

Lime

CupcakKe

Awhooo, let's get it

Grab a gyro and a cold pop cause I'm a roll
I ain't making no stops bitches stay tryna throw shots
Until I'm in they face like botox
Crazy nigga with me, bet he throw a fit
Let me give you a glimpse of the niggas I'm with
They pets just came from the vet
They ride on my side like Lilo n' Stitch
Busy while you on a futon, taking off like a Groupon
Started upsetting they feeling vicious
No gun on me, but I trigger bitches (grrra)
Shop at the thrift store, just know how to style it
This 5 dollars, but look 5000
And I rock his shit, money first
If you want a verse I'm a 2Pac his shit

More green than lime, 2-4-7, I grind
We ain't talking bout the lime? Disconnecting my line
Let a opp come on my block, you know we letting rounds out
All my niggas stay up on the corner like they in time-out
Hustle, hustle

Streets jealous with insecurities
When you see me I'm with security
Jump out a old school, turn you old news
That's the definition of maturity
If yo company come for me, try yall best
I'll take yall checks like the IRS
Then hit the mall for a new necklace
While you in the crib broke watching Netflix
Niggas boring me, they not flattering
Same thing everyday like a phone pattern
The shit they talking not mattering
Got money everywhere like he scattering
Keep a business mind, can't nobody do this shit greater
Come for my paper, then I might buy you a Hall later
Bitch!

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