

# Click Of My Fingers

Clavish

(JJ, what you tellin' me, fam?)

(Ayy, Minxy, you goated)

Yo

... suckin' my dick, but doin' it wrong, now I gotta sue that

She says she don't want me no more, that's calm, it's nothin' to get me the new lap

I was makin' a Snap', Crash chattin' 'bout wettings, now I gotta mute that

And I robbed Mar Mar, but that's nothin' new, I been robbin' guys since I was a yout' man

I just got a drop, I'm not gonna ask if you're comin' or not

I fly girls that's not where I'm from, I hit from behind and she cummin' on top

Phone my phone if they're coppin' a rock

I weren't upset not winnin' a MoBo, I've won bigger awards like top goal-scorer for the block

Huh, handwritin' printed, the windows tinted

Revolver new, but the shotgun vintage, unlimited linkage

If I end up doin' a drill in my Dior coat, I'm not gonna bin this

I've orchestrated drills just with the click of my fingers

Now she slippin' her knickers

Her lips were made for suckin', natural pattern, ain't got any fillers

Back then, used to risk it, two feet, ten toes, never had any dinners

And step with the kitchen, that was mummy's, never had any spinners

Drippin', my winter coat's gonna cost you two to do up the zippers

When bro got nicked for the M, I weren't involved and still got the shivers

No matter the time or weather, crackheads know I'll get it delivered

She grew up in a good home, I don't know why her type's drug dealers and drillers

The pack just came in, but I'ma get that gone by the click of my fingers

Whatever they offer, I make them times it twice by the click of my fingers

A baby nine, three-two'll spin, get pressed by the click of my fingers

I'm not in her good books, still drop to her knees by the click of my fingers

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Don't you hate when the mash starts clickin'?

Heard ... the baddest boy on the block, bet me and bro turn that victim

Oh, you think 'cause I'm rappin' I won't put on my black 'cause I'm turnin' twisted?

Oh, you think that I'm cappin'? What happened when I caught ... slippin'?

Cut ties if I hear one of my ones snitchin'

I know big homes' intentions pitchin'

Not on a bench, I'm where the pitch is

Or I'm inside of one of them man's bitches

Probably those Golden Boys, still up to mischief

Told her, "Don't tell your friends you're holdin' a mash for me, that's none of their business"

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