

I'm working on dying

Three point, yeah I score it
I hope you recorded

In Philly like I'm F1LTHY, I don't think you feel me
Louis V, I'm limping, plus she's tryna kill me
Gotta watch out when I'm out, they tryna get me
Kush pack on me, why you looking at me
Leany got the racks on him, fuck it we tryna burn it
Flip the script, I turn it, Drain Gang, yeah they worship
I feel like the king of the rain, I need a lordship
Three point, yeah I score it, I hope you recorded

I don't give a fuck, two bottles up
Throw 'em in your face, shawty 'posed to show me love
Face filled with mud, my boy be the plug
Ain't throwing no rocks but my saints give it up
I drop a six in the Phantom and it goes right now
I feel like Nicholas Cage, ghost riding right down
I'm on top of the clouds and getting higher right now
And she want all that I got but I can't get it right now
Sipping on bubble tea, mixed with the Hennessy
I get affinity, balling like 23
I see no enemies, coke like the 70s
Long as a centipede, and we on everything
And we on everything
Lean, SG, Sadboys

Big dog, good gains, I get all the good grades
Twenty stacks, I get paid, then I do the escape
Go and get the good Bladee, put it on the trash star
Bimmer is a black car, Nino got the black card
Yeah we got the club hot, yeah I'm getting blessed up
You can't even catch up, SG is a redrum
Drain Gang is a dollhouse, now I gotta ball out
In the night, it calls out, I can hear it all now

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