

Fuck Drill

Digga D

Yo, I don't like drill no more it's tired, 'cause bare man liars
If you lot saw my priors, you'd call me Michael Myers
I went 'round there on bike, something got punctured and it weren't my tires
You ain't seen waps get hired, and in the blink of an eye get fired
This car ain't got no tints, I'm riskin' it
This fishbowl ain't got little fish in it
I had the fish in the 'rex, finshed whiskin' it
Pyrex whip with my wrist in it
Whip, whippin' it, whip, whippin' it, whip, whippin' it
I whip, do you get the jist of it? (Yo)
Custard cream all in her tongue, still can't suck like the bourbon one
If she don't suck dick, then talkin' done, better leave this crib when morni
n' comes
Can't bring no worthless gyal to the bit, man give her some dick in the band
o
Her mom still calls me a jancro, heard that I'm bustin' it down on my zanco
I ain't nothin' like them, why would I lie?
Make corn connect to his chest like Wi-Fi
I never touched his girl, side eye
A lot of man don't like me, and it's likewise
Eugh, ick, he's makin' me sick, telling the world that I fucked his bitch (I
never fucked his bitch)
I got a wife at home, what you tryna do? Ruin my relationship?

If you ain't got me, move from side of man
Jump out, now with the nine and bine a man
See a man climb up the wall like Spider-Man
Extendo but we need a fryin' pan
Sixteen shots in the Glee
But I was sixteen in **** doin' sniper gang
Jump out the whip and swipe a man
Flick my ching then swing and knife a man
If you ain't got me, move from side at man
Jump out, now with the nine and bine a man
See a man climb up the wall like Spider-Man
Extendo but we need a fryin' pan
Sixteen shots in the Glee
But I was sixteen in **** doin' sniper gang
Jump out the whip and swipe a man
Flick my ching then swing and knife a man (Look, yo)

I took headshots with a canon, and took pictures for the grub that I'm slang
in'
Black magic, on God I'ma put on my savage, saw the Pan all turn sonic they d
on't wanna turn cabbage
How you gonna say I ain't been ****, went on my J without Jesse or Lingard
Bro told me "Calm", got the mash up, defender, still went again and with a t
en in the Timbuk2
You relate your dawg, but why you woofin' on the P, but it's a double R what
I'm pushin'
His thought just spill on my block, got cushion, his Bottega boots ain't got
no puss in, Pitbull
Let me out the cage, let me off the leash, I'ma bop without hearin' a whistl
e
Free bro, got nicked with the whistle, silence or screwed in the front of th
e pistol

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Yo, you ain't far down T like you're gettin' veneers
Kept cheffin' his bred' so they sick of jareers
Don't care if he's scared
Cry me a river, I leave that swimmin' in tears
**** tried to run up the apple and pears
Made a box of toys look innocent, braze
Short of his sheep, in the street leave 'em dead
Moved out, got the **** livin' in fear
She suck cock on her knees, lil' east ting
If she don't beat straight away, then I'm leavin'

Real definition of drill, suck your mother