

Pop Shit / Xtra

Destroy Lonely

Yeah, yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah
(Clayco on the beat)
Oh yeah, yeah
Lonely, Lonely
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Lonely, Lonely
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh yeah, yeah
Yeah

I'm in this bit and I'm lit with my niggas
Top floor, bitch, I'm posted with the killers
Mob shit, nigga, something like Goodfellas
And I pop this shit, nigga, any place, wherever
And I know these bird bitches flock together
And this clip long like a TV special
And my money long, yes, I'm having extras
They can't fuck with Lil Lone 'cause he don't do the extras naw

Bad bitch, she sexy, dawg
Yeah, and ain't no way I'm stressing, naw
And these niggas broke, not stressing y'all
And this shit exclusive, it's not in the mall, nigga
And I feel like my only purpose is to ball, nigga
I was down bad, no, they wouldn't call a nigga
Now I'm going up so they tryna call a nigga
Yeah, I was skipping school, didn't have a locker
We still screaming free my dawg straight out the lock up
I hate when my thumb lock up when I count up
I hit a bad bitch right on the counter
I heard he popping shit so we might drop him
And I'm gon' make a flip, no, I'm not a flopper
And I'm feel on your bitch, nigga, like a doctor
Damn, I got too many hoes, I gotta problem

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And this clip long like a TV special
And my money long, yes, I'm having extras
They can't fuck with Lil Lone 'cause he don't do the extras naw

(The extras naw)
(Whatever, dawg)
I make a flip but I'm not a flopper
Yeah, oh yeah
No stylist