JETLGGD

Destroy Lonely

(Underworld)

Damn, I done switched up my swag, I done hopped in my bag, know these niggas ain't on that
Yeah, damn, I came through and I'm fly as a bat, bitch, you can't catch this shit on a Kodak (Uh-uh)
That's your thot, bro, I already know that
She with me, tell that lil' bitch to throw that
Put a stock on the stick for no blowback
What you make in a month, I go blow that (Uh-uh)
Stay low-key and I put in that work when these motherfucker's they act like they didn't even notice
Hit that ho and she fuckin' with me, yeah, she say I got more sauce than good ravioli
Yeah, they know they not fuckin' with Lonely
All them racks, yeah, I'm keeping 'em on me
Know these niggas, they is not my homies
Oh, you havin' that shit? Well, then show me

Stayin' focused, bitch, yeah, I'm always tryna get a brand new bag
Always poppin' brand new tags, brand new whip, it's paper tagged
Brand new scale, more plastic bags, my Sprite purple and my molly tan
Another flight, I'm still jet lagged, this bad bitch came from Pakistan
Damn, my bro pray to his pistol, yeah, that's his Jesus piece (Uh)
Damn, my life get reckless, my Grandma like, "Jesus, please"
Yeah, I got earth tone hoes like it's motherfuckin' YEEZY Season (Uh)
Yeah, tell these niggas hold they breath, I don't even wanna see 'em breathe

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