

## Intro

## Destroy Lonely

Add to the cash, high speed motherfucking dash  
Lil' bitch behind me, i'mma motherfucking smash  
Cops tryna beat on my ass (Fuck 12)  
But they can't keep up with my damn Jag'  
Real designer sh-

Muhfucking Texaco Cam man, you lame ass nigga, broke ass hoes  
We on y'all necks nigga  
2018, ATM shit nigga, 500 shit, Forever Alive shit nigga  
Taking y'all nigga's hoes, all that shit nigga  
On gang, bitch

I just wanna ball, I'm on a mission  
I tell that bitch pause, intermission  
My big brother, he in the kitchen (Kitchen)  
He always working, steady whippin' (Aye)  
She give dumb head, go stupid  
She love me, but I'm not Cupid  
He's a lame, he's a loser  
I take flights out to Bermuda  
Take your bitch back, I don't use her  
Yeah, your bitch is straight but my bitch way cuter

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Cops tryna beat on my ass (Fuck 12)  
But they can't keep up with my damn Jag'  
Real designer shit, boy, check the tag

I'm pullin' out the light, it's on fast  
She take a look at my ice (Ice)  
She wanna come spend the night (Night)  
My diamonds, they shine with no light (Light)  
You try me, that really is stupid  
My brother, he really be hoopin'  
My boy, they really be swoopin'  
My partner, he really be shootin'  
And you need a guardian angel (Angel)  
No, Jesus can't save you (You)  
My shooter, he do what I say so (Say so)  
He leave your head with a halo (Pew, pew, pew, pew)  
Betrayed that nigga just like Cain and Abel (Bitch)  
Bitch so bad she don't even want a label  
So much Ralph like I'm fresh out the stable  
Your bitch pussy loose, man that hoe need some staples  
Runnin' up bands all night  
Your nigga don't fuss or fight  
That money my kryptonite  
I keep that grip so tight  
She climbin' on top and she ridin' me  
No skateboard, I'm grinding  
I pull up, I'm poppin' a pistol  
Like, nigga, like what is the issue  
My diamonds they water, they glistening

Still havin' you reminiscing  
Okay, back, never missed you

Gold on me look like piss (Bling, Bling)  
Grind so hard just to bust down my wrist  
You goin' so hard over something, lil' bitch  
Stressin' bout who she fuckin' hanging with  
Your bitch is with me  
And we with the gang  
And your ass can not hang 'cause your ass broke and lame (Bitch)