

Beep

Big Yavo

Skrirt

(Glizzy, what you cookin' up?)

Open the door, brown box, I just got a new package
Number one and two motto, let's flip it and stack it
Yeah I rap, a lil' trappin' and puttin' off fashion
When I was down they would laugh, now, they hate that I'm havin'
Seen niggas adamant built like assassins
I'm having shooters, one word and they crashin'
Wanna race? Well, let's see who count money the fastest
I would shoot dice in school, had me late for my classes

Aye, ask Ms. Drake, just asked her
Aye, I got the drink in my jacket
Pretty ass Glock but it still can get ratchet
Get that money then leave, I say that's it
Aye, New York hoe said she diggin' my accent
Brand new rim, I hope I don't crash it
Say brand new Drac' came with whip like a canon
This Glock ten throw bullets like Manning
Bullet man, like Shannon

Aye, she fuck with me 'cause I'm handsome
On the block like Tyson Chandler
I'll do a bitch dirty, Diana
Say I'll serve a bitch Molly, Santana
Aye, I swing that stick like I'm judge
Ain't squashin' shit, hold a grudge
If she thick chocolate bitch call her fudge
Poor a cup of that lean, I come from the mud
Shit water like tubs, fuck blues want dubs
Ridin' with forty-two racks like I'm hangin' with Dugg
Last show was too packed like I'm hangin' with Suge
If you give me a genie, I'll wish a bitch would
For my niggas in cans, I've been sellin' goods
If it ain't bout money, we can't get into it
Want smoke? Let me know, like Nike we can do it
Big G.O.A.T, this a lamb, I pull up in Europe, might fuck on a tourist

Niggas look like Stuart, nigga rat like a touille
I get in that pussy, he goeey
Aye, finna buy my little shawty some Louis
Buy my mama some Christian Dior
The more I be gone, she be missin' me more
I get lost in the clouds on the flight to New York
I say fuck it, drop bags and then we go to war
I ain't got no key to this car, where the key to your heart?
Might catch a play at Chrome Hearts
I ain't had no flowers, I was real from the start
I say, I ain't had no flowers, I was real from beginnin'
Say so many people had blemished my image
Niggas gon' rat when it comes to an endin'
But sayin' they street, I'm keepin' my distance
Feel like a Beyblade, name it, I spend it
You know we ain't friendly, my rack's in the back of the Bentley

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