

Willie Lloyd

Curren\$y

Can't tell me a motha fuckin' thing, bruh
Yeah, straight from hood like
Yeah, had my nets on this devil, yeah
Yeah, show them niggas
Told them niggas, I'ma show them niggas, what up
Yeah, told them niggas and I show them niggas, where at
Yeah, told them niggas and I show them niggas, where at
Ugh, yeah

Straight out the sewer like house effects
Which one of you fuck niggas want it next
In my dreams I see faces of death
I'ma pray for you hoes, get your Rosary, cross your chest
Your soprano can't fade me like Thanos
I just chipped a whole damn piano up out the west
Hit Chicago up, might fuck around ball out like baller
And go put 500 thangs on the jet
I just picked up 500 thangs on the strip
Nigga rap with a 100 hundred pack in the Lyft
OG niggas they told me that they see me movin'
That they had the hookers in '96
Black Tony told 'em Chichi get the ye
Line of scrimmage, Peyton Manning, switch the play
Pour the up holy water all up in the Jesus piece
Wash a real nigga's sins away
Yeah, took it from the devil's mouth
I hammer nets on the roof of the devil's house
Chop a dime bag or chop with the metal out
Percocet, weed and codeine brought the devil out
Brought coke in momma house, let the devil in
Dropped us a zip, took on off, ain't gone never win
I'm so sick of these fuckin' rap groupies
I need to find some good pussy to settle in
Hit my plug with the strap, pussy boy
Wanna jack up the pack and a nigga can't settle for it
I just hit her to death
All he do is smoke wet on the steps
And a nigga might hit 'em for it
Six figures, most niggas never saw it
Almighty dollar, nigga can't ignore it
Light, gas bill, nigga can't afford it
Put him on that wet and even wet 'em for it
Yeah
Fed ball rollin', guess me chuckin' up the vodka, locos
Bitch, I run the deck like Willie Lloyd
A nigga got the fans and the feds takin' photos
Know we say we'll load 'em, when you see the logo
Made a half a milli off of Motorola
Percy Miller with the bakin' soda
Silk the Shocker a rock, I guess he murdered moguls
I'm a giant, niggas standin' on my shoulders
Gave them niggas game, now they throwin' shade

I know Folks, Crips, Bloods, Renegades
Got respect drippin' from a nigga name
Finna load this heat seekers and the guage
Drugs loaded in me when I hit the stage

And the Folks, Crips, Bloods, Renegades
Got respect drippin' from a nigga name
Nigga what

I know Folks, Crips, Bloods, Renegades
Got respect drippin' from a nigga name
Nigga what, yeah
Yeah, big dough up on you, wrap it nigga
Bout to zip a pack and then it's automatic
Nigga what