

# 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