

Griselda, by Fashion Rebels

Yeah

Reject, nigga

Griselda

Fuck your chain and your watch with diamonds inside the bezel
Fuck your favorite rapper, I body several, I'm 'bout to drop my
New project, it's probably sonically on The Chronic level
I am on a iconic level—I gotta be round the special
High school dropout, but my minds on a college level
And where I'm from, I power levels on Obama's level
I'm increasing my profit level, so mines up
The Hill nigga, my Hilfiger's was on a Tommy level (Hahaha)
Still aiming the Tommy level, I'm just smoking these sour
Flower petals, spit for an hour—that's an hour special (K)
Applying pressure whether on beat or on a a cappella
Hardest B Sigel this D Eagle will Rocafella (who)
Put ice in the pot took it white hard and I rock it better
Bars so sharp the album will machete chop whoever
Like being drop through propellers oh a helicop
Go head and drop a thousand mixtapes
Your shit'll never pop (Ha)
Picture all them guns on IG that you ain't never shot
Said you smoking loud but I seen you leaving the reggie spot
Fiends lined up to the window of my ready spot
Fuck the jack boys I let the Dessy pop
Every shot
Diamonds all on the face of that Presi watch
I know they plotting so I keep one eye open
I'm on my Fetty Wap (Hahaha)
I'm better than 90 percent of rappers rapping
Look, I go in the studio and magic happens
I get on niggas tracks and something tragic happens
Kill em on they own shit
On some off of the dome shit
Nigga you ain't getting money that's a small stack
Fuck the girl of your dreams and she can't get a call back
Look, lil nigga I'm not impressed with your false raps
All my lines serious like I wrote the verse in all CAPS
Keep my cigar capped
This Cookies with more wax
The hustle in my hood boy you gotta pay the squad tax (K)
Niggas get bodied but detectives never solve that
A nigga got off on me? I don't recall that (Hah)
Gun butt a nigga till every bone in his jaw crack
If I ain't a gangsta than what the fuck do you call that?