

2 Worlds

Cordae

Look, ice on my wrist
Dirty Sprite in the zip
This bitch like my kicks
She wanna get hit
His bitch on my dick
He mad as a bitch
But he won't do shit
Or else he getting a clip, woah
I keep a strap in the whip
You catch a shot in the hip
And you scared to come back on your strip
Or else we put a tax on your shit, woah
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Look, I cop a new Bugatti for the few who got me
Killing beats is a ruthless hobby
You say your shooters copy, never do it sloppy
Drum a kit like they do karate
I be the first never lied in rap
I am a great, no denying that
I spit the higher than fire tracks
I can't wait to blow up and they say he inquire racks
I switch a style and make it easy
I changed my friends 'cause they was greedy
I'm making money, they pay to meet me
I give a fuck if a hater scheming
I gotta grind to make every dollar
My money stronger than Larry Lobster
I work with magic, that Harry Potter
You niggas scary, they bury yoppas
That money all on my mind
Never stolen with time but I ball like LeBron
Labels calling my line but I never answered
Diesel jeans [?]
Bad hoes get to belly dancing
Stealing styles get you reprimanded
Screaming rest in peace, it's forever branded
Had to kill the beat causing hella damage, like woah
Niggas would say I'm the hottest topic
What's on my mind is a lot of profit (Cash)
Never sold dope til I got to college
This is not me, man, I gotta stop it
Hit my bro [?] 'cause he got the loud
Stack up them pennies, no Oscar Proud
You smoking dutches, you out of style
Bro keep attacking, that's not a foul
Semi-automatic, I was never packing
Boxing all these haters, I am everlasting
Nigga get a beat but never better rapping
Get my cheddar stacking, such a clever savage
Boy I been a beast since fifteen
Nigga wanna say his shit mean
All about the grind, I get cream
Money all the time, got big dreams

They like "Will, you back in this bitch"
If she ain't tryna fuck then I'm smacking her bitch
They say "Will you don't drink," but I'm smacked in this bitch
These munchies too real, bring some snacks in this bitch
Got my strap in this bitch 'cause you thinkin' 'bout robbing me
Money coming like your boy won the lottery
This bitch she follow me then she gon' swallow me
Then I just duck her and text her "Don't bother me"
Boy I get a lot of cheese, I don't be arguing
If you just popping shit, turn you to taco mix
I need the money and I need a lot of it
If it ain't money I'm not a part of it
Niggas keep hating and I don't acknowledge it
Beef got a recipe, I put my Glock in it
Bitch on my dick while she get to toppin' it
Roof on my coop [?] so I'm dropping it, woo

Ayy, Will, hold up bro
We ain't even done yet fool, ayy

Nigga I was deep in a deadly drought
Was never worried 'bout getting heavy clout
Fuck a Jaguar, bring the Chevy's out
Niggas want the fame and I'm ready now
'Cause I'm heavy gifted, make a well-decision
Couldn't tell the difference [?] vision
Screaming fuck the prison, it's a failing system
Free my little bro, ring the bell to listen
'Cause the beat dumber, straight speed gunner
And my niggas kick it like we be punters
I'm a college kid with a street wonder
Niggas looking for me but they Steve Wonder
Got a lot of dimes like Steve numbers
That's Nash nigga, straight cash figures
Need a new girl and her ass bigger
Killed the fuckin' beat, never blast triggers
I'm about the grind and I'm making cash
I don't fuck with niggas like Stacy Dash
So I hit up Will and he'll spray his ass
He was talking crazy, now he racing fast, like...