

Lil' Red

D Smoke

Supa Good, yeah
Yeah
Mmh

Lil' Red, Lil' Red
Took that game to the head (Head)
Cook that slang for the bread (Bread)
Bookbag hang with a TEC (With a TEC)
Lil' Red, Lil' Red (Lil' Red)
Got three chains on his neck (Yeah)
Papi chained in the feds (Feds)
Rocky, bang with the best (Best)

Lil' Red, Lil' Red
Ego big, lil' legs (Legs)
Skinny kid with plenty friends
Streets got him caught up in a lil' wet
Lil' wine, lil' bread (Lil' bread)
Communion with the bigheads (Heads)
The OG's told him he the homie
Sold him on the dream and gave him lil' cred
Save your soul, lil' nigga
Pave your own, lil' nigga
He wasn't tryna hear that
Time went on, a real killer
Was born alone and real bitter
Wasn't the one to get at
Brrat, brrat, let it go like a merry-go-round
Hit the ground as soon as a nigga hear that
Then exit with finesse and skip the lecture
Can't share space like the Knicks and Nets, the kid's the best

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Cook that slang for the bread (Bread)
Bookbag hang with a TEC (Ayy)
Lil' Red, Lil' Red (Lil' Red)
Got three chains on his neck (Yeah)
Papi chained in the feds (Feds)
Rocky, bang with the best, uh (Yeah)

Lil' Red, Lil' Red
Sería mejor conocerle
Vería dolor en las calles mai' y no tiene amor pa' no ser
Ya se lo acostumbró, a monstruos, y no pudo bajar, tuvo sed
Fuentes violentes, inocentes cayeron, en todos lugares el cohete trajeron
Chinga a los que me griten y dicen que no debo vivir así, él dijo
Miren a mí y me busca, no buscan sus propias vidas, mami, estoy listo
Pa' cualquiera
Y lo que será, será
Pistolas en bocas de enemigos
Dijo cállate el hocico, tritos

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Cook that slang for the bread (Bread)
Bookbag hang with a TEC (Yeah)

Lil' Red, Lil' Red (Lil' Red)
Got three chains on his neck (Yeah)
Papi chained in the feds (Feds)
Rocky, bang with the best (Yeah)

A lil' motherfucker with the will to kill
Another real motherfucker, he peeled his shield
And it never yielded, never been to Brazil, motherfucker
Never seen the other side of the wheel, motherfucker (He got)
Manipulated by the older generation
Never gave a fuck about they integration
Into a world where they had a label with patience
He'd rather have them flames in his laces
He'd rather make a name with the apes and
Go real and go at his own pace, yeah
Big barrel, ho, how that ho taste?
Beat the case, call that nigga OJ
Dinner for breakfast
Enter the door that presented no exits
Never explore but he built to endure so he still may connect it
And come out with a lesson, for now he just Lil' Red

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