Babylon
Yes indeed-y, I got all my diamonds on
Your bitch wanted my dick, yeah, I ought've known
Boy, you crazy, you think that she comin' home
Gettin' money, I got me a bankroll
You cannot hit the blunt, I don't think so
Boy, I sit on the court at the Lake-Show
Shut the fuck up, bitch, it's not a sing-along

This shit ain't got no chorus
It ain't got no chorus
Ain't no chorus
Nigga, you so (It's a check), ayy

Your bitch watchin' my wrist stream like Vevo (Vevo)
I came from stealin' all the blockchains, nigga, I'm Deebo
Only rapper to make forty-five thousand off IG trolls

We both lit, but your shit don't hit, nigga, you a pre-roll
Learn somethin'
Ayy, money can't buy respect
But it can buy niggas who check those who disrespect
I been on a different check
I got a girl at home on tour, I need a different neck
Never third-wheelin' like a damn trike
I been in the mall with a scam stripe
I might need a wet wipe for when I touch niggas I don't like, yeah

Shit ain't got no chorus
I don't need no chorus (Yeah, yeah)
Bitch ain't got no chorus (Ah, ah)
(Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Got a body like Video Vixens
Peepin' the fake like a sixth sense
Got a couple K's I put up in the bank
But I need little more, word to Tristan
Drownin' in money, quicksand
I don't hear these bitches, long distance
Call me Big Dreeze, I don't fit in
Can't get in my section with a wristband
Floorin' it
Chasin' that bag 'til I corner it
That wax on the tree like an ornament
Yeah, this drip ain't in stores, gotta order it, yeah
With the G.O.A.T.'s now, I got high power
Lil' dog bitch like a Rottweiler
All that cap, what I'm blowin' a lot louder
I'ma give 'em that scold like a hot shower
I'm on top now, it's apparent
Pop your ass, I ain't talkin' parents
I was broke, used to shop clearance
Now I'm runnin' this shit like an errand
Ain't no comparin' us
Need me a thug nigga, ain't talkin' Jerrika
Me and the money got marital
Tom & Jerry, you a character
Pull up foreign and embarrass 'em

Is that the opening?
Do you feel anything yet?