

kool

Destroy Lonely

(Aha, is that Kory on the beat?)
All these diamonds (Yeah, yeah)
I woke up this morning and put on some pants (all that flee shit)

And these Undercover jeans, they cost like two (Bitch)
When I hit that bitch I had her just like woohoo
Man that's a playa bitch, you know she keep it cool
No, I do not play with bitches, I just keep it cool
And I keep a snake with me, lil' bitch, you know he too bool
When it comes to paper, bitch, you know I'm having beaucoup
And I'm having so much drip, lil' bitch, I think I could fill up a pool
And when it come to sticks, lil' baby, know we having multiple
Brand new Rick, I can't wait to smoke in this
Damn that boy a bitch, he get popped just like a zit
Wait 'til I stack a couple hundred thousand just like bricks
My favorite word to rhyme is thousand, 'cause that's all I fucking get
We came from quarter pounds and ounces, nigga, now we fucking lit
You think that I ain't blow some thousands, boy, you must be dumb as shit
Think I ain't give your ho a money shower, how you lose your bitch
And I keep racks in these Margiela trousers, I'm so fucking lit

I come through bitch I pop my shit
They ask how long we fly like this
Bitch I'm fly just like a pigeon
Designer drugs, Designer shit
Had to go get a bag, yeah I had to bitch
When I was 15, I had two bitches
When I was 18 I touched six digits
When slime was 16 he had two pistols (yeah)
Now we living different
Why this band feel like a penny?
Man I swear I hate you niggas
Feel like Satan out to get me
I like Number Nine and Rick, lil' bitch I don't fuck with Giuseppe
It's your conglomerate, you know that we all wealthy

Dior on my pants and on my shoes
And I'm smoking zaza what I do
I can't fuck that bitch, cause she a swoop
And my blood nigga pull up just like woo

And these Undercover jeans, they cost like two
When I hit that bitch I had her just like woohoo
Man that's a playa bitch, you know she keep it cool
No, I do not play with bitches, I just keep it cool
And I keep a snake with me, lil' bitch, you know he too bool
When it comes to paper, bitch, you know I'm having beaucoup
And I'm having so much drip, lil' bitch, I think I could fill up a pool
And when it come to sticks, lil' baby, know we having multiple
Brand new Rick, I can't wait to smoke in this
Damn that boy a bitch, he get popped just like a zit
Wait 'til I stack a couple hundred thousand just like bricks
My favorite word to rhyme is thousand, 'cause that's all I fucking get
We came from quarter pounds and ounces, nigga, now we fucking lit
You think that I ain't blow some thousands, boy, you must be dumb as shit
Think I ain't give your ho a money shower, how you lose your bitch
And I keep racks in these Margiela trousers, I'm so fucking lit

Yeah
Brand new Rick
Smoke in this