

WISH

Denzel Curry

He's heating up
Oh damn

Dreads to the top, gold in my mouth, woah there
Hoes by the flock, no, let me stop, woah there
And I keep a Glock, nah, it's a Glock .40
Hands on a knot, hands on your back, woah there
She gon' bust it open for a nigga in designer
That's gon' be the reason why she let you get behind her
You might be the nigga that's gon' probably wine and dine her
I'ma take her home only usin' one-liners

Pull up in an alligator truck excursion
Bad bitch on the side of me, half Persian
I don't gotta call, but I got call service
So many chains, make a, ooh, feel nervous
Wait, I meant to say my chick from Nicaragua
Put her on the team 'cause we both makin' dollars
Hit her with the stroke, get her wet like aqua
If she was a bop, I would hit, then I drop her
Hang with the bros 'cause you know blood thicker
I miss my vro, so we pour more liquor
And you don't want smoke, you don't want no Swisher
'Cause you don't want war with a South Florida nigga
Miami-Dade on my motherfucking back
I'm Polo'd down to the socks to the nutsack
It's RIP X and RIP Tree
I'ma do it for my dawg, this for all of my G's

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Car stuck, came a long way from bein' a manager
Glocks up with the sticks and the clips lookin' like banana-na
Never pay for pussy, these bitches ain't gettin' nothin'
My name alone gon' make me press on your ho like a button
In my city ridin' vert to Uzi, Lil Uzi Vert
Every week another funeral, only time we go to church
Runnin' all these rappers down a check, they wanna splurge it
Step up in the scene, so fresh, so clean, like a detergent
Quick to cut a pussy nigga up just like a surgeon
I'ma need a Perky 'cause a young nigga be hurtin'
Slidin' like a Taliban with a turban
Pull up all black in a suburban
'Cause he ain't die, so we gotta slide back my grill
Pay my young nigga to get you whacked for five figures
They gon' rip him, flip him, cut his ass up
Put him in a box, and ship him, yup

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