

# 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 cállete el hocico, tritos

Lil' Red, Lil' Red  
Took that game to the head  
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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