

MAKAVELI

DC the Don

Let's go Mario
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Niggas piped up in this bitch right now (What?)
Gang, gang, gang

And it's too many opps in this party
Lil' bitch, Makaveli my shit, brodie talk, he get hit up (What? What?)
Walking with a stick like a blind man, pick up
Smoking on exotic make him- huh, make him hiccup
Snakes in the grass, I'm a lion, better keep up
Why the long face? Make a bitch nigga lift up
Shawty got a dome with some lil' ass B cups
Acting like a ho, got his motherfucking bitch fucked
Big frames on me (What?)
Big Range Rover (What?)
My shit, own it (Skrtrt)
He's a poser (Yeah, yeah)
Please hit me up when it's over (What?)
Fake ass cloner
That ain't your shit, you a motherfucking soldier
She know I'm a dog, I'm a motherfucking Dober
Woke up to the smoke 'cause I hate being sober (Pussy)

Blue devil shit, I'm up in Houston, I ball with the Rockets
Your bitch on my jimmy, I told her to stop it
No bitch, I ain't John, I got hoes in the tropics
Not a civilian, I roll like I'm Gotti
You slide through my crib, but this shit looking garbage
Young niggas too rich from the streets, we ain't mobbin'
Come to Milwaukee, them niggas still robbing (Yeah, gang, gang)
With a whole lot of- whole lot of birds in my phone
I just went cray in Prada, I'm back in my zone
Finesse the pack, put the whole team on
Finessed the doug, where the bitch can't go
I ain't tryna talk to a minute-maid ho
Got Balenciaga shoes, Alexander Wang clothes
Give her twenty backshots, I'll finesse your ho (Pussy)
I'm a hip-hopper rapper, my C hot
Energy turbo, my tool 'bout to spit fire
And your shit, know you big liar
Said you got gas, but this don't get me high, yeah
And I'm Michael, call me Myers
Got 32's on that bitch, that's some big tires
Skrtrt through your block, leaving marks on the street fiber
Internet gangster, I never could be cyber
Came in this bitch with a MAC-10
I ain't tryna talk, where the fuck the backend? (What?)
Run your pockets, niggas finna cash in
Make him hee-hee in this bitch, Michael Jackson (Yeah)
Glock with a beam, get packed in
Cutter to my left, this Milwaulkee assassin
My ex be callin', callin', see me ballin', ballin', hit decline and get to 1
aughin'
Hit my dougie, get to rapping
This the fuckin' second season
They know DC finna spaz, neck, wrist, ears froze, niggas still freezing
They keep asking if I dropped, I ain't finna drop, bitch, I'm finna blow

You can run up if you want, you ain't finna run, bitch, you finna float
Stepping on the gas, foe'nem off the Act', you can get yo' ass blowed
Walkin' in the pad, who that in the back? ØUTLAW got him by the throat
Think I give a fuck 'bout these niggas? He's just another nigga in my scope
Lil' bitch, I can't go, and it's too big, bankroll

And it's too many opps in this party
Lil' bitch, Makaveli my shit, brodie talk, he get hit up (What? What?)
Walking with a stick like a blind man, pick up
Smoking on exotic make him- huh, make him hiccup
Snakes in the grass, I'm a lion, better keep up
Why the long face? Make a bitch nigga lift up
Shawty got a dome with some lil' ass B cups
Acting like a ho, got his motherfucking bitch fucked
Big frames on me (What?)
Big Range Rover (What?)
My shit, own it (Skrrt)
He's a poser (Yeah, yeah)
Please hit me up when it's over (What?)
Fake ass cloner
That ain't your shit, you a motherfucking soldier
She know I'm a dog, I'm a motherfucking Dober

Yeah

Yeah, yeah