

Stainless Steel

DigDat

M1OnTheBeat

New Lambo, nizzy
Bring the clip back, empty
My Rambo went rusty
How can that steel be stainless?
I drop a four on my Chevy
Ice just make a bitch go dizzy
These fuckboys chasin' clout
How them boys there still not famous?

Run man out of their Air Max
S do it bareback, we don't use gloves
Still puttin' semi's in auto's
Only if I squeeze it, I press that clutch
My friends got life for a body
And they ain't sorry, free up my brothers
I bought too much Balmain
But feel like I need more colours
Step in a yard with Dior runners
I just want top, don't need those rubbers
I hate when they leave makeup
Fix up, but I still let her kiss on me neck
Put twenty bags in my mattress
Can't let any bitch just sit on this bed
That's four-fifty on my tee
Just cost me more than a half of B
My Rambo went rusty
How can that steel be stainless?
These fuckboys chasin' clout
How them boys there still not famous?
Where was they when I was prayin' for parole?
Had to file the appeal with papers
And the devil tried take away my soul
So I step in the field with shavers
I ain't signing a deal for change, that's shameless
Get it all back from these razors
I got all this pain, take gas from my throat
How I cope when I fight these demons
Lost all my bros for a long time
Still don't know when they're gonna see freedom
And my heart's scarred, ain't healin'
Jakes on my back, like fuck how I'm feelin'
Lost love but I never lost hope in dreamin'
We was in the streets all evenin'
Got a big back ting doin' up Snaps
Like, come to the crib, stop teasin'

I'm tryna fly out to London
Heard the money was abundant
Custom Louis V suit
You only gon' know if you look at the buttons
You niggas users
I respect the dealin' nigga, never the customer
If it weren't for them, the bag prolly wouldn't got-got
I take care of my smugglers
If I stack these hunnids, it'll look just like Blue Towers
Shoutout to DigDat

We don't respond to opps
So when niggas die, they wonder who did that
Brand new G63, it's complicated
Got a dollar on the Benz app
Real big nigga, no six pack
Just big racks, big guns, no kick back
No red beam, red dot on the scope
I hit up a bitch from a distance
Light skin thot, thick and pretty
Fuck her then I forgot she existed
Tryna take over the charts
It can't be hard, we took over the trenches
If you a rook, don't worry 'bout what the king doin' nigga
Play your position
Big bag, I'ma fuck it up
Bad bitch said she gon' fuck it up
In the club havin' fun but we'll fuck it up
Slap niggas suited out, them niggas cuttin' up
They ain't gon' play with us, niggas ain't dumb enough
Treadmill talk nigga, watch how I run it up
Heard big dawg put you and you fucked it up
Heard he ain't kill you, it puzzled us
New Lambo, nizzy
Bring the clip back, empty
I drop a four on my Chevy
Ice just make a bitch go dizzy
I'm only scared of the one in the mirror
Hoes that I cut off, niggas Amiri
Real big dawg, no rappin', I'm serious
AR go off, look at boy on his period, bow