

TILLY ADLIBS

DC the Don

Top of the mornin', I'm smokin' on pressure (Grr)
(Top of the mornin', I'm smokin' on pressure, woo, grr)
I just brought a lil' bitch, and that bitch from my hood, uh (Yeah, woo, grr)
)
I might leave that lil' bitch, and just go find a better (Yeah, grr)

Top of the mornin', I'm smokin' on pressure (Pressure, skrt, skrt, grr)
Pullin' up straight in the SUV, big body Benz, how I leave in a stretcher? (Stretcher, skrt, skrt, grr)
My little bitch just pulled up with some more Adderall pills, bitch I need me some extras, ayy (Skrt, skrt, skrt)
Feel like a mo'fuckin' God in this bitch, I'm so gutter my bitch from the ghetto (Skrt, skrt, woo)
I try to be mindin' my business, I know that's your hoe, but I still get her wetter, huh (Woo)
I'll be wrong if I just tell your hoe that I'm done, and I move for the better (Skrt, skrt, skrt)
I just buy her some clothes, and she hold my beretta (Yeah)
This shit is all facts, it's concrete if I said it (Mm-mm, skrt, skrt)
My bitch from the 'burb, but she hold my beretta (Grr)
She juggin' you niggas for real, and I let her (Mm-mm, skrt, skrt, yeah)

I just keep that mo'fucker straight in my pockets
I pull this bitch out, it look like a rocket (Woo)
My bitch look like Sandra no Bullock I'm poppin' (Skrt, skrt)
Why he talkin' shit, yeah, that boy need to stop it (Mm-mm, skrt, skrt, grr)
My whip is matte black I'm a ride with some options, yeah (Skrt)
Wide as fuck, nowhere to park it (Mm-mm)
This Lamborghini, I'm late for the meetin' (Yeah)
My ting finna leave, so I'm high and I'm speedin' now (Skrt, skrt, mm-mm, woo)
Pullin' up YSL right on my beanie, yeah
Eatin' five star fettuccine, linguine (Mm-mm, woo), I'm pullin' up 200 racks for the evenin'
And I only spend five when I walk 'round in Neiman's (Mm-mm)
I told that bitch shut the fuck up, eat my semen
Don't know what I said when I'm drunk, I ain't mean it (Skrt, skrt), no, I ain't mean it
I just be trippin' on Adderall, put your lil' bitch in bikini (Skrt, skrt, skrt, mm)
I left her fienin', I left her fienin', high as a fuck, I'm so high, nice to meet me (Oh, mm)
I'm smokin' on gas, and just ash in the Urus (Skrt)
We rent SUVs, we don't rent Lamborghinis (Skrt, skrt)
When I'm pullin' out five, I don't flex, I just spend it (Ah)
Look what the kid gotta do for his image (Skrt, skrt, yeah)
That shit be real, that's like nothin' to me, if I throw that shit up I'll be fine, I'll be splendid (Skrt, skrt, yeah, yeah, woo)

Top of the mornin', I'm smokin' on pressure (Mm-mm, woo, pressure, skrt, skrt)
Pullin' up straight in the SUV, big body Benz, how I leave in a stretcher? (Stretcher, skrt, skrt, mm-mm)
My little bitch just pulled up with some more Adderall pills, bitch I need me some extras, ayy (Skrt, skrt, mm-mm)
I don't know bitch, its like 4AM, I'm from the gutter, my bitch from the ghetto (Skrt, skrt, yeah, yeah, mm)

I try to be mindin' my business, I know that's your hoe, but I still get her
wetter, huh (Skrt, skrt, yeah)
I'll be wrong if I just tell your hoe that I'm done, and I move for the better (Skrt, skrt, skrt)
I just buy her some clothes, and she hold my beretta
This shit is all facts, it's concrete if I said it (Woah, skrt)
My bitch from the 'burb, but she hold my beretta (Woah, grr)
She juggin' you niggas for real, and I let her (Woah, woah)

Woo, uh-uh, woo, uh-uh, yeah
Bruh, that's my favorite one
No, keep- keep- keep all of that