

messy freestyle

Destroy Lonely

(Clayco on the beat)

I don't know, what this is
I can't cap, I didn't even read it
I just know this shit, straight from overseas
And I'm posted up, right here with big B's
I'm really living this shit, put my bitch in VV
Vivienne Westwood, and VVS's
Put that ho in her place, but I'm not sexist
And I'd rather meet the bitch, I don't like texting
And I keep quiet, I'm not askin' no questions
Put that hoe on her knees, if she lookin' sexy
I'm a clean nigga, but my room be messy
Bitch, I'm kickin' shit, I feel just like Messi
She give me sloppy topsey, gettin' messy
VIP, nigga, that's my section
And she feelin' me, now she actin' messy
I ain't text that ho back, but she got the message

And I'm cashin' out, nigga, this shit regular
See, I just spent a lil' pound on some drip, nigga
Two iPhones, equal 'bout a hundred messages
And I do what I want, 'cause I'm gettin' money now
Damn, I think I'm fly, need to take a pic
No, I don't abuse women, but they gettin' hit
New day, still woke up lit
Green Day, lonely road, I'm takin' it
And I stay with' a slime, nigga, just like Nick
Bro, hit that nigga, ain't no way I'ma miss
I don't get these niggas, seem like they full of bitch
And this bitch on my IG, watch me drip
I don't tie my shoes, bitch, we pull up with them trips
Ten bands, call that lil' shit a lil' grip
I'm geeked up, nigga, yeah, I'm on a trip
If you try me, lil' nigga, then you would be trippin'
I'm not the same as these niggas, I guess that's the difference
I'm ballin', I'm just like a Piston
Big black .45 shoot missiles
Bitch, I add it up, and subtract the difference
(Yeah)
(Bitch, I add it up, and subtract the difference)
(I don't know, what this is)
(Damn)

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(Message)

(Yeah, yeah)

(I ain't text that ho back, but she got the message)

(Clayco on the beat)