

REROUT3

DC the Don

(Bow, yeah, yeah)
(Oh lord, Jetson made another one)
Yeah

Why the fuck he keep runnin' his mouth? (Yeah)
I'm with the scouts and my young niggas hungry, they tryna see what you about, yeah
Feel like Tony Montana, I pull up with hammers, they gotta skrt off and reroute, yeah
I'ma make sure they see me now, yeah
'Cause I know they tryna take me out, yeah, go (Go)

I'm a millionaire from that couch, yeah
And your bitch, she be talking too much, she keep runnin' her trap, put that dick in her mouth, yeah
If I walk in the spot, then I speak for myself, the promoter don't gotta announce, yeah
Young nigga shuttin' shit down, yeah
'Cause you know I come from that town, yeah, go

Why the fuck he keep wolfen' and shoutin'? Yeah
Niggas keep callin' my phone like a motherfuckin' bitch, he be crying and putting, yeah
RoRo told me to keep that shit a hundred, I try to keep that shit a thousand, yeah
Why you sneakin' 'round askin' 'bout it?
If these niggas keep rockin', it's starting a fit, I still highly doubt it
She said I'm childish
Bae, I got big body bills in my pocket, don't ask me about it
I'ma slide, then I'm outie, I skrt through the alley
She like really fast cars, I went and bought me an Audi
Switch it up, had to give the Glock to my bone
From the man that go figure, I stay with a tone
Let me shout out my son, he the one I'm co-signing
You the son of a GOAT, I should call yo' ass Bronny
Ricks, sticks, blue Murakami
I don't fuck with the Gram, I just post and then copy
She gon' turn to a rock star, she with Donny
God, I'm rocking that Rick, Rick and Murakami
I just bust down the wrist, wrist, watch it glist, glist
I've been leaning over like a zombie
I was already shining, now I got some diamonds
You still on my dick while I had to go crombie

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Feel like Tony Montana, I pull up with hammers, they gotta skrt off and reroute, yeah (Donny)
I'ma make sure they see me now, yeah
'Cause I know they tryna take me out, yeah, go

And I peeped that the energy shift
I had a Backwood, I broke that hoe down, put this bitch into course, now I'm lit
Now I'm laying somewhere on the moon
She keeping a bean, I get way too damn high, I don't know how to fix

My therapist telling me "Lay off the shrooms", I'm just popping two caps and
I stay off the ceiling
And that's why I got a car, it don't got no ceiling
I got a bitch but I don't got no feelings
I got a choppa that do all the killing
Girl, I'm sick as a bitch, yeah, I'm probably ill
Had to show in your city, you know I'ma kill it
How that's your girl if she say I'm the realist?
Why you surprised if you knew what the deal is?
How the fuck you gon' know when you run out of feelings?
Leave me space, tell your girl, finna get out my face
I go out for vibe and I go out for faith
That's why I been feeling this kind of escape
Feelings get mixed up, I go through this shit out of town, man, I swear that
my life is a trip (Donny)
And I woke up cool, but I smell me a blunt, now I'm paring, I gotta leave out
t with a stick, bitch (Woah)

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yeah
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yeah
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dick in her mouth, yeah
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yeah
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(Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go)
Donny