

# NOSTYLIST

## Destroy Lonely

Bitch, I wake up, no stylist  
Fresh as fuck, I put it on, no help, I did this shit  
Got this fine ho, no makeup, and she still look bad as shit  
She in school, but it's cool, yeah, I still might bag this bitch  
Diamonds flooded like a pool, yeah, my necklace wet as shit

Rock Balenciaga too, bitch, I'm flyer than a pigeon  
Yeah, I stack my paper up way taller than a midget  
All these niggas lame as fuck, and they hate 'cause they don't get it  
Yeah, lil' bitch, I'm cool as fuck, and it's paper that I'm gettin'

Fly across the globe, bitch, I'm gettin' shows, yeah, I'm on a money mission  
All that old shit over, but the old hoes still be tellin' me they miss me  
Yeah, I fuck on her, but I can't cuff her, I won't make her Mrs  
I don't know that boy, and I can't tell you how he end up missin'  
I can't tell you shit  
Bust down my neck, bust down my wrist  
Bust down my bitch, bust down my bitch  
I'm fresh as hell, bitch, I'm fly as shit  
Yeah, this a Hellcat, I'm whippin' this  
Shawty like, "Hell yeah," she with the shits  
Shawty like, "Hell yeah," she grab my stick  
Shawty like, "Hell yeah," she grabbed my- (Shh)

Bitch, I wake up, no stylist  
Fresh as fuck, I put it on, no help, I did this shit  
Got this fine ho, no makeup, and she still look bad as shit  
She in school, but it's cool, yeah, I still might bag this bitch  
Diamonds flooded like a pool, yeah, my necklace wet as shit

Tell that bitch to keep it bool, and I might just let her kick it  
Got her wet just like a pool, I'm finna dive right in her kitty  
My bitch rockin' this shit too, I buy her that, she buy me this  
Told my folks I'm gettin' rich, it ain't no way I'm washin' dishes  
All the pretty hoes comin' to my shows, man, this shit get crazy  
If I fuck that bitch I gotta wrap it up, don't want no baby  
I'm in the SRT, Trackhawk, tryna let my thot drive the Mercedes  
Yeah, my side, nigga, don't play with this shit, you might just die today  
Yeah, don't play, nigga, don't play  
Niggas stayin' sane, but I'm really insane  
Yeah, nigga stay in your lane, 'cause mine might drive you crazy  
Yeah, I just fucked that bitch, I didn't know that was your bae  
Yeah, I just count this cash, it ain't too much to say  
Yeah, I just get too fly, like, what more can I say?  
Yeah, she doin' tricks on the dick, that ho Cirque du Soleil  
Yeah, I'm in Milan, shawty, eatin' squid and my bitch servin' face

Bitch, I wake up, no stylist  
Fresh as fuck, I put it on, no help, I did this shit  
Got this fine ho, no makeup, and she still look bad as shit  
She in school, but it's cool, yeah, I still might bag this bitch  
Diamonds flooded like a pool, yeah, my necklace wet as shit

Rock Balenciaga too, bitch, I'm flyer than a pigeon  
Yeah, I stack my paper up way taller than a midget  
All these niggas lame as fuck, and they hate 'cause they don't get it  
Yeah, lil' bitch, I'm cool as fuck, and it's paper that I'm gettin'