

Givenchy Kickin

CalBoy

Thousand dollar Givenchys, you can't kick it with me (Can't kick it with me)
I used to ride on the ten speed, now I'm in a Bentley
(Now I'm in a Bentley)
I heard they out to get me, so I gotta turn on this fifty (Turn on this fifty)
Block boy known to get busy
Check out my drip, it cost fifty

We got a whole lotta bullets, lil' bro got the glizzy but I got the choppa in the trunk
50k up in my jeans, it look like my pockets just got a new case of the mumps
I need that fetti on fetti, these niggas be jealous, these niggas be bitches, they punks
Hope you ready, I'm ready, I know 'bout some killers that carry machetes and pumps
Leave him like Nutty Professor, he clumped
I made a million, it still ain't enough
I poured a four up to serve in my cup
These niggas be talking, boy, shut the fuck up
Dripping like a bitch, get a nigga stuck up
I just hit another lick, yeah, a nigga lucked up
I was running off the drugs, got a nigga fucked up
We gon' send a couple shots, niggas better buck up
Spit yo' game, talk yo' shit, boy
It's real in the field, better grab your stick
Lingo too cold, better grab your bitch
I'm too good with the words, when I shoot I don't miss
All this smoke, I gotta light one
All these opps, I gotta strike one
Wanna tweak with the gang, you got the right ones
Cut 'em down back, got blood on my ones
We used to play in them hallways with the walkie talkies
Ayy, now we just hop gates when we hear walkie talkies
Money ain't in yo conversation, nigga then why we talkin'?
'Cause I be getting money too often
Fuck a lil' bitch, I'm balling

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What you callin' in the cut, yeah
I can't talk about my opp, they dead
Rather talk about the guap, instead
Every nigga on my roster, playing
New Amiri jeans, fuck it, I'm a fiend
I done got the bitch a loft and all
I done seen niggas running up down, they don't keep it real, then I watch them fall
I hit the gas, I don't stop for laws
I went from rags to racks and [?]
I'm on they ass if cash involved, now my shit pass from wall to wall
Ain't ask shit for a minute as soon as I get it, I feel like I have to ball
Big team player, pass the ball

They was hating on me, passed them all
I got some niggas who sitting in prison, I'm with them, I'm trying to get past the wall
Thousand dollar shoes, wear them one time
We don't fuck with them, they ain't our kind
VVS stones, I bet I shine
I been on the road for this
Couple niggas dead and gone, I miss
I've been riding in the ghost for this

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We are the youngest niggas coming up
Say you a shooter, nigga, you a bluff
I swear the money giving me a rush
Bitches see diamonds, now they wanna touch
AP is heavy bitch, dancin' on my hand
Choosing a frenzy, I don't give a damn
Too many Glocks in us for it to jam
Money and a burner, nigga leave a tan
I'ma just leave a nigga in the sand
Or I can get a head-up for a band
Fuck all that talking, now I got a plan
I'ma just move it until they understand
Niggas woke up, posting on the 'gram
Still in the trap, sorry Uncle Sam
Took us some time, started with a gram
And I still got some silent niggas in the can
Chop it up, chop it up, chop it up, block it up, block it
You see the ice on my neck, try and touch, I'ma pop you
Woah, Givenchy my drip for the day, I got more in the closet
Givenchy my shirt, Givenchy my shoes, I'm not a regular shopper

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