

OFF DAT SHIT (FREESTYLE)

Destin Conrad

It's a wrap, throw bags, now chill in the back
Come from rags, made a stack in my sleep, look at that
Bitch, I'm still very real, need a meal
Can I chill? Can I chill? Can I chill?
Do you mean? What's the truth? I don't care what you do
'Cause I'm him, that's on me, I won't floss but it's true
Can we chill? Where you at? Let me tell you how I feel
Which is hell, what's the time? Watch me sit, put a shine
If you real, you would say it, but you don't 'cause you playin'
I don't fuck with that nigga, he was shady to my friend
Hear me say you want it bad, but that don't mean a damn thing
Bitches want a bag and these niggas want a damn change
Fuck it, I'ma ride, and you can't say nada
Let 'em go, rah-rah, you a joke, ha-ha
'Cause I'm up and you sick, I'm the shit and you pissed
I don't drink cognac, but I'm drunk off that shit
Yeah, I'm drunk off that shit, yeah, I'm drunk off that shit
Yeah, I'm drunk off that shit, I's fuck up that shit
Yeah, I'm drunk off that shit, yeah, I'm drunk off that shit
Yeah, I'm drunk off that shit, I's fuck up that shit
Yeah, I'm drunk off that shit, off that